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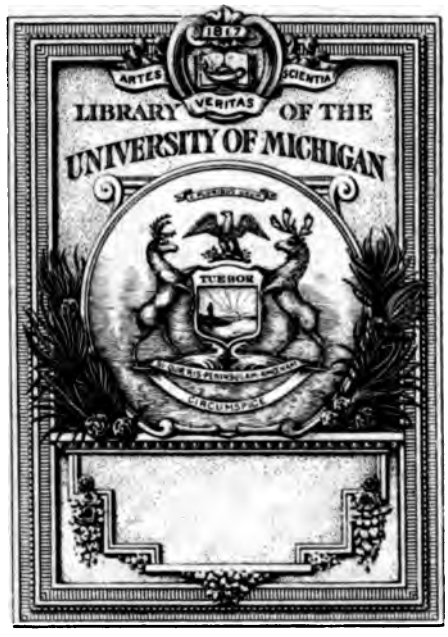
MEMOIRS OF

GEN. THOMAS

FRANCIS MEAGHER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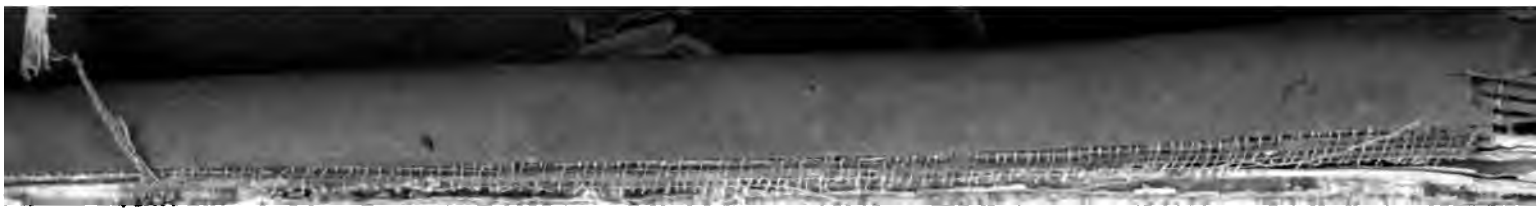

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Thomas Francis Meagher

UNIV. OF MICH.

MEMOIRS

OF

GEN. THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER,

COMPRISING

The Leading Events of His Career

CHRONOLOGICALLY ARRANGED, WITH SELECTIONS FROM HIS SPEECHES, LECTURES AND MISCELLANEOUS WRITINGS, INCLUDING

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES.

BY MICHAEL CAVANAGH,

SECRETARY TO JOHN O'MAHONEY, H. C. FENIAN BROTHERHOOD.

WORCESTER, MASS.
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DEDICATION.

"Oh, brave young men, my love, my pride, and promise,
'Tis on you my hopes are set,
In manliness, in kindliness, in justice,
To make Erin a nation yet."

TO THE YOUNG MEN OF THE IRISH RACE who are devoted to the principles of National Liberty which THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER so nobly inculcated, and for the perpetuation of which he so bravely fought, I dedicate this record of his career, hoping that therein they might find an incentive and an inspiration to profit by his precepts and, to the best of their ability, to emulate his example.

MICHAEL CAVANAGH.

WASHINGTON, D. C.
1892.

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GENERAL THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER.

IRELAND'S SOLDIER-ORATOR.

"In his beauty and his youth, the Apostle of the Truth,
Goes he forth with the words of Salvation,
And a noble n adness falls on each spirit he enthralls,
As he chants his wild Psans to the nation."—SPERANZA.

INTRODUCTION.

In undertaking to write a memoir of Thomas Francis Meagher, I have been actuated, in the first place, by a desire to pay a tribute of affectionate respect to the memory of an illustrious fellow-countryman, a patriot of whom I had been an enthusiastic admirer since boyhood, and with whose confidence I was honored from the moment of our first personal acquaintance, in 1848, to the last year of his life.

In the next place, I wished to enable the present generation of the young men of our race to estimate him as their fathers, his contemporaries, did,—by compiling from materials collected from various sources, a single work, comprising the leading events of his career,—and in which will be found selections from his speeches, lectures, and miscellaneous writings, together with such personal reminiscences as may serve to add to the interest of the work through the little additional light they throw upon his history, and the glimpses they reveal of his genuine Irish nature.

In preparing the memoir, I have tried to arrange its component parts in chronological order, including the dates of the speeches, &c. I find it expedient to diverge from this plan in the single instance relating to my first personal interview with Mr. Meagher, and I therefore insert it here in preference to introducing it into the body of the work.

The occurrence took place in the meeting-room of the "Swift Confederate Club," in Queen street, Dublin, on March 28th, 1848.

At the previous weekly meeting of the club, my name and that of my cousin and fellow towns-boy, Dan. Magrath, had been proposed for membership by an old acquaintance of Dan's, and a most prominent club-man, "Bob Ward," and we attended on this occasion to be initiated. While waiting to have our names called, we took seats on a bench at one side of the room. In a few minutes thereafter, the President of the Club, Richard O'Gorman, Jr., (now the Hon. Judge O'Gorman of New York,) entered the room, accompanied by Thomas Francis Meagher, and while the former gentleman proceeded to take the chair, preparatory to transacting the business of the evening, Mr. Meagher seated himself beside me on the bench. I had seen him, for the first time, a week previously, at the great open-air meeting held near the North Wall, Dublin, for the purpose of adopting a "Congratulatory Address from the Trades and Citizens of Dublin to the Citizens of the French Republic," so his person was known to me by sight. It so happened that the Secretary of the Club had entered my name on the book as "John," and as such it was read to the meeting, with my comrade's, previous to taking the vote on our admission. Whereupon our proposer, Bob Ward, exclaimed that "Michael," not "John," was the Cappoquin boy's name, and called on me to confirm his statement —which I did. Meagher appeared interested on hearing Cappoquin mentioned, and when he found 't was my name was referred to in connection therewith, he turned to me and, extending his hand, said:—

"So you are from Cappoquin!"

I replied in the affirmative for self and comrade, and introduced Dan. to Mr. Meagher.

He then asked: "What brought ye to Dublin?"

I told him that, a month previously, we had made arrangements to go to America—(by way of Dublin—as we wanted to see our Nation's Capital before leaving it—perhaps for ever); but that the news of the French Revolution caused us to change our plan, and we decided to go to Dublin—and *stay there to take a hand in the game—when the "ball was up!"*

He approved of our resolution—and I remarked:—

"So you're going to Paris, Mr. Meagher?"

"Yes!" he replied, "we leave to-morrow!"

"I hope you'll be as successful there as Wolfe Tone was," I remarked.

"It won't be *my* fault if we don't, my boy," was the earnest response.

At this time the routine business of the night was transacted, and Mr. Meagher was called on to address the Club, so our first interview terminated. After a brief address he retired with Mr. O'Gorman, as both gentlemen had to visit other clubs the same evening. I had another cordial shake-hands before he left, as I wished him "God speed and safe return!"

From that night until our last shake-hands, on the day he left New York for

Montana, in 1865, our relations continued to be most cordial, and, in all that concerned Ireland, our intercourse was as unrestricted and unconventional as at our first interview on that memorable night in '48.

Would that it were his dear friend and companion on that eventful day who had undertaken the "labor of love" that I, in attempting this memoir, have assumed. He alone, of all living men, could do the subject adequate justice; for, in both hemispheres, they stood in closest relationship to each other personally and politically of all their youthful compatriots, and no two could more closely resemble one another in generous impulses, warmth of heart, affability of manner, and that rare gift of heaven-inspired eloquence which won them the innermost place in the hearts of sympathetic audiences at either side of the Atlantic.

On the evening of the day on which the obsequies of General Meagher were celebrated in the Church of St. Francis Xavier, New York, Richard O'Gorman, in the Cooper Institute, paid his tribute of affection to the memory of his departed friend in one of the grandest and most pathetic funeral orations ever delivered. It will be found in its appropriate place in this work, whereby, as my humble votive offering, I place a stone on the Hero's "Memorial Cairn!"

M. C.

CHAPTER I.

GENEALOGY OF THE O'MEAGHERS

"Powerfully have they peopled their land,
The O'Meaghers of the land of Ui Carin,
The tribe who dwell at Bearnan Eli.
It is right to extol their fame"—O'HERRIN.

But few Irish families of the present day can claim a nobler origin, or trace their descent through a longer, continuous line of hereditary chieftains than the O'Meaghers of Ikerrin, county of Tipperary. For fifty generations, extending through fifteen centuries, a chief of the race ruled their ancestral tribeland of Crich-Ui-Cairin, (Kreeh-ee-Karrin,) i. e. O'Carin's territory, the country in the immediate vicinity of the celebrated "*Bearnan Eli*," (Gap, or Pass of Eli,) now vulgarly known as the "Devil's Bit Mountain."

This ancient race derive their descent from Kian, the third son of Olild Olum, who was the first king of the line of Eber, who is named in the "*Reim Righraidhe*," ("Royal Roll,") as having ruled the two provinces, or pentarchates of Munster. Olild Olum was a contemporary of Art Aeinfer, son of "Con of the Hundred Battles, and Monarch of Ireland in the middle of the second century of the Christian era.

Olild reigned King of Munster for sixty years. He had in all nineteen sons, nine of whom were by his wife *Sadb*, (Soive,) daughter of "Con of the Hundred Battles." Of these nine, seven were killed in one battle, that of *Magh Mocrumhi*, (Moy Mockriovie,) among them his eldest son Eogan, from whose son, Fiacaidh Mul-Lathan, sprang the races of MacCarthy, O'Callaghan, O'Keefe and O'Sullivan, with their kindred branches. From Cormac Cas, and Kian, the two of Olild's sons that returned from the battle of *Magh Mocrumhi*, are descended the following septs: From Cormac Cas, Olild's second son who left a progeny after him, are descended the *Dal-g-Cais*, (Daul-gash,) of which tribe the O'Briens were the principal family; the *Siol Achda*, (Sheel Aye,) that is the clan of *MacConmara*, (MacNamara,) and the *Siol g-Clannchadha*, (Sheel-Glanghuee,) (MacClanchy).

From Kian, the third son of Olild Olum, who left a progeny after him, have sprung the clans of *O'Kerbhail*, (i. e. O'Carroll,) *O'Meachair*, (i. e. O'Meagher,) *O'h-Eadhra*, (i. e. O'Hara,) *O'Ghadhra*, (i. e. O'Gara or Glurg,) *O'Cathasaigh*, (i. e. O'Casey,) and *O'Conchobhair of Kiannacht*, (i. e. O'Connor of Keenaght in Ulster).

From the foregoing it will be seen that Olild Olum was the founder of the

Eberian sway in Munster, and from him sprung all the clans that, thenceforth. were able to lay claim to its sovereignty. He must have been both a great and an able prince, to have established the supremacy of his race upon such solid foundations in times of such extreme convulsion; for his dynasty continued to rule the south of Ireland in spite of intestine and external wars, from his own time down to the English invasion.

It was, howevér, to the descendants of Eogan, and Cormac Cas, that Olild Olum bequeathed the alternate sovereignty of Munster, and in them it was vested while Ireland continued independent. To Kian he left the territory of *Oir Mumha*, signifying East Munster, which bordered on Leinster and Meath, under the supremacy of the Kings of Munster. Ancient Ormond extended from *Gabhran*, (now Gowran,) in the county of Kilkenny, westward to *Cramhchoill*, (now Cleghill) near the town of Tipperary; its breadth was from *Bearnan Eli*, (now Barnane, on the Devil's Bit Mountain,) to O'Bric's Island, (near Bunmahon on the coast of Waterford). The territory of Eli, situated in the north-east of Ormond, got its name from Eli *Righ derg*, (the "Red-armed,") (eighth in descent from Kian,) one of its kings in the fifth century. It subsequently became known as Eli O'Carroll, from its being possessed by the O'Carrolls, who derive their name from *Cearbhall*, (Carroll,) seventeenth in direct descent from the before mentioned *Eli Righ-derg*. This *Cearbhall* commanded his own tribe (the Eli,) under Brian Boru, at the battle of Clontarf, in 1014.

The teritory of Eli comprised the present baronies of Eli O'Carroll, Ballybritt, and Clonlisk, in the King's County, and those of Ikerrin and Elyogarthy in the county of Tipperary. The Elians from their frontier location, bore a very important part in all the wars for supremacy between the Heremonians and Heberians, respectively the dominant races of the North and South of Ireland.

The O'Meaghers were,—next to their kinsmen the O'Carrolls, the most distinguished sept of the Elian tribe; their founder, *Meachair*, being the son of *Tadh*, the great-grand-son of Kian, the founder of all the tribes of the *Kiannachta*. They were the ruling clan of the territory of *Ui Cairin*—the present barony of Ikerrin,—under the supremacy of the Princes of Eli for nearly a thousand years; but, after the Anglo-Norman invasion, that part of the tribeland which lies in the county of Tipperary was detached from O'Carroll's supremacy and added to the earldom of "Ormond," but the native dynasts, O'Meagher of Ikerrin, and O'Fogarty of Elyogarthy, were allowed to remain in undisturbed possession as feudatories to the Norman Butlers, earls of Ormond, down to the end of the seventeenth century.

That the clan Meagher maintained the fiery, unconquerable spirit of their fighting race, even in the period of Ireland's deepest gloom, is evident by the promptness with which they resented the insults of Aenghus O'Daly the satirist,

who, in Elizabeth's time was hired by Sir George Carew, President of Munster, to lampoon the native Irish chiefs. And right well the rascal earned his pay, for the flood of contumely he poured forth on the subjects of his villification was never surpassed in bitterness of blackguardism.

The devil-inspired rhymer at last met a reward he had not bargained for. His evil genius led him to the house of O'Meagher of Ikerrin at a time when the retainers of the chieftain were seated at supper in the ample kitchen. It seems that, at first, the owner of the mansion took no notice of the unwelcome intruder, whose person and occupation were well known through the country; when, irritated at his indifferent reception, the saucy bard forgot his accustomed prudence, and—"halloed before he got out of the woods!" In other words, he gave vent to his ribald proclivities on the spot, in the Irish stanza of which the following is an English equivalent.

> "O'Meagher's men feasted around a great fire,—
> A huge pot hung o'er it,—with blackberries stewing:
> 'T were hard to say which it was—"kitchen" or "byre"—
> Where Meagher's old cow littered near his "home-brewing."

Incensed at this reflection on his chieftain, a retainer of O'Meagher's sprang up from the table, and, with the exclamation that "the 'Red Bard' should never satirize an O'Meagher because he did not at once recognize him," he made a thrust of the sharp *scian* he held in his ready right hand into Aenghus's neck, so that he began to throw up his heart's blood on the spot. But before the old sinner died he said:—

> "I freely recall all the judgments unjust
> I passed on the chieftains of Munster, through spite:
> Grey Meagher's fierce henchman, with rapid knife thrust,
> His judgment dealt on me—and served me just right."

The O'Meaghers of Ikerrin finally experienced the fate of many another loyal Irish sept, and lost the remnant of their inheritance through the part they played in the Cromwellian and Williamite wars. They are still a numerous race in their native territory, but most of them are tillers of the soil their ancestors ruled over for ages. A few of the name are among the landed gentry of Tipperary. One of these, the late Nicholas Maher, of Turtulla, near Thurles, was Member of Parliament for his native county about fifty years ago; but he was not particularly distinguished for either patriotism or ability, and, in this respect, was an average specimen of his class,—the Catholic landed gentry who were brought into political prominence through the Emancipation Act, at the sacrifice of thousands of their humble but devoted and unselfish co-religionists—the "rank and file" of the Liber-

ating Army—men who, with the uncontaminated blood, inherited the noblest attributes of their brave old race.

On such men must ever depend the destinies of their Nation. For, ever since the time when the Celtic Chieftains degenerated into the Saxonized Landlords, and the free clansmen—joint-owners of their ancestral tribe-lands—became the treacherous leaders' tenants-at-will, seldom, indeed, has the temporizing class contributed a prominent man to the cause of their country's nationality, and well it is for that cause that its success is not dependent on their aid. For—"*Blood will Tell!*"

CHAPTER II.

PARENTAGE AND BIRTH OF THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER.—HIS EARLY BOYHOOD.

In the latter half of the last century, a flourishing trade had sprung up between Ireland and Newfoundland. The latter Island was, for the most part colonized by emigrants from the former, such emigrants being principally from the maritime counties. But, in addition to those permanent settlers, there was a constant stream of transitory adventurers crossing the ocean between the two islands. These generally remained but a season or two working at the fisheries, and then returned to their native land with their hard-won savings, much as their countrymen who periodically visit England during the harvest season, do in our own days. Among the most flourishing of the merchants and traders of St. John's and Harbour-Grace,— in which places nearly all the commerce of the island was then centred — the natives of the city of Waterford and the neighboring town of New-Ross predominated — for these twin-ports were the Irish entrepots of nearly all the trade between the two countries at the time. There were, however, many successful and enterprising colonists from other parts of Ireland. Prominent among these was a Tipperary man named Meagher, one of the old stock of the O'Meaghers of Ui Cairin. He had been a farmer in his native country in early manhood, but preferred seeking his fortune in another and more independent sphere. He emigrated to Newfoundland, and became in turn a trader, a merchant and a ship-owner. He carried on a prosperous commerce between St. John's and Waterford city, where he eventually established his eldest son, Thomas, to represent his interest.

The young man soon became one of the most prosperous and esteemed merchants in Waterford. In course of time he married a daughter of a Mr. Quan, one of the partners in the flourishing firm of "Wyse, Cushin and Quan." Quan, or, as it is called in Irish, *O'Cain*, is the name of an old Irish sept of the Desi tribe which had taken deep root and still flourishes in its native district.

The marriage of Thomas Meagher and Miss Quan took place in the private residence of the bride's family, situated on the Quay of Waterford. The building was afterwards known as the "Commin's Hotel." The young couple continued to reside there for some time, and it was in that house that their first child, THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER, was born on the 23th of August, 1823.

Thus it came to pass, that the boy's first glance at the outer world lighted on the estuary of the noble river whose fountain-springs are situated in the ancestral patrimony of his father's race. Well might he love, and pride in, his native river and the storied land through which it flows,— for, within the length and breadth of "Green Erin of the Streams!" both river and land are unsurpassed for natural beauty; and no braver or better men tread the Irish soil than the high-spirited race whose national aspirations are strengthened and intensified by the contemplation of their God-given heritage, and the glorious historical associations with which it is indissolubly connected.

On the other hand, well may the country and its people be proud of him. His native city has given birth to many illustrious sons, patriots, scholars, soldiers and statesmen, but never to one, who at his age, so won the love and admiration of his compatriots at home; for his patriotism, courage, genius and self-sacrifice; or who, in his maturer years, more nobly maintained the gallantry of his ancient race with voice, and pen, and sword — in the forum, press, and field.

The "Soldier-Orator" always prided in his being thoroughly Irish at both sides. And surely, the scion of a stock that kept possession of their ancient patrimony against all comers for fifteen hundred years, may well glory in his affiliation with such a race of heroes. There are gallant soldiers and pure patriots of his name and race living to-day, both here and in their father's land; many of them deeply imbued with the memories of the *Kiannachta's* ancestral glories, and some who have, in Freedom's cause, maintained their ancestral valor in the "*Bearna Baoghal*" as bravely as any Meagher that ever confronted foe in "*Bearnan Eli*," but I venture to say in their behalf that, they glory more in the name and fame of the young leader of the Irish Brigade, than in that of any other hero of their fighting stock — not excepting Kian at *Magh Macrumhi*, or his namesake at Clontarf.

In early childhood Thomas Francis Meagher experienced the first and greatest misfortune of his life, in the death of his mother. What influence the loss had upon his future destiny 't were hard to tell; but to a nature so loving and suscep-

tible as his, the desire to contribute to the happiness of a fond mother, must, in a great degree, tend to direct the current of his thoughts and control his actions, so as to merit her approbation and stimulate her maternal pride.

The boy's irreparable loss was, however, mitigated by the affectionate care of his mother's maiden sister, Miss Quan, who devoted her life to his care and that of his younger brother, Henry, and who, in after years, was destined by Providence to exercise the same devoted care over her exiled nephew's motherless boy.

The first ten years of Meagher's life were passed in his native city; there he received his rudimentary education, and, in his boyish excursions through the beautiful country in its vicinity imbibed the enthusiastic admiration for the scenes of his childhood which all the vicissitudes of after years could not obliterate from his heart, or his memory. Nurtured amid such surroundings, his youthful imagination inspired by the historical associations of mountain, valley, stream, and city, and his mind filled with legends of sequestered "*Cromleac*" or hill-seated "*Cairn*," his full-blooded Irish nature was enabled to resist successfully the debilitating influences of his college education,— which, while it succeeded in changing his native Munster accent could never hamper the Irish intellect which found expression through the scholastic idiom of his fiery tongue.

There was one spot, situated within less than a mile of the house in which Meagher was born,— but at the opposite side of the noble Suir — where he, in common with all "Waterford boys," then and since, loved to seat himself, and enjoy a panorama which for beauty and diversity of scenery is unequalled in the immediate vicinity of any other Irish city. That favorite trysting-place some unfortunate but ambitious egotist — aspiring to perpetuate his chronic attribute, had, in a devil-inspired moment, denominated "Mount Misery!" A misnomer which could only emanate from the "Father of Lies."

Listen to the description which,— in recalling it to his exiled friend's recollection — one of Meagher's youthful playmates, Thomas W. Condon — the "Poet-Smith" — gives of their old observatory: —

"Come, then, old friend, let us ascend 'Mount Misery.' — 'Mount Misery!' Was ever so great a misnomer? That beautiful spot, from which the eye collects into one vast picture such everlasting scenes of loveliness and peace. Far away to the west winds the beautiful Suir, circling like a band of silver the 'Golden Vale of Munster,' and looking down on which, in the blue distance, the grey giant of the Commeraghs is seen, with the clouds of heaven for his crown, and the turreted summit of Clonegam for his foot-stool. 'Mount Misery!' Town and tower, dark groves and distant spires, rich meadows and ripe corn-fields surround thee on every side. Seated on thy bald brow, of a summer evening, with the red sun setting like a globe of gold over Slivenamon, and the quiet moon rising, like a vestal with her silver lamp, over Cromwell's Fort, the

music of the vesper-trush echoing through the groves of Belmont or Newpark, and the mild cuckoo speaking her summer note from the distant woods of Kilaspy, — miserable must the man be, indeed, who, gazing on those charming scenes, listening to that soft music, and feeling the calm grey mantle of evening stealing its quiet robe round the mild form of nature, would not kneel on that rugged peak as if on Mount Tabor, and drinking the joy and peace by which he is surrounded, feel the chain of sorrow drop from his heart, the cloud of care fly from his brow, and forgetting earth, imagine the scenes by which he is surrounded to be visions of celestial bliss, and the glory and grandeur of a heavenly world."

What Waterford man can read that description and not feel his heart swell and his eyes swim under the influence of the memories it evokes? What home-loving Irishman can read it, and fail to understand the influence of such a spot on the fervid soul of the youthful patriot?

CHAPTER III.

LEAVING HOME.

"God bless you, dear old Waterford, hard by the silvery Suir!
God bless your hills and sweeping vales, your balmy air so pure;
And may He prosper every home that studs your fertile plains,
But the hill of Ballybricken most, for it's there my heart remains."

JOHN WALSH.

From the banks of the noble, ship-studded Suir; from jovial, bustling Ballybricken — stronghold of the "*Urbs Intacta's*" Democracy; from "St. Mary's Island," and "Cromwell's Rock;" from the familiar crest of "Mount Misery," the cloud-piercing summits of the grouped Commeraghs, and the lovely, majestic Slieve-na-mon; from Nature in all her various forms and embellishments — sublimely savage or wildly picturesque; from a home where he was idolized; from the playmates of his childhood, his school-fellows, and neighbors, the sturdy-limbed, fond-hearted "Tom. Meagher" found himself parting one fine morning, in his eleventh year. It was his first leave-taking of all he loved on earth, and he felt it keenly as all affectionately, impressionable natures feel such trials. A short time previously, he had witnessed the departure of an emigrant-

ship from Waterford quay, and the harrowing scene left its impression on his susceptible heart to the last year of his life—eventful of thrilling experiences as that life had been.

More than thirty years afterwards, in an address delivered before the Irish Immigration Society of St. Paul, Minnesota, of which the present illustrious Archbishop Ireland was President, General Meagher commenced by thus referring to this memory of his childhood: —

"Ladies and gentlemen: There was one scene I witnessed in the morning of my boyhood which left upon my memory an impression that can never be effaced. That scene was the departure of an emigrant-ship from the quay of my native city of Waterford. It was a tranquil evening in the month of June. The broad river Suir flowed past the aged city with a gentle grandeur, and in the soft light of the declining day seemed as if it throbbed heavily in sympathy with the sorrows, the memories, and the hopes it was about to bear away upon its bosom to a distant shore. The city itself, with its eight centuries of troubled life chronicled in weeds and mouldering characters upon its walls, ever wearing a care-worn and clouded look, had, it appeared to me, a lonelier and gloomier aspect than usual, the hills that faced it throwing a deeper shadow over it than "Mount Misery" or "Cromwell's Rock" appeared to me to do at any time before. Now and then the stroke of a bell, beating through the dull air from some church or workshop, and closing solemnly the labors and vexations of the day, vocalized the scene with its mournful vibrations, and made it sadder still. On the deck of the ship were huddled hundreds of men, women and children — the sons and daughters of Innisfail — sorrow-stricken, and yet hopeful and heroic fugitives from the island that gave them birth. Sorrow-stricken, for an inexorable decree, of which poverty, injustice, the tyrannies of an agrarian absolutism were the ministers, compelled them to surrender the land of their love and pride, the hallowed earth in which their fathers and other dear ones slept with the silent angels of the grave, the ruined nation to which their treasured traditions, their immemorial songs, their inherited wrongs and miseries, their darkest memories of persecution, lost battles for freedom, and the martyrdom of their chiefs, with an intense devotion bound them.

"Hopeful, though sorrow-stricken, for the summer sun, burning in its varied splendor on the western horizon, had often told them that the glory, departing from them, was lighting up, away beyond those wastes of intervening ocean, a land of promise, in which, under the government of a free and all-powerful people, their broken fortunes would be repaired, and the happiness and honor, the protection, encouragement and liberty denied them at home, would, to the fullest measure of their industry, be secured them for life. Heroic, as well as hopeful, were those wounded hearts, for the strong resolve to conquer, in a new field, the dark fate that

overwhelmed them in the old, had the mastery of the hour, and the tears that would otherwise have been black as the rain of the blackest winter night, sparkled with the thoughts and visions which the assurances of victory in America inspired.

"Young as I was, I deeply shared in the prevailing mournfulness of the scene; for, young as I was, I had heard enough of the cruelty that had, for years and years, been done to Ireland, to know that her people were leaving her, not from choice, but from compulsion; that it was not the sterility of the soil, or any other unfavorable dispensation of nature, but the malignant hostility of laws and practices, devised and enforced for the political subjugation of the country, which compelled them to leave."

The foregoing extract suffices to show, that, before the narrator ever left his paternal home, the foundation of his patriotic education had been deeply laid, and, also, that the lessons then learned were sacredly treasured by a loving heart and most retentive memory.

CLONGOWES.

The new home in which Meagher was destined to abide for the ensuing six years, was the Jesuit's College of Clongowes-Wood, situated on the fertile plain of Kildare.

Before he reached it, his natually buoyant spirits had recovered their wonted elasticity. The variety of scenery through which he passed interested him, — for even then he had an eye keenly observant of the beauties of Nature, and when he at length arrived at his destination and longed for a rest, his wish was gratified in the contemplation of a landscape soothing in its tendency, serenely placid, rich, inert, contented-looking and dreamy.

In after years, he described the place as it then impressed him, and gave some interesting incidents of its history previous to its occupation by the Jesuits. The college-building he described as follows: —

"There it was — a solid square of grand dimensions finished off with light angular towers on the west front, and with great round towers on the east, standing out boldly from the beautiful woods which form a lofty rampart round it.

"Architecturally considered, it is a curious compound. There are Gothic windows over the main door-way, and Norman towers to the right and left of that. The front, looking out on the play-ground and the Dublin mountains, is illuminated with windows of the Elizabethan era, and connects the round towers we have mentioned. What era or order of architecture they belong to, it would be perplexing to determine.

"In this massive square of masonry, the private rooms of the Jesuits, their refectory, library, chapel, and the museum are situated,— some sleep in the towers.

The F[illegible] Provincial, for instance, occupies during his visits to the college, a large chamber in the square tower, on the right of the principal entrance. From the spacious window of this chamber, he looks down the full length of the noble avenue of beech-trees, nearly half a mile in length, which in former days served as a highway to the castle. For "Castle-Browne" it was called more than a century ago, when it was little thought the disciples of Loyola would be one day lords of the domain.

"In the Cromwellian days it belonged to a family of the name of Eustace. Curry, in his "History of the Wars in Ireland," makes sad mention of the ancient place. He tells us:—

"'The soldiers of Clongowe's-Wood and Rathcoffy, yeilding upon quarter, were conveyed to Dublin, and hanged there, and upwards of 150 women and children were found in the said place murdered. It is well known that the commons of that country, were, for the most part destroyed and slaughtered by the English, in so much that there was not so many left living as could gather the twentieth part of the harvest.'

('T was the "Nature of the Beast." To-day has its Cromwells too).

"From the Eustaces it dropped into the possession of the Brownes, from whom it derived, and for many years held, the name of 'Castle-Browne!' Wogan Browne, the proprietor of the estate at the time, was implicated in the insurrection of 1798. Irish gentlemen of high fortune and social rank thought it no discredit then to be found in the rebel camp, entrenched and staked against the power of England. Not far from Wogan Browne, in his stately mansion of Rathcoffy, buried deep in the midst of the noblest old trees that ever made music with the wind, Hamilton Rowan lived, whose chivalrous love of Ireland would have made his name memorable, had not the eloquence of Curran rendered it immortal."

After indulging in fancy pictures of the gay doings in the castle under its former occupants, he proceeds to a more sombre subject,—the last resting place of the revellers:—

"A mile from the college, close to the Maynooth road, the spare, melancholy, spectral trees of Manhiem church-yard rise up. They are clearly visible from the college. In regular lines, a few feet apart, they stand upon a rising ground of the blackest mold, and the rankest grass of the darkest green. The red sun of August, going down behind them, looks like a huge furnace, of which they are the iron grating. The ruins of the little church, the name and history of which has been buried in the dense ivy which impenetrably veils its very stones, lie behind those gaunt dismal trees, covered up forever like the other dead around them. In a small chapel, not much larger than a family vault, close to these ruins, the ancient owners of the castle, the Eustaces and Brownes, sleep in their narrow

beds of oak. The door-way was long ago walled up, but through the narrow openings in the walls we can, by squeezing hard, catch a dim glimpse of the huge slab, with its four huge iron rings, under which the coffins of the old masters of the place rest."

Meagher's student life in Clongowes is thus described by his compatriot and friend, John Savage: —

"Here his frank and happy nature endeared him to his associates. He was distinguished for the heartiness with which he joined in all the freaks of student life, and the sudden impulses of study that enabled him to carry off the honors from those who had paled their brows in months of laborious scrutiny. His mind was quick as gay, and retentive as playful. In English composition and rhetoric he was above all competitors, and already became remarkable for that elegant enthusiasm which afterwards, in so short a space of time, placed his name on the list of the recognized orators who have contributed so largely to make the history and literature of his country."

As might be expected, Meagher was the most brilliant member of the College Debating Society during his stay at Clongowes; and soon after he left it for the English College of Stonyhurst, he wrote a history of the "Clongowes Debating Society," for which he received the thanks of the members in a series of formal resolutions. Subsequently, on the occasion of one of O'Connell's visits to Clongowes, the work was presented to him — when he made the memorable remark: — "The genius that could produce such a work is not destined to remain long in obscurity."

This was high praise from such a man, when applied to a youth of only little more than sixteen years.

CHAPTER IV.

MORE ABOUT CLONGOWES. — OLD SCENES AND REGRETS.

"But it was still a deeper joy to set before my soul
The names that burn the brightest on my land's historic scroll,—
To feel what e'er in life or death was beautiful and grand,
Ordained me to the ministry of struggling for that land!"

JOHN FRAZER.

NOTHING in the sad story of Ireland's sorrowful record is so humiliating to her patriot children as the reflection that, in the efforts of her hereditary oppressors to denationalize her people by sedulously keeping them in ignorance of her history.

language, and literature, and stifling their natural aspirations at the fountain head, they found their most effective agents — not in their penal enactments and the army of spies, informers, and cut-throat stipendiaries engaged in enforcing them, but among the people themselves — the mind-blinded slaves who gratuitously volunteered to do the enemy's hellish work by perpetuating their own blindness in their offspring, and those entrusted to their teaching. It may seem incredible to the present generation of Irishmen when told that their fathers were cruelly punished at school for speaking their native language — the only language they ever heard uttered at home, — and this, not only with the free consent, but by the *demand* of their Irish-speaking, slavish-souled parents. Yet there are many still living who can corroborate the humiliating story from their own experiences.

"What!" I fancy I hear a free-born Irish-American boy exclaim, "Were these the Irish schoolmasters for whose heads their English tyrants offered the same bounty as they gave for those of wolves?"

"No! my boy! they were their degenerate successors — the 'Hedge-school Pedagogues' who flourished after the 'Penal Laws' were abolished — the intermediaries between the outlawed professors of Celtic learning whose academies were hidden in the recesses of the hills and glens, and the (miscalled) 'National'-school-teachers of to-day, — who, as a class, are not active antagonists of nationality — far from it, but are, per force, compelled to ignore it in their schools, in accordance with the system so carefully prepared by their pay-masters, and from which they dare not deviate if they value their means of subsistence."

But, it is not alone those ignorant instructors of the past generation, or the well-trained human machines of the present day that are amenable to the charge of aiding and abetting the foreign government in keeping the Irish people — so far as in them lies the power — in ignorance of their country's history, language and literature. That they have had powerful auxiliaries in quarters which should be least suspected of such leanings, the following narrative of Meagher's personal experiences in Clongowes will attest. The possibility of such a system finding favor in such a quarter is repugnant to all our pre-conceived ideas of that enlightened, persecuted, and villified fraternity; but, as the Peasant-Poet says: —

"Facts are chiels that winna' ding,
An' downa' be disputed."

And if it were only to show the difficulties which Meagher's thoroughly Irish nature surmounted, and that it was not through his college education but, I may say, in spite, of it, that he developed into the most brilliant exponent of Irish Nationality in his generation, it is fitting that the truth should be told. I give it in his own words. May they serve as an incentive to a better

system for the guidance of all interested in their subject. They certainly will leave their impress on the mind of the Celtic reader.

"The dear old college stood very nearly in the centre of a circle of ancient towns. There was Clane, something like two miles off; Kilcock, between five and six; Celbridge, pretty much the same; Naas, not a perch further; Prosperous, within four; Maynooth, in the opposite quarter, about the same distance. Very old and ragged, with very little life stirring in them, they seemed to have gone to sleep many years ago, and to have at last waked up, half-suffocated, shivering and robbed of the best of their clothes. In the brightest day of summer they impressed me with this notion. In the drenching black rain of December, their miserable appearance chilled the blood of the fattest stranger who chanced to pass through them, and to the imaginative mind suggested the ruins of Baalbec. In short, there was not a decent town in Kildare, nor on the Kildare borders of Dublin.

"Clane was one street. The street numbered a hundred houses, more or less. Every second one was a *shebeen*, or tavern, dedicated, as the sign-board intimated, to the entertainment of Man and Beast. There was a police-barrack, of course, with a policeman perpetually chewing a straw outside on the door-step, rubbing his shoulder against the whitewash of the door-post, and winking and spitting all the day long. There was a Protestant church, —and that, too, of course, right oppposite the police-barrack — with its gaunt angular dimensions, fat tower in front, sheet-iron spire, and gilt weather-cock on top.

"There was a low-sized, most modest, low-roofed little Catholic chapel, back from the street a few yards, with a convent, sheltering three Sisters of Mercy, on the right-hand side coming down from Dublin, and on towards the south."

"At the southern end of the street, a quarter of a mile from where the houses dropped off, the beautiful brown Liffey, deepening into gurgling pools, spreading thinly and sparklingly over beds of sand and pebbles, threw itself under the arches of the quaintest, queerest, crookedest, most broken-backed bridge, that ever flung shadows on the flashing path of the speckled trout and red salmon, rushing away, with many a round of caprice and turmoil, through green rushes, sand-banks alive with martins, sedges rustling with otters, into the copper-hued darkness of Irishtown wood.

"Oh! what a river is that exquisite wild Liffey! How it tumbles; glides away; buries itself darkly in pools of fabulous depth; leaps over rocks; deepens, as it were, thoughtfully, under ruins and raths; plunges down into valleys; ripples and whispers under willows, the close leaves of the strawberry, and the purple-ivied basements of church-tower, country-mansion and

castle; running the wildest, most ruinous, and grandest frolic imagina' e until it frowns and grows sulky a little above King's Bridge, of Dubl i and in a turbid thick stream washes the granite walls of the quays, ov r which the Four Courts and Custom House rear their stately porticoes a.d domes.

"In a yellowish, dry, worm-eaten manuscript, in the Arundelian Library of Stonyhurst, I glanced one day on a passage glowingly eulogistic of Clane.* The manuscript contains an account of the Synods held at different periods, in Ireland. This poor dribbling village of Clane was the favored scene of one of them, six hundred years back; and, *apropos* to it, the chronicler, whoever he was, styled it *hortus angelorum* — the 'Garden of Angels.' It is now a paradise in ruins. The broken walls of an abbey, matted with ivy, shadowing a confused crowd of tomb-stones and tablets, the inscriptions of which no casual eye can decipher, alone remain to bear out the panegyric put on parchment recording its saintliness and glory.

"One tomb especially, within those broken grey walls ever attracted me, bringing me close to it, and urging me with a silent impulse back into the dim paths of the past. It was that of a Crusader. So I thought. So everyone who visited it thought. So the whole neighborhood for miles around, and for generations, decided. Within the last week, I have been looki g over one of the beautiful Tracts of the Celtic Union, entitled "The Trac s of the Crusaders in Ireland," and whilst I find in its bright pages vestiges of this chivalrous Knighthood near Clonegall, in Carlow, and on the Mourne, three miles south of Mallow, and at Toomavara, near the ruins of Knoel-bane, and in the parish of Temple-Michael in the barony of Cushmore and Cushbride, and at Ballyhack, close to the estuary of the Suir, I am cast adrift from Clane, where the chain-clothed legs and turtle-breasted body of

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* Clane, the original Irish name of which was CLUAIN DAMH: i. e. "Plain of the Ox," is a place of great antiquity. The great St. Ailba, of Emly, had a cell or hermitage there towards the close of the fifth century, which cell, on leaving, about the year 500, A. D., he presented to St. Sinell, who died in 549, and who, it is said, founded the Monastery of Clane.

The Synod referred to in the text was held in 1162. It was attended by twenty-six bishops and many abbots, and was presided over by Gilla-Mac.lag, Comharba of St. Patrick and Primate of Ireland, whose name has been Latinized Gelasius. He presided over the primatil see from 1145 to 1173, during which time he occupies a distinguished place in the history of the Irish church.

Amongst other decrees passed at the Synod of Clane, it was enacted that no person should be a professor of theology in any church in Ireland who had not been an alumnus or student of the University of Armagh.

a Templar burst out, as if with an incompressible leprosy, from the dock-weeds, the nettles, the rank grass, the daffodils, the nightshade, and the blackerry bushes with which it is hemmed in, overshadowed, and most dismally margined.

"That's the fault I find with Clongowes. They talked to us about Mount Olympus and the Vale of Tempe; they birched us into a flippant acquaintance with the disreputable Gods and Godesses of the golden and heroic ages; they entangled us in Euclid; turned our brains with the terrestrial globe; chilled our blood in dizzy excursions through the Milky Way; paralyzed our Lilliputian loins with the shaggy spoils of Hercules; bewildered us with the Battle of the Frogs and Mice; pitched us precipitately into England, amongst the impetuous Normans and stupid Saxons; gave us a look through an interminable telescope, at what was doing in the New World; but, as far as Ireland was concerned, they left us like blind and crippled children, in the dark.

"They never spoke of Ireland. Never gave us, even what is left of it, her history to read. Never quickened the young bright life they controlled, into lofty conceptions and prayers by a reference to the martyrdoms, the wrongs, the soldiership, the statesmanship, the magnificent memories, and illuminating hopes of the poor old land.

"All this was then to me a cloud. Now I look back to it, shake my hand against it, and say it was a curse.

"The fact I have stated. The reason of it — at least what appears to me to be the reason of it — I may, in a little time, explain.

"What true scholars and patriots they might have made, those old Jesuits of Clongowes, had they taken their pupils to the battle-fields of William Aylmer's army — skirting the Bog of Allen — or to the Geraldine ruins of Maynooth, or the grave of Wolfe Tone in Bodenstown churchyard, or to the town of Prosperous, where Dr. Esmond buried the Red Cross under the hot ashes of his insurgent torch, or to the woods and mansion of Rath-Coffey, where Hamilton Rowan once lived — where the bay of his famous blood-hounds still echoed in my time, and where an old man — lean, shrivelled, skinny, with wiry, thin locks — still mumbled and shuffled along the decayed avenue, showing the worn pike, at the end of his staff, which he had charged with against the North Cork in Maynooth; what true scholars and patriots, Irishmen in nerve and soul, might they have made us, had they taken us to these sites, instead of keeping us within the pillars of the Parthenon, or the forum and shambles of the Tiber.

"I write this, not that they kept us aloof from these places of national interest; not that they actually imprisoned us within the routine range of the

classics, and shut the gates on us, as if there were no chastity or illumination without; but that we wandered with them, day after day, miles upon miles, over these fields and localities, without a finger to mark them on our memories, or a syllable to mingle them with our joyousness, our poetry, and rhetoric. Ireland was the last nation we were taught to think of, to respect, to love and remember.

"It is an odd fiction which represents the Irish Jesuits as conspirators against the stability of the English empire in Ireland. With two or three exceptions they were not O'Connellites even. In that beautiful, grand, castle of theirs, circled by their fruitful gardens and grain-fields, walled in by their stately dense woods of beech-trees, walnut, and firs, they lived and taught — so it seems to me now — rather as hostages and aliens than freemen and citizens.

"But, I can't bear to say anything against Clongowes. It is to me a dear old spot. Long may that old tree, on which I've carved my name, put forth its fragrant blossoms, multiply its fruit, lift its aged head to Heaven, and receive thereon the dews which fertilize, and the golden beams that propagate."

CHAPTER V.

MEAGHER AND SHIEL.—AN OLD BOOK'S INFLUENCE.—OLD CATHOLIC LEADERS.

MEAGHER'S speeches during his first year of public life, have been compared to those of Shiel, the silver-tongued orator of the Catholic Association. There is no doubt but that, in brilliancy of style, passionate energy, ennobling sentiment, and scornful defiance of tyranny, there is a close resemblance observable between the lyrical phillipics of those typical orators of their respective eras. Palpable as this resemblance may seem to the readers of their speeches, it is not surprising. Both were natural orators, with sensitive hearts and impetuous temperaments, and, the mind of the younger was, in a certain degree, influenced by the study of the other's masterpieces which so vividly gave expression to his own kindred thoughts and feelings.

Had Shiel remained faithful as Meagher to the patriotic principles which

inspired the genius of his manhood in its prime, his efforts in the cause of Freedom would share, with those of the latter, the admiration of succeeding generations of his countrymen. As it is, the inconsistency of his political course in after life, by weakening their faith in the sincerity of his patriotism and his actuating motives in his early career, detracts, in a great measure, from the estimation which his cotemporaries accorded to his soul-stirring efforts in the national cause.

Let his countrymen give him credit for the services he rendered his land in her struggles for civil and religious liberty,—even though he did not fulfil *all* their expectations, and persevere to the end in a career of self-sacrificing antagonism to their wily foe. Men not possessed of one-tenth of his genius, who never rendered their country one-tenth of his services, have, since his time, fallen out of the national ranks—though "enlisted for the war," and their lack of stamina has been condoned or unnoticed, save where their desertion was supplemented by treachery.

Shiel was never amenable to such a charge. For the rest:—"*Let him who is without sin cast the first stone!*"

Shiel's influence on Meagher, as a student, can be learned from the following reminiscence of the latter's collegiate career.

"In the library at Clongowes—the one devoted to the boys—there was a copy of Shiel's and O'Connell's speeches. It was a shabby-looking old book. Miserable paper, print, and binding. The leaves all torn and defaced with pencil-marks. The stitching exposed. The title-page depending on a shred for its connection with the preface.

"Beggarly as it looked, it was to me beyond all price. It was my favorite book. I loved it. All the more so because it was in rags. The very pleasantest hours I had in that old college of Clongowes, I spent with this indigent volume. A rickety casket, full of bruises, and threatening every minute to fall to pieces, it contained for me a heap of the rarest emeralds, the lustre of which, even in the hardest frost, made my eyes melt and water.

"Had I it in my power now, it should have a superb book-case for its own special use and benefit. A book-case of the soundest bog-oak—twelve feet high—fashioned like the 'Round Tower of Clonmacnoise,' the most beautiful of them all. I should dress it up sumptuously in green velvet, and give it an inner vest of white watered silk, and stiffen its aged back with bars of gold.

"In the round tower of bog-oak it should with impunity repose for ever, safe from all prying eyes, and the profane pencils of reckless annotators. All this it would well deserve, for the hours of ecstacy of which it was the exhaustless source.

"The principal speeches of O'Connell and Shiel, delivered during the days of the great Catholic Association from 1825 to 1829, were to be found in its disordered pages. The first inserted was one pronounced by O'Connell, in the summer of 1827, in the great chapel in the city of Waterford. In this speech he gives a richly humorous description of a parson of the Established Church.

"In this speech I also found that beautiful passage:—'I look at home, and I am not disheartened. I look abroad, and my spirit is exalted. From the coast of Labrador to where Cape Horn beholds two oceans commingle, Liberty is everywhere extending her dominion. Her voice comes to us across the Atlantic, is heard above the storm, and, like summer music in the heavens, gladdens the ear of seven millions of Irishmen.'

"And it was in this speech that he spoke of the example which America would be to the young generation springing up about him.

"There were not more than a dozen of Shiel's speeches in the volume. All of them brilliant and exciting to excess, drove the blood burning through my veins, and filled my mind, as by a violent enchantment, with the visions which were the inspiration of whatever strong words fell from me in later years."

Meagher first saw Shiel—and heard him deliver a speech—on what was to him a familiar theme—at the great aggregate meeting of Catholics convened in Dublin, in January, 1844, to protest against the exclusion of Catholics from the jury empanelled to try O'Connell and his associate Repealers. The two met personally, for the first time, in July, 1845, at the table of the Rev. John Sheehan,* Parish Priest of St. Patrick's, Waterford.

On that occasion Shiel informed Meagher, that, for some years after Queen Victoria's accession to the throne, she entertained a strong repugnance to his being invited to share in the government patronage. She peremptorily refused to assent to his appointment to the position of Judge Advocate, though Lord Melbourne and other members of the cabinet earnestly urged

* Father John Sheehan was, at that time, one of the most celebrated priests in the diocese of Waterford. Beloved and revered by his own flock, no clergyman of any denomination was more esteemed by his fellow citizens at large. A profound scholar and accomplished gentleman; a pious, energetic and devoted pastor, and a steadfast and uncompromising advocate of Irish independence, he pursued his consistent career to the end of his life's journey, never, through considerations of expediency, deviating from his chosen path.

He died on the 18th of February, 1854, in the 65th year of his age, and 42d of his sacred ministry. He is buried in the chapel in which he officiated as pastor for 25 years. A white marble tablet in the wall above his grave commemorates his virtues, and bears testimony to the veneration of his friends of all creeds and classes.

it. The cause of Victoria's antipathy to the "Emancipation Orator" lay in his scathing denunciations of her bigoted uncle — the Duke of York. Her predecesser, William IV., bitterly hated Shiel to the hour of his death — for the same family reason.

If Shiel had no stronger claims on the affections of his countrymen — they might well —

"Love him — for the enemies he had made."

In Meagher's graphic pen-portraits of the old-time Catholic celebrities who, with Shiel, attended the before-mentioned Dublin meeting — I find two thus delineated: —

"There was Mr. Wyse, the historian of the struggle, as he had been one of the most accomplished actors in the movement, which eventuated in the emancipation of the Catholics. At present British minister at Athens, he resides in a city where the very stones must be dear to him, and where every breeze that ripples the Ægean must wake his congenial mind, already so impressed with the spirit of the past, into harmonies of subdued rapture and delight.

"There, also, was Sir Thomas Esmonde, one of the oldest, if not the oldest Baronet in Ireland. A plain, good-natured, conscientious country-gentleman, who, if able to say little, brought with his ancient Baronetcy no slight social weight to the meetings and petitions of his Catholic comrades, and, being independent in fortune, was above contempt, suspicion or intrigue.

"He was a patriot, however, with considerable reservations. He was a patriot in the wake of the Whigs, and though occasionally showing a little independent flag of his own — a pocket-handkerchief of home manufacture, with a spunky sentiment barely legible in one corner of it — never had the pluck or the good sense to get out of the track which their passage through politics ambiguously left. Nevertheless he was an excellent man, and a chivalrous Catholic."

CHAPTER VI.

IN STONYHURST. — ERADICATION OF THE IRISH BROGUE.

AFTER spending six years in Clongowes, Meagher was sent to finish his education at Stonyhurst College, in England. He thus describes the place as seen on his first arrival thereat: —

before the manager, the Rev. Mr. Johnson, striking me on the back of the head with the large manuscript copy of the play, cried out in a fit of disgust —

"'T will never do, Meagher, — that frightful brogue of yours well never do for Shakspeare.'

"Nevertheless, with the sweetest composure I continued the speech, the entire court laughing — King Lear himself, forgetful of his gray hairs, knitting his eyebrows and pinching his wrinkled nose to keep down his merriment — whilst the enraged manager endeavored to drown my beautiful brogue with exclamations of horror.

'Thus Kent, O princes, bids you all adieu;
He'll shape his old course to a country new.'

"With these words on my lips, bowing gracefully and mournfully to the nobility, I retired to the sofa on which the Knight was shortly to stretch himself. Up hurries the manager, shakes the manuscript at me, and growing very red in the face says: —

"'Meagher, 't will never do — I must degrade you from the Peerage — I'll give Clifford your part. You'll have to be a common soldier; you'll have to bring in the stocks for Kent, carry a brown-bill in the battle scenes, make thunder and rain in the tempest, and turn the wind.'

"That night I had to give up my hose, my scarlet velvet hat and feathers, my silk cloak and sandals, my sword and jacket — everything that pertained to my Earldom. Clifford received them from me; and in exchange I received from him a tin helmet, a breast-plate of leather, a pair of buskins, and a battle-axe and spear. It wasn't the first time the brogue entailed the forfeiture of title and estate. I felt I was a martyr to the peculiarities of my race. The sandwiches and negus consoled me. The common soldier had as much of both as the Earl. Besides, I had my revenge. I fastened my successor so tight in the stocks the first night of the public performance, that he had to be carried off the stage (stocks and all,) before his legs could be freed. In the battle on Dover Cliffs, I used the battle-axe and spear with impetuous strength. I cut a rock in two — wounded Lear in the thigh — upset Cordelia, and hotly pursuing the Fool, who had no business there at all, tumbled against the manager, who tumbled against a drummer, who, in his turn tumbled over 'Mad Tom.'

"During the storm on the Heath, my revenge was magnificent. Not in vain did Lear, with his hoarse, wild voice, cry out: —

'Blow winds, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!
You cataracts, and hurricanes, spout!'

"With the frenzy of a fiend, I rattled the thunder, shook the rain-box,

twirled the handle of the wind-mill. The lightning I made was terrific. It kept the Heath in a blaze. To no purpose did the Rev. William Johnson call 'Silence—stop that lightning.' I answered him with a stunning peal or a blinding flash. In vain did he beseech the winds to abate their fury. Hurricanes followed quick upon his prayers for peace. Lear threatened to kick me (the moment he got off the stage,) for keeping up a deafening whirlwind during his prophesy about heretics and tailors, brewers and cut-purses. The physician, (he was one of the Cliftons of Yorkshire,) threw some camp furniture at me. The manager, even above the wind and thunder, was heard to exclaim:—'You'll be flogged for this, Meagher—I'll make Rome howl.'

"In the fourth scene of the fourth act, where I had to enter as a Messenger, I ran away with Quigley's (the Fool's) cap, and with this on my head, and a sandwich in the same hand with the battle-axe, walked in magnificently, saluted Cordelia, and, with the most powerful brogue I could muster, announced that—

"The British powers were marching thitherward."

"The audience received the announcement with an enthusiastic cheer, insisting vociferously on my repeating the message.

"The Irish brogue triumphed. It drew down the house in a tremendous *encore*."

The "Irish brogue" may have triumphed on that occasion, but as "constant dropping wears a stone," the English "Professor of Rhetoric" eventually succeeded in metamorphosing it so completely as to render it unrecognizable by Meagher's own countrymen, many of whom mistook his mincing accent for affectation.* But this was only in ordinary colloquy, when neither his feel-

*An amusing incident illustrative of this misconception of Meagher's acquired idiom on the part of his unconventional and sensitive countrymen, was related to me by an old follower of his from the Suir-side—Mr. Maurice Phelan, now a prosperous citizen of Mount Sterling, Ill. For a considerable time after Meagher's arrival in New York, in the summer of 1852, his admiring countrymen in that city and its vicinity, sought every available opportunity to see and hear him, and, if possible, obtain the honor of shaking his hand while giving him a "Cead mile Failte" to the "Land of the Free!" To gratify this natural feeling to some extent, the illustrious exile was induced to appear at several public receptions in the Metropolis of Democracy. At one of these assemblages my friend, Maurice and a fellow-Carrickman attended.

At the conclusion of Meagher's brilliant and hopeful address, Maurice observed his townsman making strenuous exertions to force his way through the crowd that thronged round the orator. He succeeded at length in speaking to and shaking the hand of the object of his admiration. But when afterwards asked by his comrade "how he enjoyed the

ings or passions were excited. In the tribune there was not a vestige of his acquired idiom observable, and but very little when he was telling one of his humorous stories. There he was inimitable. Every sentence bubbled over with the very essence of fun that had its well-spring in a nature "racy of the soil." His pen-pictures of Irish character make charming reading, but to fully appreciate the delineator's fidelity to nature, one should hear and *see* him, when, in congenial society, he gave free vent to his exuberant spirit in language flashing with genuine Irish wit — reflecting the merriment that sparkled in his soul-speaking eyes and animated every feature of his typical Celtic countenance.

That was a treat to be remembered for a life-time.

CHAPTER VII.

"1843."

"That was the time for a man to be young."

JOHN F. O'DONNELL.

THE year 1843 is one of the most memorable in modern Irish history. Since Sarsfield sailed for France the country was never so hopeful or so strong. Physically, morally, or intellectually, her people were never in a

interview?" he, in an abashed and somewhat irritable tone, acknowledged that he was disappointed at his reception. Meagher's accent and conventional manner had chilled his enthusiastic nature. It was so different from what he anticipated judging from his own impulsive feelings.

His interlocutor, who was a hard-headed, practical patriot, and had "shouldered a pike on the hills" with that most practical of all the "Forty-eight" leaders — John O'Mahony, had no patience with his super sensitive townsman. He bluntly told him not to be "makin' a Judy" of himself.

"Why!" says he, "didn't Mr. Meagher shake hands with you!"

"Oh! he did."

"An', didn't he say he 'was glad to see you?'"

"He did say so — but —

"Ach! don't bother me with your 'buts.' What the deuce more did you want of him; or did you expect him to ask — 'How is your grandmother?'"

I think if Meagher, himself, had heard the story he would have heartily enjoyed it.

better position to renew their irrepressible struggle for nationality. They numbered nearly nine millions, and the food to sustain them was plentiful and cheap. During the preceding five years the heaven-inspired labors of Father Mathew had banished the "demon of intemperance" from the island, and so prepared the way for the holding of those mighty gatherings throughout the country in which were exhibited the physical power and moral discipline which won for the people the admiration of the world, with the sole exception of the tyrants who profited by the slave's vices of self-debasement and drink-engendered strife.

Through Father Mathew's exertions, the fell "Spirit of Discord" was exorcised from the people's hearts, and peace and happiness brought into their homes — (only too many of which were made miserable by drink). Nor were the benefits resulting from his super-human labors limited to the moral and material improvement of his people. Intellectually, he accomplished much for the rising generation. The "Temperance Bands," organized under his auspices, made the hills of Ireland resound to the thrilling notes of our grand old national music; while the Temperance Reading-rooms fostered a taste for a healthy national literature, which the gifted and patriotic writers of the "NATION" were then engaged in supplying.

Men of the Irish race, through succeeding generations, will owe a debt of deep gratitude to the founders of that greatest propagandist of nationality their country has ever seen. That country never lacked patriots and men of genius. But it is doubtful if, at any period of her history — the brightest or the darkest,— she produced three men whose united efforts exerted such a salutary and lasting influence on the hearts and intellects of their race, as did the founders of the "Nation" — Duffy, Dillon, and Davis.

It is utterly impossible for the present generation of newspaper-readers to comprehend the enthusiastic delight with which the appearance of the new journal was hailed by the people, to whom it came as a revelation of a new destiny for their country and race. Hungering, as they had long been, for healthy intellectual nourishment, they devoured its contents with eager avidity, and a blessing for the providers of the weekly feast.

Of the gifted triumvirate, Duffy, as the editor, became, from the first appearance of the journal, known to, and appreciated by, the masses of his readers; and his actual work, in prose and poetry, well entitled him to their loving admiration. To-day, after a lapse of nearly half a century — finds him still engaged in the noble work of educating a new generation of his countrymen. During the past ten years he has contributed more to Irish historical literature than all his living contemporaries combined; and, in his latest and greatest "labor of love" — the "Life of Thomas Davis!" — he has presented

the men of his race, of all classes and creeds, with a soul-inspiring Gospel of Irish Nationality, from which, as from a "Holy Well" they may imbibe pure draughts of wisdom and love, and learn lessons of steadfast labor and self-reliance.

Dillon's contributions to the "Nation" were mostly distinguished for calm thoughtfulness, the deep sympathy they manifested for the toilers of the land; the knowledge displayed regarding the primary cause of their miserable condition, (the detested land-laws,) and the radical remedies suggested therefor. John Dillon was, in fact, the original enunciator of those practical lessons of agrarian reform, which, five years later, James Fintan Lalor expounded so forcibly and clearly, and of which, more recent laborers in the same cause, (unconsciously, perhaps,) think themselves entitled to the credit.

Dillon's teachings made a deep impression on the more thoughtful of his readers, while the personality of the writer remained to them unknown, until subsequently revealed when the articles re-appeared in a volume entitled "The Voice of The Nation."

The same may be said of Davis's prose contributions, glowing as they were with the fire of impassioned genius. But the songs of "THE CELT," (his *nom-de-plume*,) lit, as with a ray from Heaven, the hearts of his people, young and old, and their first glance was invariably turned to the "Poet's Corner," to seek, over the joy-giving signature, a fresh incentive to patriotism or love.

It was to this newly-awakened Ireland that, in the early summer of that auspicious year, Thomas Francis Meagher returned from Stonyhurst. He left the College with the reputation of being one of the most brilliant rhetoricians it ever produced. In English composition, also, he had borne off the palm from all competitors, so that his family and townsfolk had just cause for the pride which they undoubtedly felt in him, as they welcomed him back to his home by the Suir.

It was at an ovation given in Waterford to Father Mathew, shortly after Meagher's return, that the young man gave his fellow-citizens the first public proof of his wonderful oratorical powers. His eulogy on the great Apostle of Temperance was listened to in wonder and admiration, and enthusiastically applauded. Thenceforth it required no prophet to tell his hearers that their young townsman was destined to be the coming orator of his race and generation.

Unlike most young Irishmen of his position in society, Meagher did not have the advantage of supplementing his collegiate acquirements by University training; for Trinity College, then the only university in Ireland, bore

the well-founded reputation of being "an institution which tempted Catholic students to apostacy by reserving its prizes for apostates."

The elder Mr. Meagher was then Mayor of his native city. He had the distinction of being the first Catholic Mayor elected in Ireland after the passage of the "Municipal Reform Bill" had opened the way to an honor from which his hitherto proscribed co-religionists had been debarred during the two preceding centuries. He had attained that honor through his own intrinsic merit and the esteem of his fellow citizens; and he saw no necessity for his gifted son being beholden for intellectual advantages to a university founded and supported by the spoils plundered from the National Church and its faithful defenders, and which was known to be a hot-bed of bigotry and intolerance; he preferred that the young man should enlarge his knowledge by travel and personal observation on the European Continent, before adopting a profession in life.

Accordingly, after a brief sojourn at home, Meagher set out on his continental tour, in the course of which he explored the beauties of the historic Rhine, and spent some agreeable weeks among the medieval cities of the Low Countries, to which he was specially attracted.

Though, in after years, when among his most familiar associates, Meagher was occasionally induced to relate some interesting reminiscences of this, his first visit to the Continent, his published writings contain no record thereof. This is to be regretted, as his vivid imagination and wonderful power of description would have a splendid field for display in recording his impressions of these picturesque and historic regions, and the important events of which they had been the theatre.

That those impressions were indellibly stamped on his retentive memory is evidenced by the expression given them in the most famous of all his speeches — that which obtained for him the glorious appellation of —

"MEAGHER OF THE SWORD."

He returned from the Continent in time to celebrate his twentieth birthday, a month after which he participated in the great Repeal meeting of Lismore, (September 24th, 1843). It was at the dinner on the evening of that event that he delivered his first political speech — in applauding which O'Connell, clapping him on the shoulder, enthusiastically exclaimed — "*Well done* YOUNG IRELAND!"

Thus it was that the appellation originated, which, subsequently, the Great Agitator applied as an epithet of derision to all who differed with

himself on their country's politics. That the country did not agree with him in his new interpretation of the term, events proved.

"For Time at last sets all things even!"

CHAPTER VIII.

1844—1845.

CLONTARF MEETING ABANDONED.—THE STATE TRIALS.—HOME RECREATIONS.

"When I had freedom—God's leave and no Queen's pardon—why did I not see more of Ireland? Why not have seen every rock, stream, ruin, glen, cromleac, gap, graveyard—her mountains—the broken gates of her old towns—the last remaining stones of her monasteries and castles? I waited to see the old land free, and so defrauded my youth of its joys, and my memory of treasures without price."

From "Notes on the Voyage to Australia," by T. F. MEAGHER.

FOR the two years succeeding his *debut* at Lismore, Thomas Francis Meagher refrained from active participation in politics. The muster at Lismore was the last, but one, of the "Monster meetings" of 1843. That at Mullagmast, on October 1st being the last. The tide of national enthusiasm, which each succeeding one of those popular gatherings had contributed to swell, attained its highest level at the latter meeting—where the "Uncrowned King,"—to his own evident gratification and the spectators' delight, was formally invested with the insignia of a nation's allegiance, by the prince of Irish artists—Hogan.

Never, throughout that year of popular ovations, did the Irish Leader appear more resolute, or his devoted followers more trustful and hopeful, than when on that fated hill, commemorative of English treachery, they reiterated their determination to make their land "A Nation once again."

The following week, however, witnessed an occurrence which, eventually, led to a change of policy in the Leader, and a corresponding vacillation in the spirits of the people.

A meeting, which was intended to be the culmination of the series, was announced to be held at Clontarf on the 8th of October. The selection of the site of Ireland's greatest triumph over a foreign foe, was full of signifi-

cance to friends and enemies of the national cause. Both parties felt that a crisis was at hand. From end to end of the Island the popular heart throbbed expectantly, and the popular nerves were strung to their utmost tension. Old men felt as they did when awaiting the pre-concerted signal for the "General Rising" in '98—(the stoppage of the mail-coaches on the 23d of May,)—and their allusions to that spirit-stirring epoch excited a kindred feeling in the souls of their eager listeners—who panted for the coming contest, and felt no doubt of its issue.

At last the eventful Sunday-morning arrived, and with it the "mail-coaches from Dublin." They brought the (anticipated) news—that the Clontarf meeting was "proclaimed" by the government; but, what none was prepared for, they also brought the humiliating news, that O'Connell,—notwithstanding his "Mallow Defiance"—had, for prudential reasons, declined the challenge he had provoked, and,—countermanding the march to the Strand of Clontarf—selected, as the site of his coming battle,—the Four Courts of Dublin.

This "change of front in the face of the enemy," confused the, hitherto, confiding masses; but, notwithstanding their sore disappointment, they did not then waver in their devotion to their old chief; on the contrary, they supported the Repeal exchequer more generously than at any previous time, trusting that, when those weary legal contests were over, and their leader free to carry out the new plans sure to be evolved from his creative intellect they would, once more, be called to follow him on the direct road to the goal of his ambition—Legislative Independence.

To relate how they were again disappointed forms no part of my present purpose. Suffice it to say that the policy pursued during the year succeeding the liberation of O'Connell and his fellow-prisoners was not of a nature to enlist the co-operation of an enthusiastic nationalist like the typical "YOUNG IRELANDER."

DUBLIN DURING THE STATE TRIALS.

Meagher spent the first months of 1844 in Dublin, attending at the Queen's Inns with a view to being called to the Irish bar, and participating in the gayeties and frivolities which constituted the main attractions to metropolitan society, but in which one of his earnest, hearty nature and exuberant spirit could find little genuine enjoyment. In fact, with the exception of a few congenial friends, he held Dublin society as he then found it, in contempt; for, as he afterwards expressed himself to Charles Gavan Duffy, in reference to the subject:—"Flaunting and fashionable as I sometimes was, I thor-

oughly hated Dublin society for its pretentious aping of English taste, ideas, and fashions; for its utter want of all true nobility, all sound love of country, and all generous or elevating sentiment."

He varied his pleasure-seeking monotony by occasionally attending the "State Trials" then wearily progressing in the Dublin Courts. Did he do so in the hope of listening to such displays of Irish eloquence as on former occasions characterized the trials of his country's champions, he was doomed to disappointment; for, in the dreary array of long-drawn legal platitudes which fell heavily on his ears there was no resemblance to the fervid, impassioned pleading, the lightning flashes of genius that lit up the lurid gloom of stormy "Ninety-eight."

The dramas were essentially different, so were the actors.

CONCILIATION HALL.—SMITH O'BRIEN.

But although the events then transpiring in the "Four Courts" were watched with deep interest by all classes, not only in Ireland but throughout the United Kingdom, the proceedings in "Conciliation Hall,"—a few hundred yards further down the Quays—were even more attractive to the excitable patriots of the metropolis.

Meagher, as a matter of course, attended the popular meetings, but only as a silent and interested spectator. He was present on the memorable occasion that Smith O'Brien made his first appearance in the "Hall." His description of the occurrence, and of the general aspect of Dublin at the time, is so graphically written and of such historical importance that I give it here uncurtailed.

"WILLIAM SMITH O'BRIEN."

From "Personal Recollections," by T. F. MEAGHER.

"The State trials were going on. O'Connell, branded as a conspirator, day after day sat in the Queen's Bench, facing the jury empanelled to convict him. The Attorney-General had relieved himself of his opening address. Two days were occupied in the work. The great meeting of Catholics, at which I saw Shiel for the first time, was a written chapter in history. The hall of the Four Courts swarmed with lawyers, politicians, officers of the army, attorneys, and policemen. Dublin teemed with people of every description. Since George the Fourth's visit, the handsome capital of Ireland had not sheltered so dense and excited a crowd. The English garrison numbered ten thousand men. Lord Cardigan's Hussars were stabled in the Royal Barracks. The Fifth Fusileers were there also. Several troops of the Royal Horse Artillery, with the First Dragoon Guards, occupied Portobello. Three

or four houses in Ship street had been converted into military quarters, and rang with ramrods and spurs from dawn to nightfall. Aldborough House underwent the same fate. The Beggar's Bush lodged two regiments of infantry. The Pigeon-House mounted additional guns. There were double sentries on the gates. All the Martello towers from Blackrock to Dalkey Island; from Dalkey Island round to Duncannon fort; then round the bay on the other side to the Hill of Houth; and round that again to Malahide, and beyond it; were set to rights. A full complement of gunners was assigned to each of them, and the stores replenished.

"Paris, during the days of the Provisional Government of February, hardly exhibited greater excitement, restlessness and enthusiasm. Nothing that stimulates the spirit of a people was wanting. The theatres were enjoying the most affluent season. There were balls by the dozen every night, in Merrion and Fitzwilliam squares, and all the other sweetly-scented regions of wealth, aristocracy and fashion. London reporters and editors filled every hotel in the city. A numerous staff from the *Illustrated News* were quartered in the *Imperial*, in Sackville street. Repeal orators thundered day and night from platforms, erected in the name of some parish or municipal ward. The contributions to the Repeal treasury dashed down in golden torrents from every part of the country. In the pages of the *Nation*, Davis was appealing to the people in tones, the grandeur and power of which far excelled the writings of Drennan, and were equalled only by the invocations of Grattan to the armed patriotism of Ireland.

"It was at this moment that Smith O'Brien entered Conciliation Hall for the first time. It was the third Monday in January, 1844. The hall was densely thronged. Thousands were wedged in within its walls. The galleries curved under the huge burthen piled upon them. Blocking up the windows and doorways in every direction, the crowd shut out the light. They had to turn on the gas. It was a midnight gathering in mid-day. The indictment against O'Connell appeared to be borne out. For all the world, it looked like a convention of the blackest conspirators.

"About one o'clock Maurice O'Connell made his appearance. Ever a favorite with the people, he was loudly welcomed. Old Caleb Powell, the junior Member for the County Limerick, came next. John O'Connell followed. Immediately after him came O'Brien. The moment he was recognized, from the floor of the huge hall, from the galleries, from every place where they stood or sat, the thousands assembled there that day, leaped up with the wildest delight. A cheer, such as one could hear only in Ireland, shook the very stones of the building. Again and again was it renewed. Again and again did the enormous mass seem to leap towards the ceiling; and again

and again did it sway to and fro, a black forest bending to the storm.

"O'Brien's keen, deep-set eye filled with a beautiful sparkling light, as, erect, motionless, and dignified, he looked upon the scene, and felt himself the idol of a popular ovation. The truthfulness and loftiness of his character, qualities eminent in him from the first hour of his public life; the patient industry with which for years he had drudged through Parliament, without any of that excitement which the championship of great popular principles so pleasurably kindles; his personal bravery, established and made widely known by his bearing on two memorable occasions; the memories evoked by his name and the close neighborhood of Clontarf; the consciousness which every man within there felt, that such an accession was of the utmost consequence to the national cause; every consideration which could delight and inspire a people, flashed through those thousands as he stood there before them. I was sitting on one of the back benches of the Committee box at the time — had a full view of the scene — noticed every emotion O'Brien betrayed — every incident of that magnificent welcome.

"The day he was sentenced to death in the Court-house of Clonmel, and he was brought back in that hideous prison-van to the gaol, escorted by a body of Orange constabulary with fixed bayonets and ball-cartridge, and almost every man in the town shrunk back and cowered, and the women alone, filling the heavens with their passionate cries of grief and vengeance, followed him to the gates, and swore to be true to him, and not see him murdered; that day, as I sat with my noble young comrades in a low arched cell which from the top of the gaol overlooked the street, and those cries came to us upon the cold wind, and echoed through the dismal corridors and dungeons of our fortress, I could not help calling to mind the scene in Conciliation Hall I have mentioned, and contrast the tumultuous enthusiasm with which O'Brien was then greeted with the bleak loneliness of the day he was sentenced to death. Did the contrast occur to himself? I never could bring myself to ask him. The question might have gone like a dagger to his heart. As it was, throughout his imprisonment and exile, he shut his eyes to the past, and with a noble calmness endured all that had befallen him.

"Maurice O'Connell moved him to the chair.

"'I have come here,' he said, 'to tell the Attorney-General that, though not ambitious of martyrdom, if he wants another victim, I present myself to him.' Then having haughtily defied the Government, he spoke exultingly of the national spirit which was rising throughout the country.

"'Why are we,' he exclaimed, 'forbidden the name and rights of a nation? The Englishman is proud of his country. The Scotchman is proud

of his country. The Frenchman thinks there is no country in the world like his own. The Circassian has encountered the colossal power of Russia in defence of his freedom. Shall Ireland be the only country in which nationality is forbidden?'

"The cheers with which those manly words were received still ring in my ears. The reference to Circassia, up in arms on her mountains, beating back the plunderers of Poland, sent the blood of every man present flashing through his veins. On that day O'Brien stood before the only national assembly which had met in Ireland since the Rotunda Convention of the Volunteers, the stately impersonation of the proud spirit, patriotism and chivalry of the country. On that day, influenced by his presence, his sentiments and virtues, the Association assumed a more determined attitude and tone. The proceedings grew to be more deliberate, intellectual, and dignified. A position in the future was asserted for Ireland, loftier than that which had heretofore invited the interest and called forth in rapturous anticipation the anthems and applause of the people. Ireland rose from her bed, and got nearer to the sun. Bringing to its service a cultivated mind, an experience of many years' growth in public affairs, a calm and indomitable industry, O'Brien purified the spirit of the Association, initiated its governing committee into wise and fruitful labors, and whilst in a great measure silencing by his presence and example the vulgarities which had hitherto dishonored it, persuaded into public action those younger minds which had noiselessly watched until now the deepening and quickening current of national feeling.

"That same day, McNevin* appeared for the first time in Conciliation

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*NOTE—THOMAS MCNEVIN, a young Connaught Barrister, was the most brilliant and popular orator in Conciliation Hall previous to Meagher's public appearance on its platform. His style was more aggressive, pungent and epigrammatic than Meagher's. In the peroration of one of his most eloquent philippics, he electrified his audience by characterizing—

"The Flag that braved a thousand years" etc., as
"The Felon Flag of England!"

The "Nation" of that week adopted the newly coined epithet as the caption of an article commencing:—

"Wicked Mr. McNevin! Rash Mr. McNevin! What Devil put that damnable alliteration, that terrible sticking name, into your mind? 'Felon Flag!' How well it trips off one's tongue—'Felon Flag!' How apt to use and easy to remember. Who will forget it? 'Felon Flag!' Yet, somehow, you infected us with your audacity, and we felt ourselves, half-unconsciously, rhyming something about—

"'The Felon Flag of England!'
Aye, 'tis a 'Felon Flag!'—
As ever waved from Pirate's mast,
Or Robber's castled crag.'"

Hall. The people cheered him as, in the old Catholic Association days, they cheered Shiel. In manner, imagery, and voice, the resemblance between the orator of Young Ireland and the Member for Dungarvan was striking. There was the same richness of diction, vivid illustration, dramatic enunciation and gesture. Small in figure, abrupt in his motions, somewhat shabbily dressed, he had many of the imperfections and drawbacks, as well as many of the great gifts which enobled the author of "Evadne."

"Hailing the adhesion of O'Brien to the national cause, McNevin, with a nervous enthusiasm quivering through every limb, and in sudden flashes lighting up his features, exclaimed—

"'He was no foreign aristocrat. No Anglo-Norman-Saxon noble. He was of Irish birth and Irish nobility, and they recognized in him the descendant of one of the best and bravest characters in Irish history.'

"From that day out did O'Brien devote himself to the service of Ireland. An arduous service, the love he bore the country sweetened labors which were incessant, and reconciled him to the many asperities which that service inflicted. Wholly free from envy, ambitious only of the success and fame of the movement into which he had thrown himself, he was the first to encourage to great efforts the gifted minds he discerned in the crowd about him, and the first to applaud the triumphs which signalized those efforts. Gentle, most kindly and forgiving, he never permitted a syllable of resentment to detract from the dignity of his demeanor, or ruffle the exquisite propriety of his opinions, sympathies and language. Even when some of the Repeal editors sneered at his integrity in preferring the displeasure of the House of Commons to a deviation from a pledge he had made, and sought to undermine the popularity his goodness and grandeur had won, he had nothing for them but quiet regrets and the kindliest wishes. Even when these same gracious gentlemen assailed him violently after the Secession, imputing to an inordinate vanity and a brainless insubordination the course which an equivocal policy and a rude dictation alone compelled him to take, no one ever heard him petulantly or vindictively complain. Even when, on the very eve of staking his life in the last struggle, he was hooted by a malignant rabble, struck treacherously in the dark in his native city, and ignominiously disabled, he returned to Dublin, calm though downcast—down-

McNevin's pen was as fluent as his tongue. He contributed two volumes to the "Library of Ireland"—"The History of the Irish Volunteers" and "The Confiscation of Ulster!" He also edited an edition of "Shiel's Speeches!" McNevin was passionately devoted to Thomas Davis, and when that "Purist spirit of the Land," departed, he was utterly prostrated by the calamitous stroke, and never recovered from the shock.

cast at the thought that Irishmen were still possessed with the fanaticism of faction—and without uttering a word of reproach against the cowards who struck him, or the more cowardly conspirators who inflamed them, resumed his public duties, the penalties they imposed, the great perils they induced to, and the sacrifices they inexorably enjoined.

"But it has long been remarked that the bravest men are among the most gentle. It has long been remarked, that the most resolute in purpose are the least ostentatious in manner, and that a consciousness of being in the right softens the harshest blows, and preserves a sweetness and benignity of temper even in those who suffer injustice for justice's sake.

"Concluding his speech in Conciliation Hall, that day in January, 1844, Smith O'Brien said:—

"'I have come here to offer you my services. Abilities I have not. But I have some experience in public affairs, a patient and persevering industry, and a resolute Irish heart.'"

A POETICAL TOUR.

Though, like most young Irishmen of his class, Meagher was an ardent admirer of the "*Nation*," he does not appear to have formed the acquaintance of any of its founders during his sojourn in Dublin at the period above mentioned. It is probable that of all the young natives of the Irish metropolis who subsequently became prominent in the national movement, he then counted but two among his intimate associates,—Patrick J. Smith, his fellow-student at Clongowes, and Richard O'Gorman, Jr., both of whom continued his most attached friends till death.

That he did not meet Mr. Duffy until nearly two years subsequently to Smith O'Brien's *debut* in Conciliation Hall, may be learned from the following passage from "Young Ireland," in which the author refers to his Munster tour after his liberation from Richmond Prison, in September, 1844:

"During the journey, after a day's travel or sight-seeing, tea, seclusion, a volume of poetry and a talk prolonged beyond midnight, made a feast which had no need to envy the luxury of a chateau. But the privacy was hard to obtain for a state prisoner fresh from Richmond; and deputations, addresses, bands, and the endless good cheer of a hospitable race, drew us constantly back from the world of poetry and dreams. To win a few hours' privacy was a triumph sometimes bought too dear. In Waterford, the birthplace of Richard Shiel, whilst we were hastily visiting the historic places, the "son of the Mayor" was reported at various points to be in search of us, but we exulted in escaping his pursuit; and only came to know him two years later as Thomas Francis Meagher, who will be longer re-

membered in Waterford and in Ireland than the orator whose birth-place was an object of such interest to us that day."

Verily, in escaping from the eager search of that young enthusiast on hospitable thoughts intent, the "Editor of the *Nation*," and his fellow-poets *"*"*Desmond*" and "*Slievegullion!*" missed the company of the most delightful guide through his native county that ever expatiated on its scenic beauty or spirit-stirring history. For, during the previous summer months, Meagher had been over their contemplated route from one extremity of Southern Desi to the other, and could, moreover, have introduced them to many a lovely spot hidden in the sequestered glens through which flow the Blackwater's tributary streams, or in the recesses of the rugged, cloud-piercing Commeraghs, which, necessarily escaped their observation as not coming within the scope of their outlined route through that picturesque district — thus set down in the delightful volume referred to: —

"Along the Suir to Waterford, a land peopled with memories of every era of resistance to English supremacy, from the raid of Strongbow, and the invasion of Cromwell, down to the memorable election of 1826, which precipitated Catholic Emancipation. By Cappoquin and Lismore through the divine valley of the Blackwater, with a detour to Mount Melleray, where the monks of La Trappe had established, among the barren hills a model and museum of skilful industry, and like Columbanus a thousand years before, were transforming the wilderness into corn-fields and the people into docile pupils."

In a letter to Thomas Davis, written while on that tour, Mr. Duffy says:—

"Compared to the peasantry of Kilkenny and Waterford, who are fine, vigorous and masculine fellows, your compatriots in Cork are an inferior race.

"At Cappoquin a young and vigorous priest, (Father Malley,†) addressed the people in Irish, by the light of a bonfire, and I have seldom witnessed a scene fitter for an Irish Wilkie to paint. We sailed down the river to Youghal."

During his sojourn at home in Waterford in the summer and autumn of

*The respective noms-de-plume of Denis F. McCarthy and John O'Hagan.

†Mr. Duffy here alluded to the Rev. Father Patrick Meany, then a curate in the neighboring parish of Lismore, physically and intellectually a splendid specimen of the Irish priesthood. His Parish Priest, Dr. Fogarty, being inimical to the national movement, the ardent young curate was debarred from giving expression to his patriotic aspirations within the bounds of his parish; and so, on all important occasions, he was found exhorting the more congenial spirits of Cappoquin — with whom he was a special favorite. His stirring speeches were invariably in Irish.

that year, Meagher had not only explored all that district traversed by Mr. Duffy and his fellow-tourists, but had varied his recreations on land by occasional excursions on water. Boating down the Suir to Passage, Duncannon, or Dunmore, or up the Barrow to Ross—and beyond that historic town to the junction with the Nore—a "meeting of the waters" unsurpassed in Ireland—save, perhaps, by the junction of the rivers Bride and Blackwater. Pic-nicing on "Lady's Island" or Dunbrody constituted another favorite enjoyment; occasionally he sailed to the mouth of the Harbor, and, doubling Portally-Head, skirted the perilous rock-bound coast between that and the bay of Tramore.

In most of those expeditions, he was accompanied by his fellow-townsman Thomas W. Condon, a young and highly intelligent locksmith, who had been his play-mate in childhood, and continued to be his most intimate and affectionate friend through life. Condon was distinguished as one of the *Nation's* "Three Poetical Mechanics"—the other two being John J. Frazer, a cabinet-maker, and Francis Davis, ("The Belfast Man,") a weaver.

CORK AND ITS ENVIRONS.

During this and the following summer, Meagher made several visits to Cork, the society of which city he found much more congenial to his taste than that of Dublin—it being less fastidious and sectarian, and far more cordial and intellectual. He had many warm personal friends among the old Catholic families of the mercantile and professional classes in the "Beautiful City,"—the Murphys, Mahonys, Lyons's, Lanes, &c., and among the most intimate were Charles T. Murphy, who had been his fellow-student at Stonyhurst, and William F. Lyons,—subsequently well known in America as Captain Lyons,—a distinguished member of the New York press, a true Irish patriot and worthy representative of the "Men of Forty-eight."

It was in company with these and other kindred spirits, that Meagher made those delightful excursions to Bantry, Glengarriff, Killarney, &c., of which he has left such inimitable narratives in his "Personal Recollections." No wonder that they should be indelibly impressed on his memory; no wonder he should recall those days of his fresh young manhood so fondly and regretfully. They were the "Halcyon days" of his life.

CHAPTER IX.

DEATH OF THOMAS DAVIS. — MEAGHER'S ENTRY INTO POLITICAL LIFE.

IN the month of September, 1845, a double blight fell upon Ireland. Early in the month appeared the first symptoms of that strange disease which was fraught with such calamitous results to the physical life of the nation, and, while the people were viewing with undefinable alarm its withering progress through the land, there suddenly came the appalling news that all but paralized the national heart. "*Thomas Davis was dead!*" The loving admirers of the late John Boyle O'Reilly can conceive some idea of the shock Davis's death gave to the men of his race who drew hope, inspiration, and instruction from the emanations of his lofty genius and loving heart. Never, until they lost him, did they realize how they loved him, or how indispensable his heaven-inspired melody was to their intellectual life. In the mournfully poetic language of one of his most gifted disciples: —

"The brow of the country grew gray in a night."

Verily, never was national minstrel so poignantly and universally mourned; and never were such garlands of poesy laid by cotemporary bards upon a brother's bier, as those that sprang spontaneously from the bruised hearts of his bereaved associates — who, in their desolation, felt as —

"Sheep without a shepherd when the snow shuts out the sky."

It was in this period of universal national despondency that Meagher made his first public appearance on the platform of Conciliation Hall — his mission there to contribute the first full-blown blossom of his genius as a heart-offering on the grave of "his Prophet and his Guide," and to devote his life and energies to the cause of which the dead patriot was his ideal representative and expounder; the man "whose services excited the youth of the country to generous purposes and lofty deeds, and consoled the old patriots in their progress to the grave."

I much regret my inability to procure a full copy of this most feeling and beautiful eulogy for insertion here. Its peroration contained the following reference to the duty of liberated Ireland to Thomas Davis: —

"In the day of victory, towards which he had so often looked with a panting heart and a glowing soul, they will beckon us to the grave, bid us pluck a laurel from the nation's brow, and plant it on his tomb."

Almost contemporaneous with Meagher's accession to Conciliation Hall was that of his friend and comrade Richard O'Gorman, then a most graceful

and eloquent public speaker, and now, beyond all question, the greatest living orator of his race at either side of the Atlantic.*

Two other most distinguished accessions to the national cause immediately after Davis's death, were John Mitchell and his bosom friend, Thomas Devin Reilly. But their influence on public opinion was manifested, not from the rostrum,—as was that of Meagher and O'Gorman,—but through the editorial and literary pages of the "*Nation*." Even the youthful readers of the great journal who mourned Davis most, and could not be comforted for his loss, were, unconsciously, awakened to revived interest in the paper by the vivid brilliancy and defiant manliness of the articles which announced the presence of resolute and accomplished recruits on the post left vacant by their fallen hero. Mitchell almost immediately gained popular fame and literary prominence through his great historical biography, "The Life of Hugh O'Neill," but Reilly's brilliant abilities were not universally appreciated until after the appearance in the "*United Irishman*" of his series of prose poems on the Continental Revolution of "'48."

MEAGHER IN CONCILIATION HALL.

Some time previous to Meagher's formal adhesion to the Repeal movement, Smith O'Brien, anxious to train the young intellect of the country in the practical duties of legislation, had established the Parliamentary Committee of the Repeal Association. Meagher was assigned a place on that committee, and proved a valuable acquisition thereto, attending to his duties zealously, and steadfastly.

Writing to his friend, Condon, of his occupations at this period, he says:—

"Every day, from twelve to five, I am sitting with the Parliamentary Committee—schooling myself in the practical branches of the national movement. And when I am not thus engaged, I am sitting with the Council of the Celtic Athenæum. To-morrow I am to appear at the Association. I was most anxious (I say so sincerely,) to avoid coming forward for some time at least but Smith O'Brien insisted upon the young members relieving him by turns, and I was forced to consent. His words in the committee on last Tuesday were, 'I am desirous that government should know that the Association depends not upon one or two men, but that in the worst emergency—even

* While these lines are being written, the members of the New York Bar are preparing to confer a well deserved compliment on the venerable and distinguished ex-Judge, who has reflected such lustre on their profession for the last forty years.

in the absence of its leaders — it can be conducted, and will be supported by the young intelligence of the country.'

"It was certainly a flattering compliment, but it has imposed a serious duty. I intend to-morrow to apply myself to the policy of the Association — what it ought to be, and how far it is developed."

The speech referred to, which was delivered on the 16th of February, 1846, was, like nearly all his best efforts, carefully prepared. But it was not so much to the matter of his speeches, or the beautiful and glowing imagery in which they were clothed, as to the fervor of conviction.— the intense earnestness with which they were delivered, and which was conveyed as by an electric spark to the hearts of his spell-bound audience — that their great effect was due. I have heard one of his enthusiastic admirers assert that, "there was more persuasive eloquence in the shake of Meagher's fore-finger, than in the most elaborate speeches of other conspicuous orators of the period." And he was not as exaggerative as his words seem to imply; for thousands who have felt the influence of the "Young Tribune's" personal magnetism would, unqualifiedly, agree with him.

The following is the first of his Repeal speeches:

MEAGHER ON THE POLICY OF THE REPEAL ASSOCIATION.

"Sir.—We have pledged ourselves never to accept the Union — to accept the Union upon no terms — nor any modification of the Union. It ill becomes a country like ours — a country with an ancient fame — a country that gave light to Europe, whilst Europe's oldest State of this day was yet an infant in civilization and in arms — a country that has written down great names upon the brightest page of European literature — a country that has sent orators into the Senate whose eloquence, to the latest day, will inspire free sentiments, and dictate bold acts — a country that has sent soldiers into the field whose courage and whose honor it will ever be our proudest privilege to record, if not our noblest duty to imitate — a country whose sculptors rank high in Rome, and whose painters have won for Irish genius a proud pre-eminence even in the capital of the stranger — a country whose musicians may be said to stand this day in glorious rivalry with those of Italy, and whose poets have had their melodies re-echoed from the most polished courts of Europe to the loneliest dwelling in the deep forests beyond the Mississippi — it ill becomes a country so distinguished and respectable, to serve as the subaltern of England, qualified as she is to take up an eminent position, and stand erect in the face of Europe.

"It is hers to command, for she possesses the materials of manly power and stately opulence. Education is abroad, and her people are being tutored

in the arts and virtues of an enlightened nationhood. They are being taught how to enjoy, and how to preserve, the beatitude of freedom. A spirit of brotherhood is alive, and breathing through the land. Old antipathies are losing ground — traditional distinctions of sect and party are being now effaced. Irrespective of descent or creed, we begin at last to appreciate the abilities and virtues of all our fellow-countrymen. We now look into history with the generous pride of the nationalist, not with the cramped prejudice of the partizan. We do homage to Irish valor, whether it conquers on the walls of Derry, or capitulates with honor before the ramparts of Limerick — and, sir, we award the laurel to Irish genius, whether it has lit its flame within the walls of old Trinity, or drawn its inspiration from the sanctuary of Saint Omer's. Acting in this spirit, we shall repair the errors, and reverse the mean condition of the past. If not, we perpetuate the evil that has for so many years consigned this country to the calamities of war and the infirmaties of vassalage. 'We must tolerate each other,' said Henry Grattan, the inspired preacher of Irish nationality — he whose eloquence, as Moore has described it, was 'the very music of Freedom' — 'We must tolerate each other, or we must tolerate the common enemy.' After years of social disorder, years of detestable recrimination, between factions, and provinces, and creeds, we are on the march to freedom. A nation organized and disciplined, instructed and inspired, under the guidance of wise spirits, and in the dawning light of a glorious future, makes head against a powerful supremacy. On the march let us sustain a firm, a gallant, and a courteous bearing. Let us avoid all offence to those who pass us by; and, by rude affronts, let us not drive still further from our ranks those who at present decline to join. If aspersed, we must not stop to retaliate. With proud hearts, let us look forward to the event that will refute all calumnies — that will vindicate our motives and recompense our labors. An honorable forbearance towards those who censure us, a generous respect for those who differ from us, will do much to diminish the difficulties that impede our progress. Let us cherish, and, upon every occasion, manifest an anxiety for the preservation of the rights of all our fellow-countrymen — their rights as citizens, their municipal rights — the privileges which their rank in society has given them — the position which their wealth has purchased or their education conferred — and we will in time, and before long, efface the impression that we seek for Repeal with a view to crush those rights — to erect a Church-ascendency, to injure property, and create a slave-class.

"But, sir, whilst we thus act towards those who dissent from the principles we profess, let us not forget the duties we owe each other. The good will it becomes us to evince towards our opponents, the same should

we cultivate among ourselves. Above all, let us cherish, and in its full integrity maintain, the right of free discussion. With his views identified with ours upon the one great question, let us not accuse of treason to the national cause the associate who may deem this measure advisable or that measure inexpedient. Upon subordinate questions — questions of detail — there must naturally arise in this assembly a difference of opinion. If views adverse to the majority be entertained, we should solicit their exposition and meet them by honest argument. If the majority rule, let the minority be heard Toleration of opinion will generate confidence amongst all classes, and lay the sure basis of national independence.

"But, sir, whilst we thus endeavor wisely to conciliate, let us not, to the strongest foe, nor in the most tempting emergency, weakly capitulate. A decisive attitude — an unequivocal tone — language that cannot be construed by the English press into the renunciation or the postponement of our claim — these should be the characteristics of this assembly at the present crisis, if we desire to convince the opponents of our freedom that our sentiments are sincere and our vow irrevocable. Let earnest truth, stern fidelity to principle, love for all who bear the name of Irishman, sustain, ennoble, and immortalize this cause. Thus shall we reverse the dark fortunes of the Irish race, and call forth here a new nation from the ruins of the old. Thus shall a parliament — moulded from the soil, racy of the soil, pregnant with the sympathies and glowing with the genius of the soil — be here raised up. Thus shall an honorable kingdom be enabled to fulfil the great ends that a bounteous providence hath assigned her — which ends have been signified to her in the resources of her soil and the abilities of her sons."

That speech stamped Meagher as "*the* orator" of the national party. Its noble sentiments have, ever since, furnished texts to unnumbered platform-patriots, on which to attach their verbose platitudes: they are shouted out at "Conventions," and re-echoed at "National Anniversaries," calling forth plaudits from sympathetic and not over-critical audiences; but the ring of the "silver tongue" is missing. To paraphrase De Jean's truthful lines on Thomas Davis: —

> "No (Tribune) minstrel again to his greatness shall grow,
> Though many shall spring from the ONE lying low,
> Like twigs from the felled forest-tree.

CHAPTER X.

A CHANGE OF BASE.

"For contumely and coercion,
For deep treachery and desertion,
From the ranks of your own host—
'Mong the men you prized the most—
(Youth of Ireland)—stand prepared."

MANGAN.

WHEN those prophetic lines appeared, in the spring of 1846, the country was startled at their import. The Irish people could not imagine that they applied to the men on whose guidance they had so long implicitly relied to lead them on the straight, though toilsome, road to national independence. True, it was, that, for some time past, their chief leader seemed to lack something of the earnest, confident spirit which characterized his course when making his triumphant progress through the island in 1843,—"The Repeal Year" (?).

But this change was attributed to the re-actional effects of the State Prosecutions, and consequent imprisonment of O'Connell and his compatriots, coupled with the depression caused by the recent potato-blight. That their leaders could, by any possibility, be induced to abandon, or compromise the national cause, the earnest, confiding people had no idea of. How could they believe in such venal treachery to themselves and treason to Ireland?

Yet, the time was close at hand when their dreams of trusting faith were destined to a sudden interruption, and they were awakened to a painful realization of what their poet-seer meant by the warning words above quoted.

The Tories had held the reins of government for some years back, and had just introduced a bill for the renewal of the Arms Act passed in 1843. But there was division in their ranks. The Protectionists, representing the landlord class, wished to be revenged on Sir Robert Peel for his repeal of the Corn Laws, and they joined the Whigs in opposing the second reading of the renewed Arms Act. A division took place on the 25th of June, resulting in the defeat of the Administration by a majority of seventy-three. On the 27th the Tory ministry resigned, and on the 3rd of July the list of the new Whig ministry was published, with Lord John Russell at its head.

Two months previous to this occurrence, there was a conference of Lord

John Russell's parliamentary supporters at his residence in London. Among those who attended that levee of the expectant Premier were O'Connell and his son John.

A report of the meeting in the *Dublin Evening Mail* attributed to O'Connell the declaration that, "all he ever wanted was a real Union — the same laws and franchises in the two countries."*

Mitchel, in the ensuing number of the *Nation* contradicted the assertion in the *Mail*, in his usual trenchant style; —

"O'Connell did not say this nor anything like this — he neither said nor thought it — and no Repealer, even if he were base enough to think it, would dare to whisper it in the solitute of his chamber, lest the very birds of the air might carry the matter to an Irish ear. Heaven and Earth! what would those words, in the mouth of a Repealer, mean? Listen to us, Irishmen, and we will tell you. They would mean that for four years past — at some thousand meetings — through five million throats — from Tara and Mullaghmast — from palaces of Irish kings and graves of Irish martyrs, Ireland has been bellowing forth one monstrous lie in the face of all mankind and of God Almighty — one loud, many-voiced national lie, which the vales re-echoed to the hills, and they to heaven. . . In the meantime, let the truth be told: let us not pretend to give up or postpone Repeal, in order that English ministers may more readily yield us that justice which they have delayed as long as they could; let no Repealer dare to hint that a 'real Union' would satisfy us — let us avow, and make all men clearly understand, that what we have determined to have now is, not 'Justice to Ireland or Repeal,' but, 'Justice to Ireland and Repeal.'"

*"It greatly simplifies the process of unravelling a complicated story to state at the threshold the result which the reader is expected to reach at the close. It is like carrying a torch through a dim and tortuous labyrinth. The vigilance of the reader is awakened, and he scrutinizes the facts submitted to him, in order to judge whether they justify the conclusion they are intended to sustain. Let me state, therefore, distinctly, at the outset that O'Connell came to an understanding with the new Government in London, to support them in Parliament, and to secure the re-election of their colleagues in Ireland, and in return was reinstated in the control of Irish patronage in all its branches, as fully as he had enjoyed it when they were last in office. He immediately set out for Dublin to fulfil his part of the compact. From the speeches of O'Brien, Grattan and the Young Irelanders, it was certain that this alliance would be resisted in the Association. That it should not be successfully resisted, it became necessary to silence, or exclude, the men whose opposition was to be feared. For this purpose, and for this purpose alone, a pledge was framed, which rent the Association into fragments. It is a bitter and humiliating story to recall, but if history is to be of any service as a warning, if Ireland is not to run round in a circle of identical errors forever, it is a story which must be unsparingly told."—Sir Charles Gavan Duffy's "FOUR YEARS OF IRISH HISTORY."

The Young Irelanders in Conciliation Hall determined to treat the rumor of any compromise with the Whigs as incredible, and its consummation as treason to Ireland. Meagher undertook to open the question. He commenced by alluding to the report that the Whigs were about returning to office: "but," he continued, "whatever statesmen rule the empire, the policy of the Repeal Association would remain unchanged. The Whigs counted on the apostacy of Repealers, the Conservatives predicted it, but the people had vowed before God and man to raise up a nation in these western waters, and to make it as free as the freest that bore a flag on the sea, or guarded a senate on the land. Let them recede, and they would win the applause of Whig orators; but France would placard them as cowards, and America indict them as swindlers. It was to the young men of Ireland, the trustees of its prosperity, the tempters offered the chalice of corruption.

"'Young men,' said they, 'a long life is before you,—the luxuries of office and the privileges of place. To taste the former, to assume the latter, you must qualify by recreancy, renounce the manly duties, reject the pure honors of honest citizenship, cease to be the unpaid servants of your country, become the hirelings of party. You have read the history of Ireland; disclaim the doctrines of Grattan and Flood; accept the maxims, emulate the perfidy of Castlereagh and Fitzgibbon. You are scholars, and have read the histories of Greece and Rome. From the story of Athens learn nothing but the obedience of the Helots. From the chronicles of Rome learn, if you like, the imperial ambition of the Cæsars, but forget the stern patriotism of the Scipios and the Gracchi. Thus will you climb to power, gain access to the viceregal table, and be invited to masquerades at Windsor. Thus, if your ambition be parliamentary, will you qualify for Melborne-Port, and other convenient Whig boroughs; and when at length removed from that country whose wretchedness would have been an incessant drain upon your resources, and when mingling in the lordly society of London, or sitting on the Treasury Bench beside your patrician benefactors, you will bless the Government that patronized servility, and thank God that you have a country to sell."

Mr. O'Gorman endorsed the speech of his friend. "It was true and most opportune. A suspicion was abroad; if it was ill-founded no harm was done in re-stating the policy of the Association. Some such suspicion did exist, and this clearly was the time to meet and trample it down."

Mr. Mitchel "agreed in every syllable Mr. Meagher had spoken, and thought that was the time and place to speak it. If the Repealers were to retreat from their position, and enter into a compact once more with English factions, the best thing they could do was to shut up the hall, lock the

door, go home to their respective businesses, and for ever hang their head when men spoke of honor, patriotism, or truth."

It was evident that the men whose sentiments were thus boldly enunciated, should be got rid of, by some means, before the proposed compact could be carried out, and no time was lost by either of the allied leaders in acting on that conviction.

Lord John Russell, to be revenged on the *Nation*, first called the attention of Parliament to that paper as "a journal preaching violence and social disorder," and followed up his attack, by vigorously pressing a Government prosecution against Mr. Duffy, which had been inaugurated by his predecessor, six months before, but which had been permitted to languish ever since.

However, in spite of the Government efforts to secure a conviction, the jury, influenced by the noble speech of Robert Holmes, for the defence, failed to agree, and the *Nation* triumphed.

O'Connell's tactics were more successful, *(for the time being,)* than those of his colleague in the campaign; for he accomplished his purpose of ridding the Association of the opponents to the Whig alliance by — what may be termed, in military parlance — a "flank movement," combined with a direct attack all along the line.

The "Dungarvan Election" led to the first skirmish. When the list of the new Whig ministry was published on the 3rd of July, 1846, the name of Richard Lalor Shiel, member of Parliament for Dungarvan, appeared thereon as "Master of the Mint."

As the most brilliant orator in the struggle for Catholic Emancipation, Shiel had a national reputation. He had differed with O'Connell on the Repeal question, but on the trial of his old leader and his associates for seditious conspiracy in 1843–44, he was counsel for John O'Connell. On the strength of his revived popularity he was elected member of Parliament for Dungarvan. On accepting office under the Whigs he was obliged to resign his seat, but felt hopeful of being re-elected, for, although the majority of the voters of the borough were ardent Repealers, he was probably cognizant of the understanding between the leaders of that party and the Government, and apprehended no contest.

The result showed his confidence was well-founded. O'Connell was still silent on the reported compact, and his reticence tended to confirm the fears of the earnest members of the Association that, (in the words of John Dillon) — "Repeal was postponed or abandoned to Whig promises."

The time at length arrived when O'Connell could no longer postpone declaring his intentions. On the 6th of July, he resumed his place in Conciliation Hall, (having returned from London for that purpose,) and, while

speaking of the probability of returning Repealers for such places as may be "shortly vacant," he was interrupted by a "voice"—crying—"Dungarvan!" which was followed by spontaneous cheers from the meeting. Thus reminded, unmistakably, of the popular sentiment, O'Connell replied:—

"You are right—quite right. If we can get a Repealer for Dungarvan we will do it. By this time of day you should believe me. It shall be referred to the Committee to take into consideration the providing of candidates for the vacant places. If we can get Repealers for all those places, we shall of course do so, and, if necessary, I will go to Dungarvan myself. (Cheers). I will have the men of Dungarvan with me. I will not oppose men who support the present ministry, unless there be a chance that we can put in a Repealer, and a small chance will be enough when the people are on our side."

The chance of success in Dungarvan was, by no means, "small;" for, according to a Report published by the Association, some months previously, out of 163 electors in that constituency, 104 were Repealers.

When the Committee met, the nomination of a candidate for Dungarvan was only two days off. O'Connell thought it would be impossible to find a candidate at such short notice. The Committee, without coming to any definite conclusion, adjourned to the following Saturday, and, when it then met Shiel was member for Dungarvan—having had a "walk-over."

This result, occurring, as was evident to all, with the connivance or tacit consent of the rulers of the Association, had a most disastrous effect on the national cause. It showed the people that some form of alliance had been contemplated between their representatives and the new administration. This alliance O'Connell well knew the earnest nationalists would vehemently denounce by voice and pen, on the platform of Conciliation Hall, and in the columns of the *Nation*.

To anticipate their action in the national council-chamber, he, at the first weekly meeting held after the Dungarvan election, introduced, what are known in the history of the period as the "Peace Resolutions," with the avowed purpose "to draw a marked line between Young and Old Ireland." He supposed that the men he was desirous of getting rid of would not acquiesce in the principle embodied in one of those resolutions:—"that to promote political amelioration peaceable means alone should be used to the exclusion of all other methods." But he was mistaken. In the debate which followed the introduction of the resolutions, Mitchel, O'Gorman and Meagher agreed in all the practical portions of the report so far as they applied to the Repeal Association, but they objected to being bound to the theoretical principle that "under no circumstances were men justifiable in seeking political ameliora-

tions by other means than theirs." Meagher declared that, "for the practical purposes of the Association he was fully convinced of the propriety of having recourse to none other than peaceful and constitutional means; but he could not subscribe to the doctrine, nor could he consent to continue a member of the Association if such were rendered an indispensable qualification, that no phase of circumstances, no contingency could occur in a national history or in a national struggle for liberty, in which a resort to physical force was justifiable.

The resolutions were adopted by the meeting, Meagher alone saying "No." O'Connell carried his Report, but he did not accomplish his purpose. The young men did not retire; moreover, on that same day, they so expressed themselves on the policy pursued at the Dungarvan election, as to make their retirement indispensable if that policy was to be continued without protest and exposure. There could be no compromise between the friends and opponents of Whiggery in the Association: if the former were to enjoy the benefit of their bargain, the latter *must go*.

"Where there is a will, there is a way."

CHAPTER XI.

THE SECESSION.

"The proceedings of this day are an event in Irish history."
WILLIAM SMITH O'BRIEN.

July 27th and 28th, 1846, witnessed the most momentous occurrences that ever transpired in Conciliation Hall. They saw the culmination of the long-plotted Secession. John O'Connell had come over from London commissioned to call upon the Association to choose between his father and the Young Irelanders, for both could no longer remain members. Some such crisis had been expected, and the hall was packed to its utmost capacity. Smith O'Brien, Henry Grattan, and the leading Young Irelanders were present. So likewise were John O'Connell, his brother Daniel O'Connell, junior, and the full force of Conciliation Hall officials. The Lord Mayor of Dublin presided.

The business was opened by reading a letter from O'Connell, the purport of which admitted of no possible mistake. The Young Irelanders were to be forced out of the Association. The revised resolutions were avowedly

framed to draw a line between Old and Young Ireland, and that line was to be the one marking the inside and outside of Conciliation Hall. O'Brien endeavored by private remonstrance with John O'Connell to avert a crisis, but without success. Then, for the first time, he took his side unequivocally with the young men. At the public meeting he spoke with vigorous sense, dignity and force: —

"When he joined the Association he had determined never to be a party to a counter-agency to that adopted by O'Connell; but at the same time he could not undertake to co-operate in proceedings which he considered unjust and impolitic. The Association had been called on to declare that no circumstances in any country would justify the use of arms for the attainment of any political amelioration; but this was a doctrine to which he did not subscribe. The best writers on government had laid down that in free countries there were many circumstances which justified a recourse to arms. It was by the right of resistance on the part of the subject that the Queen held her throne. So it was with the Kings of France, Belgium, Greece, and Holland; and in all these cases the right had been sanctioned by the public policy and international law of Europe. In Ireland in '82, if the demand of the volunteers for a free constitution had been rejected, he believed such a right would have arisen. What was most unfortunate respecting this question was that it was purely speculative; he was not aware that there was a single person connected with the Association who desired an appeal to arms under the present circumstances. Such an appeal would be madness and wickedness, and neither O'Connell nor any of his family could be more determined in resisting it than he was. Had he been informed that it was intended to propose this test, he would have attended the Committee, and endeavored to procure a modification of it. He was afraid the tendency of the resolution and the letter read that day was to drive from the Association men identified in opinion with the *Nation* newspaper. This was a measure to which he could be no party. If there was any attempt to cut off the *Nation* from connection with the Association, or to exclude the gentlemen agreeing with it from the Committee, he would find it impossible to co-operate with the Association till they were restored. But why was such an alternative necessary? If anything in violation of the constitution of the Association was done, let the individual offending be dealt with; but to raise a speculative question to exclude certain persons was suicidal. It pained him to differ in opinion with the leader of the Association, but in all public bodies a reasonable difference of opinion should be allowed. He trusted that the breach was not irreparable, and that the past might be buried in a general oblivion.

"There was another question on which he felt bound to be perfectly explicit; the policy of Repealers was, in his opinion, to keep a distinct national party in the House of Commons, and to support good measures from whichever party they came. To maintain their independence they must not solicit favors from the Government, or, by accepting them, permit their mouths to be closed. In 1834, certain able and prominent Repealers — of whom the most distinguished was Mr. Shiel — took office under the Whigs. What was the result? He would not say they were convinced, but certainly they were silenced. If the Association meant to encourage such a system he could not coincide with them. The State trial had not discouraged the Repeal cause so much as the loss of Dungarvan. He trusted nothing would be done to destoy a confederacy the most powerful that ever existed for the achievement of a people's liberty." *

John O'Connell, in his reply to this manly and straight-forward speech, commenced with a defence of the Whig alliance. He asked — "Was it in accordance with Irish generosity to condemn the Whigs before they had time to show what they would do? As to patronage, places must be filled by men of education and acquirements; were they to be uniformly filled by enemies of the popular cause? Must avowed Repealers, though their health and fortunes were depressed, give the *pas* to them?" †

Coming to the subject of the Peace Resolutions he said:—

"Look at the countries revolutionized by force. Take America; mob law prevailed, honest debts were repudiated by acts of the legislature, convents were pillaged, and the breeding of slaves was favored and encouraged." (A distorted and not over-complimentary picture of the "Hope of opressed Humanity.") "Look at France; the press was shackled, the voice of public opinion impeded in every way, and one-fourth of the representatives were paid servants of the crown." (Whatever truth may be in that statement, "Public opinion — with a musket on his shoulder," righted the wrong, in short order, in less than two years thereafter.) "In Belgium there was an infidel party, which, in case of a conflict of the continental powers, would betray her to the invader. Whatever the consequences might be, therefore, he could not consent to modify the Resolutions. His father could not accept the aid of any man who did not agree with them. The Association had, of course, a right to modify them to meet the views of Mr. O'Brien and the Young Ireland party, but that moment the founder of the Association must retire."

* Four Years of Irish History, pages 227-229. † Ibid, page 230.

Soon after John O'Connell had concluded, the meeting was adjourned to next day.

The adjourned meeting was opened by the Secretary reading a letter of remonstrance addressed to him by the Editor of the *Nation*, justifying the policy of that journal. John O'Connell made a lengthy reply to the letter, and Mr. Mitchell responded in defence of the *Nation*. In the course of his speech he declared that "It was plain to all the world the cause of dissension in the Hall was not physical force; nobody was in the least afraid of physical force, but many were mortally afraid of Whiggery and place-begging.

"Do you think," he demanded, "that men, who had been one day begging at the door of the English Minister would come next day to the Hall, to help the country to get rid of English Ministers altogether? For his part he had entered the Association, believing it was to be made an instrument for wresting the country out of the hands of English parties, not a coadjutor with either of them in perpetuating its degradation."

The climax came when Meagher came forward to address the meeting. His speech on the occasion was the most famous ever delivered in that Hall, as it was the last specimen of genuine eloquence ever heard therein. Through its magnificent peroration—the "Apostrophe to the Sword"—it is known to school-boys for two generations in the United States; yet there are but comparatively few who have had the opportunity of reading the entire address. For this reason, and as a duty both to the dead orator and to future generations of his admirers in both hemispheres,—the speech is inserted in full here:—

MEAGHER'S "SWORD SPEECH."

Delivered in Conciliation Hall, Dublin, July 28th, 1846.

"*My Lord Mayor:* I will commence as Mr. Mitchel concluded, by an allusion to the Whigs. I fully concur with my friend, that the most comprehensive measures which the Whig Minister may propose will fail to lift this country up to that position which she has the right to occupy, and the power to maintain. A Whig Minister, I admit, may improve the province—he will not restore the nation. Franchises, tenant-compensation bills, liberal appointments, may ameliorate—they will not exalt. They may meet the necessities—they will not call forth the abilities of the country. The errors of the past may be repaired—the hopes of the future will not be fulfilled. With a vote in one pocket, a lease in the other, and full 'justice' before him at the petty sessions—in the shape of a 'restored magistrate'—the humblest peasant may

be told that he is free; but, my lord, he will not have the character of a freeman — his spirit to dare, his energy to act. From the stateliest mansion, down to the poorest cottage in the land, the inactivity, the meanness, the debasement, which provincialism engenders, will be perceptible.

"These are not the crude sentiments of youth, though the mere commercial politician, who has deduced his ideas of self-government from the table of imports and exports, may satirize them as such. Age has uttered them, my lord, and the experience of eighty years has preached them to the people. A few weeks since, and there stood in the Court of Queen's Bench an old and venerable man, to teach the country the lessons he had learned in his youth, beneath the portico of the Irish Senate House, and which, during a long life, he had treasured in his heart, as the costliest legacy a true citizen could bequeath the land that gave him birth.

"What said this aged orator?

"'National independence does not necessarily lead to national virtue and happiness; but reason and experience demonstrate that public spirit and general happiness are looked for in vain under the withering influence of provincial subjection. The very consciousness of being dependent on another power, for advancement in the scale of national being, weighs down the spirit of a people, manacles the efforts of genius, depresses the energies of virtue, blunts the sense of common glory and common good, and produces an insulated selfishness of character, the surest mark of debasement in the individual, and mortality in the State."

"My lord, it was once said by an eminent citizen of Rome, the elder Pliny, that 'we owe our youth and manhood to our country, but our declining age to ourselves.' This may have been the maxim of the Roman — it is not the maxim of the Irish patriot. One might have thought that the anxieties, the labors, the vicissitudes of a long career, had dimmed the fire which burned in the heart of the illustrious old man whose words I have cited; but now, almost from the shadow of death, he comes forth with the vigor of youth and the authority of age, to serve the country — in the defence of which he once bore arms — by an example, my lord, that must shame the coward, rouse the sluggard, and stimulate the bold.

"These sentiments have sunk deep into the public mind. They are recited as the national creed. Whilst these sentiments inspire the people, I have no fear for the national cause — I do not dread the venal influence of the Whigs. Inspired by such sentiments, the people of this country will look beyond the mere redress of existing wrongs, and strive for the attainment of future power.

"A good government may, indeed, redress the grievances of an injured

people; but a strong people can alone build up a great nation. To be strong, a people must be self-reliant, self-ruled, self-sustained. The dependence of one people upon another, even for the benefits of legislation, is the deepest source of national weakness. By an unnatural law it exempts a people from their just duties,—their just responsibilities. When you exempt a people from these duties, from these responsibilities, you generate in them a distrust in their own powers. Thus you enervate, if you do not utterly destroy, that spirit which a sense of these responsibilities is sure to inspire, and which the fulfilment of these duties never fails to invigorate. Where this spirit does not actuate, the country may be tranquil—it will not be prosperous. It may exist—it will not thrive. It may hold together—it will not advance. Peace it may enjoy—for peace and serfdom are compatible. But, my lord, it will neither accumulate wealth, nor win a character. It will neither benefit mankind by the enterprise of its merchants, nor instruct mankind by the examples of its statesmen. I make these observations, for it is the custom of some moderate politicians to say, that when the Whigs have accomplished the 'pacification' of the country, there will be little or no necessity for Repeal. My lord, there is something else, there is everything else, to be done when the work of 'pacification' has been accomplished —and here it is hardly necessary to observe, that the prosperity of a country is, perhaps, the sole guarantee for its tranquility, and that the more universal the prosperity, the more permanent will be the repose. But the Whigs will enrich as well as pacify! Grant it, my lord. Then do I conceive that the necessity for Repeal will augment. Great interests demand great safeguards. The prosperity of a nation requires the protection of a senate. Hereafter a national senate may require the protection of a national army.

"So much for the extraordinary affluence with which we are threatened; and which, it is said by gentlemen on the opposite shore of the Irish Sea, will crush this Association, and bury the enthusiasts who clamor for Irish nationality, in a sepulchre of gold. This prediction, however, is feebly sustained by the ministerial programme that has lately appeared. On the evening of the 16th the Whig Premier, in answer to a question that was put to him by the member for Finsbury, Mr. Duncombe, is reported to have made this consolatory announcement:—

"'We consider that the social grievances of Ireland are those which are most prominent—and to which it is most likely to be in our power to afford, not a complete and immediate remedy, but some remedy, some kind of improvement, so that some kind of hope may be entertained that, some ten or twelve years hence, the country will, by the measures we undertake, be in a far better state with respect to the frightful destitution and misery

which now prevails in that country. We have that practical object in view.'

"After that most consolatory announcement, my lord, let those who have the patience of Job and the poverty of Lazarus, continue in good faith 'to wait on Providence and the Whigs'—continue to entertain 'some kind of hope' that if not 'a complete and immediate remedy,' at least 'some remedy,' 'some improvement' will place this country in 'a far better state' than it is at present, 'some ten or twelve years hence.' After that, let those who prefer the periodical boons of a Whig government to that which would be the abiding blessing of an Irish Parliament—let those who deny to Ireland what they assert for Poland—let those who would inflict, as Henry Grattan said, an eternal disability upon this country, to which Providence has assigned the largest facilities for power—let those who would ratify the 'base swap,' as Mr. Shiel once stigmatised the Act of Union, and who would stamp perfection upon that deed of perfidy—let such men

> ——— "Plod on in sluggish misery,
> Rotting from sire to sire, from age to age,
> Proud of their trampled nature."

But we, my lord, who are assembled in this Hall, and in whose hearts the Union has not bred the slave's disease—we who have not been imperialised—we are here, with the hope to undo that work, which, forty-six years ago, dishonored the ancient peerage, and subjugated the people of our country.

"My lord, to assist the people of Ireland to undo that work, I came to this Hall. I came to repeal the Act of Union—I came here for nothing else. Upon every other question, I feel myself at perfect liberty to differ from each and every one of you. Upon questions of finance—questions of a religious character—questions of an educational character—questions of municipal policy—questions that may arise from the proceedings of the legislature—upon all these questions, I feel myself at perfect liberty to differ from each and every one of you. Yet more, my lord, I maintain that it is my right to express my opinion upon each of these questions, if necessary. The right of free discussion I have here upheld. In the exercise of that right I have differed, sometimes, from the leader of this Association, and would do so again. That right I will not abandon—I shall maintain it to the last. In doing so, let me not be told that I seek to undermine the influence of the leader of this Association and am insensible to his services. My lord, I am grateful for his services, and will uphold his just influence. This is the first time I have spoken in these terms of that illustrious man, in this Hall. I did not do so before—I felt it was unnecessary.

I hate unnecessary praise — I scorn to receive it — I scorn to bestow it. No, my lord, I am not ungrateful to the man who struck the fetters off my arms, whilst I was yet a child, and by whose influence, my father — the first Catholic who did so for two hundred years — sat, for the last two years, in the civic chair of an ancient city. But, my lord, the same God who gave to that great man the power to strike down an odious ascendancy in this country, and enabled him to institute in this land the glorious law of religious equality — the same God gave to me a mind that is my own — a mind that has not been mortgaged to the opinions of any man or any set of men — a mind that I was to use, and not surrender.

"My lord, in the exercise of that right, which I have here endeavored to uphold — a right which this Association should preserve inviolate, if it desires not to become a despotism. In the exercise of that right, I have differed from Mr. O'Connell on previous occasions, and differ from him now. I do not agree with him in the opinion he entertains of my friend, Charles Gavan Duffy — that man whom I am proud, indeed, to call my friend — though he is a 'convicted conspirator,' and suffered for you in Richmond prison. I do not think he is a 'maligner.' I do not think he has lost, or deserves to lose, the public favor. I have no more connection with the *Nation* than I have with the *Times*. I, therefore, feel no delicacy in appearing here this day in defence of its principles, with which I avow myself identified. My lord, it is to me a source of true delight and honest pride to speak this day in defence of that great journal. I do not fear to assume the position. Exalted though it be, it is easy to maintain it. The character of that journal is above reproach. The ability that sustains it has won a European fame. The genius of which it is the offspring, the truth of which it is the oracle, have been recognized, my lord, by friends and foes. I care not how it may be assailed — I care not howsoever great may be the talent, howsoever high may be the position, of those who now consider it their duty to impeach its writings — I do think that it has won too splendid a reputation to lose the influence it has acquired. The people, whose enthusiasm has been kindled by the impetuous fire of its verse, and whose sentiments have been ennobled by the earnest purity of its teaching, will not ratify the censure that has been pronounced upon it in this Hall. Truth will have its day of triumph, as well as its day of trial; and I foresee that the fearless patriotism which, in those pages, has braved the prejudices of the day, to enunciate grand truths, will triumph in the end. My lord, such do I believe to be the character, such do I anticipate will be the fate of the principles that are now impeached. This brings me to what may be called the 'question of the day.' Before I enter upon that question, however,

I will allude to one observation which fell from the honorable member for Kilkenny,* and which may be said to refer to those who expressed an opinion that has been construed into a declaration of war.

"The honorable gentleman said—in reference, I presume, to those who dissented from the resolutions of Monday—that 'Those who were loudest in their declarations of war, were usually the most backward in acting up to these declarations.'

"My lord, I do not find fault with the honorable gentleman for giving expression to a very ordinary saying, but this I will say, that I did not volunteer the opinion he condemns—to the declaration of that opinion I was forced. You left me no alternative—I should compromise my opinion, or avow it. To be honest, I avowed it. I did not do so to brag, as they say. We have had too much of that 'bragging' in Ireland. I would be the last to imitate the custom. Well, I dissented from those 'peace resolutions'—as they are called. Why so? In the first place, my lord, I conceive that there was not the least necessity for them. No member of this Association suggested an appeal to arms. No member of this Association advised it. No member of this Association would be so infatuated as to do so. In the existing circumstances of the country, an excitement to arms would be senseless—and wicked, because irrational. To talk, now-a-days, of repealing the Act of Union by force of arms, would be to rhapsodize. If the attempt were made, it would be a decided failure. There might be a riot in the street—there would be no revolution in the country. The secretary, Mr. Crean, will far more effectually promote the cause of Repeal, by registering votes in Green street than registering fire-arms in the Head Police-Office. Conciliation Hall on Burg-quay, is more impregnable than a rebel camp on Vinegar Hill. The hustings, at Dundalk, will be more successfully stormed than the Magazine in the Park. The registry club, the reading-room, the polling-booths, these are the only positions in the country we can occupy. Voters' certificates, books, pamphlets, newspapers, these are the only weapons we can employ. Therefore, my lord, I cast my vote in favor of the peaceful policy of this Association. It is the only policy we can adopt. If that policy be pursued with truth, with courage, with fixed determination of purpose, I firmly believe it will succeed.

"But, my lord, I dissented from the resolutions before us, for other reasons. I stated the first—I now come to the second. I dissented from them, for I felt, that, by assenting to them, I should have pledged myself to the unqualified repudiation of physical force in all countries, at all times,

* John O'Connell.

and under every circumstance. This I could not do. For, my lord, I do not abhor the use of arms in the vindication of national rights. There are times when arms will alone suffice, and when political ameliorations call for a drop of blood, and many thousand drops of blood. Opinion, I admit, will operate against opinion. But, as the honorable member for Kilkenny has observed, force must be used against force. The soldier is proof against an argument — but he is not proof against a bullet. The man that will listen to reason — let him be reasoned with, but it is the weaponed arm of the patriot that can alone prevail against battalioned despotism.

"Then, my lord, I do not condemn the use of arms as immoral, nor do I conceive it profane to say, that the King of Heaven — the Lord of Hosts! the God of Battles! bestows His benediction upon those who unsheath the sword in the hour of a nation's peril.

"From that evening on which, in the valley of Bethulia He nerved the arm of the Jewish girl to smite the drunken tyrant in his tent, down to this day, in which He has blessed the insurgent chivalry of the Belgian priest, His Almighty hand hath ever been stretched forth from His throne of Light, to consecrate the flag of freedom — to bless the patriot's sword! Be it in the defence, or be it in the assertion of a people's liberty, I hail the sword as a sacred weapon; and if, my lord, it has sometimes taken the shape of the serpent and reddened the shroud of the oppressor with too deep a dye, like the anointed rod of the High Priest, it has at other times, and as often, blossomed into celestial flowers to deck the freeman's brow.

"Abhor the sword — stigmatise the sword? No, my lord, for, in the passes of the Tyrol, it cut to pieces the banner of the Bavarian, and, through those cragged passes, struck a path to fame for the peasant insurrectionist of Inspruck!

"Abhor the sword — stigmatise the sword? No, my lord, for, at its blow, a giant nation started from the waters of the Atlantic, and by its redeeming magic, and in the quivering of its crimson light, the crippled Colony sprang into the attitude of a proud Republic — prosperous, limitless, and invincible!

"Abhor the sword — stigmatise the sword? No, my lord, for it swept the Dutch marauders out of the fine old towns of Belgium — scourged them back to their own phlegmatic swamps — and knocked their flag and sceptre, their laws and bayonets into the sluggish waters of the Scheldt.

"My lord, I learned that it was the right of a nation to govern herself — not in this Hall, but upon the ramparts of Antwerp. This, the first article of a nation's creed, I learned upon those ramparts, where freedom was justly

estimated, and the possession of the precious gift was purchased by the effusion of generous blood.

"My lord, I honor the Belgians, I admire the Belgians, I love the Belgians, for their enthusiasm, their courage, their success, and I, for one, will not stigmatise, for I do not abhor, the means by which they obtained a Citizen King, a Chamber of Deputies" ——

John O'Connell interrupted this thrilling burst of eloquence by protesting that, "The sentiments Mr. Meagher avowed were opposed to those of the founder of the Association, and therefore the Association must cease to exist, or Mr. Meagher must cease to be a member of it. If the meeting approved of these sentiments he would retire."

That this champion of what Tom. Steele designated the "gorgeous ethic experiment," had reason to fear the effect of the young orator's electric appeal to the hearts of an appreciative Irish assembly, may be judged from the following recollections of the memorable scene by an eye-witness: —

"When Meagher began to speak, he was received with coldness, even with rudeness; but he gradually stole on the sympathies of the audience. He warmed on his subject, and the warmth became contagious; until when he rose to the height of his theme there appeared to be but one heart in the meeting, and it beat in accord with the orator. The enthusiasm of the people, suppressed for a time, broke out at last, like a sudden storm, in bursts of ecstacy. It was perhaps the greatest speech that historic hall ever echoed." *

Smith O'Brien, who had watched the second day's debate in silence, now addressed the meeting as follows: —

"I am afraid that the alternative which has been presented to us by Mr. John O'Connell is of such a nature as necessarily to compel the termination of this discussion, because he gives us no other choice than his seceding from the Association, or closing this discussion. But I cannot allow this meeting to come to such a conclusion without expressing my opinion that the course of argument adopted by Mr. Meagher was perfectly fair and legitimate. I understand we were invited to come here to-day for the purpose of considering deliberately whether any gentleman can continue a member of this Association who entertains the opinion, conscientiously, that there are occasions which justify a nation resorting to the sword for the vindication of its liberties.

"Mr. Meagher has distinctly stated that he joined this Association for the purpose of obtaining repeal by peaceful and moral means alone. But he

* "Four Years of Irish History," page 235.

does not consider, nor do I consider, that when you invite us to a discussion of this description, we are precluded from asserting the opinion which, after all, is involved in the discussion; and for submitting such reasons as we feel ourselves at liberty to submit to our fellow-countrymen in vindication of the opinions which have been arraigned. Remember this, gentlemen,—and it is fit you should remember it,—for the proceedings of this day are an event in Irish history. You are charged with being a people who will never give fair play to an adversary. You are charged with being willing slaves to any despot who may obtain the reins of power at a particular moment. This is the charge against the Irish people. I entertain a different opinion of them. I should designate as a calumniator the man who would give you such a character; but I ask you, are you now going to fortify, as far as regards this assembly, the assertion of your enemies, by putting down the man who is endeavoring calmly and dispassionately to discuss a question to which he was invited—which he was compelled to discuss? If this discussion be terminated, I shall have the satisfaction of entering my protest against the proceedings which put down Mr. Meagher on the present occasion."*

Meagher again arose and attempted to finish his speech, but he was, once more, interrupted by John O'Connell, who said: "The question was not should a young man be put down? but should the young man put down the Association? It was a question between the founder and certain objectors; if the members would not stand by the founder, let them adopt other resolutions and another leader."

This ended it. O'Brien and his friends, accompanied by a considerable section of the meeting, left the Hall. The Secession was accomplished. Thenceforth the supporters of the Whig alliance had a clear stage on which to carry out their share of the contract. With what result to the country and themselves, a brief reference to the records of the ensuing two years will suffice to show.

CHAPTER XII.

IMMEDIATE CONSEQUENCES OF THE SECESSION.

The country was at first too bewildered to comprehend the momentous influence of the Secession on the national cause. The people hoped it was

*"Four Years of Irish History," pages 238-9.

only a temporary disagreement among their, hitherto, trusted leaders; but as time wore on the breach became widened, until at length it became clearly apparent that the country was politically divided into two parties — the one consisting of those brought up in O'Connell's school of politics — and the other composed of those who imbibed their national doctrine from the teachings of the *Nation*. In nearly every parish where a branch of the Association existed, the division was manifested — with more or less intensity of feeling on the part of the more excitable spirits, until, in the space of a few months, more than half of the Repeal Reading-Rooms were closed, and the Association itself reduced to virtual bankruptcy. For, although in the first three meetings after the Secession the weekly receipts at Conciliation Hall amounted to more than treble the average of what they had been for weeks preceding that event; yet it was but a spasmodic effort which could not be maintained, and in the month of October following, O'Connell publicly announced in the Hall that the Association was in his debt.

The circumstances which led to this unexpected revelation were as follows: —

When Thomas Davis died, his admirers resolved on erecting a suitable testimonial to his memory. A committee of eminent men, of different political views, was constituted to take charge of the undertaking, and a list of subscriptions was published in the Dubin papers of the time. Among the subscribers the Repeal Association was pledged for two hundred pounds, to be paid when the committee had decided on the form the testimonial was to take. After the lapse of about a year, it was decided on having a marble statue of Davis executed by Hogan. The committee then proceeded to call in the subscriptions, but when the subject was brought up at a meeting of the Association, O'Connell interposed with the words: — "You must be just before you are generous, — The Association is in my debt."

But not only did the funds of the Association rapidly decline under John O'Connell's management of that body, but several of its most respectable members, — unaffiliated with the Young Irelanders — absented themselves from its meetings — being utterly opposed to identifying themselves with the course of action pursued by the new leader in regard to the men whom his intolerance had driven away.

Maurice O'Connell, the Liberator's eldest and most gifted son, was among the most distinguished of these gentlemen. He had been opposed to the Secession from its contemplation, and after its accomplishment he never entered Conciliation Hall during his father's life-time. Up to the last day of his own life he maintained that all the trouble was caused by his brother

John, whose evil influence over his father was exerted for the gratification of his own vanity and malignity.

"It is a significant commentary on the conduct of this man who not only — "abhorred and stigmatised the sword" — himself, but would fain force the slavish doctrine on his countrymen, that he subsequently strutted through the streets of the Irish Capital with the calumniated weapon clanging at his heels — a full-fledged "Captain" — of the "Home-Guards."

It need not, however, excite any comment to learn that he supplemented his pay as a brave Militia-man, by that of Clerk of the Haneper — a government sinecure which he enjoyed to the day of his death — this being but a sample of the emoluments derived by the men of his class who were parties to the "Whig compact."

The English administration, in whose interest the national organization was systematically disrupted and the national aspirations sacrificed, proved to be the most murderous in its policy of any that ever ruled the destinies of the Irish people. For, under its auspices was inaugurated the cold-blooded destruction of a gallant race by the agency of the twin plagues of Famine and Pestilence, which, in two years, did more deadly execution than did all the sanguinary wars waged against the national existence for the previous six centuries. This is no exaggerated assertion, the ghastly records of the time verifies it in incontrovertible statistics, so far as regards the number of the victims. That the Government was responsible for their death the following damning facts will testify.

When, in the Autumn of 1845, the "potato-blight" made its sudden appearance and destroyed more than half the sustenance of the Irish people at one fell stroke, a Tory administration was in power. But the prompt, humane, and statesman-like action of the premier, Sir Robert Peel, was equal to the exigency, and, during his term of office, very few, (if any,) deaths from hunger occurred in Ireland.

His successor in office, Lord John Russell, had full warning of the recurring calamity, and, in the example set by the Tory statesman, the means of averting its evil consequences, had he been inclined to avail himself thereof.

But his "free-trade-in-human-lives" policy tended in the opposite direction, and the caculating, cold-blooded political economist, not only complacently presided over the people's "legal" assassination by famine and famine-engendered fever, but, with a savagery unmatched by Cromwell's, had his liveried murderers shoot down the unarmed, hunger-maddened peasants, who tried to prevent the food raised by their toil from being shipped by his

speculating protegés to a foreign land, before the faces of themselves and their starving families.

No Irishman who witnessed those appalling scenes, can ever forget them, — or, from his heart, forgive those responsible therefor: — therefore, none such need be reminded of their indiscribable horrors. I recall them here for the information of a younger generation — descendants of the murdered and expatriated victims of English rule — that so they may appreciate the motives of the men who, in the face of persecution and obloquy, took their stand between the people and their leagued enemies; and, also, that they may cherish, in their heart of hearts, the holy and implacable hatred of the assassins, until, by God's justice a day of fitting retribution is vouchsafed the true men of their imperishable and unconquerable race.

CHAPTER XIII.

SPERANZA" ON MEAGHER.

By no possible stretch of the imagination can the present generation conceive the effect produced by the "Sword Speech," on Meagher's youthful cotemporaries of both sexes, throughout the length and breadth of Ireland. The enthusiasm it evoked is indescribable. The pride-full elation of tone and spirit with which it was read aloud to admiring groups in town and country, for weeks upon weeks after its delivery, found sympathetic responses in the flashing eyes, flushed faces, and heaving breasts of the entranced listeners. Old people felt their hearts kindling once more, as if in the glow of the beacon-fires that lit the hills in "Ninety-eight." Reminiscences of Emmet were recalled, and loving comparisons instituted between the idol of their youthful prime and the hero who seemed destined by Providence to be his heir and his avenger. Even the most steadfast supporters of O'Connell, veterans of all his campaigns, whose faith in their old leader remained unshaken, — and some of whom affected in public to sneer at the Secessionists in the aggregate, — were known to express, — in private, — their unqualified admiration of Meagher's sentiments as enunciated in that unrivalled speech.

But, if the masses of the orator's admirers were thus spontaneously affected by the spirit of his impassioned appeal to all that was noble and manly in their nature, his more enlightened personal friends and compatriots — those intellectually qualified to judge of its transcendant beauties, its probable effects on contemporaneous politics, and the place it was destined to occupy in the future among the most celebrated orations in the language,— were no less emphatic in their expressions of triumphant delight. Yet, high above them all, in her conceptions of the young orator's mission on earth, and of his glorious career in the hidden future, the glowing genius of "Speranza" soared in this Heaven-inspired *pæan:*—

THE YOUNG PATRIOT LEADER.

O! He stands beneath the sun, that glorious *Fated One*,
Like a martyr or conqueror, wearing
On his brow a mighty doom — be it glory, be it gloom,
The shadow of a crown it is bearing.

At his Cyclopean stroke the proud heart of man awoke,
Like a king from his lordly down lying;
And wheresoe'er he trod, like the footstep of a god,
Was a trail of light the gloom outvying.

In his beauty and his youth, the Apostle of the Truth,
Goes he forth with the words of Salvation,
And a noble madness falls on each spirit he enthralls,
As he chants his wild pæans to the nation.

As a Tempest in its force, as a Torrent in its course,
So his words fiercely sweep all before them;
And they smite like two-edged swords, those undaunted thunder words,
On all hearts, as tho' Angels did implore them.

See our pale cheeks how they flush, as the noble visions rush,
On our soul's most dark desolation —
And the glorious lyric words — Right, Freedom, and our Swords! —
Wake the strong chords of life to vibration.

Ay — right noble, in good sooth, seem'd he battling for the Truth
When he poured the full tide of his scorn
Down upon the Tyrant's track, like an Alpine cataract —
Ah! — such men wait an Æon to be born.

So he stood before us then, one of God's eternal men,
Flashing eye, and hero mould of stature,
With a glory and a light circling round his brow of might,
That revealed his right royal kingly nature.

Lo! he leadeth on our bands, Freedom's banner in his hands.
Let us aid him, not with words, but *doing;*
With the marches of the brave, prayers of might that strike and save.
Not a slavish spirit's abject suing.

Thus in glory is he seen, though his years are yet but green,
The Anointed as Head of our Nation —
For high Heaven hath decreed that a soul like his must lead,
Let us kneel then in deep adoration.

O! his mission is divine — dash down the Lotus wine —
Too long in your trancëd sleep abiding;
And by him who gave us life, we shall conquer in the strife,
So we follow but that Young Chief's guiding.

SPERANZA (LADY WILDE).

Though transfigured in the light of the resplendent aureole with which the genius of Poesy has enveloped the figure depicted in the foregoing lyric, the original of the picture was recognized by all who shared in the singer's ecstatic admiration of the young patriot's soul-thrilling eloquence, and in her glowing hopes of his future influence in shaping the destinies of their beloved country.

But, it is safe to say, that to none of those enthusiasts save the Poet-Seeress herself, was vouchsafed the mystic faculty of piercing the veil which hid her hero's future from the common ken, and, in oracular words, foreshadowing the destiny that awaited him.

When it is remembered that, at the time those prophetic lines were penned, their subject had not, as yet, experienced any of the extraordinary vicissitudes which subsequently befell him, and which now serve as beacon-lights by which his romantic career can be traced to its *fated* termination; when, in the reflection of actual events, the significance of the prophesy has become manifest to all, one cannot help giving some credit to the belief held in pre-Christian times by our Celtic forefathers — that, "to the Poet is accorded that mystic gift of 'Second Sight,' which reveals coming events to his mental vision;" and as a corrollary of this belief we hold that the

mantle of "BRIDE"—the Celtic Goddess of Poetry—never descended to a worthier heiress within the "Four Seas of Innisfail" than "SPERANZA."

CHAPTER XIV.

FROM THE SECESSION TO THE FORMATION OF THE IRISH CONFEDERATION.

The "Rule or Ruin" party in the Repeal Association, though successful in their object of forcing the opponents of their new line of policy to withdraw from that body, failed in their efforts to crush the organ of the malcontents. Never, in the history of Irish journalism, was the power of an able, honest and fearless exponent of public opinion so signally manifested as by the *Nation* during the critical interval between the Secession and the formation of the Irish Confederation.

For, during these six months, it was publicly and privately assailed by the Association and its adherents—lay and clerical; every species of calumny was heaped upon it and its editor, his aiders, and abettors. But, in its battle for Truth and Right it triumphed over all.

It had, from the first, a reliable, though widely-scattered following of staunch and enthusiastic adherents, and these were being steadily augmented by the more moderate Repealers expelled weekly from the Association for presuming to remonstrate against the persistent efforts made in that body to widen the breach and perpetuate disunion in the national ranks.

The regular staff of the *Nation* was, at this time, re-inforced by a volunteer corps of contributors from the ranks of the leading Seceders: for Smith O'Brien (who could not bear that any efficient man should remain idle at such a crisis,) had proposed "that the young men, instead of public meetings, or a rival Association, should apply themselves to prepare papers on the public wants and interests of the country, and have them published in the *Nation*, in a special department, and with the writers' signatures. The new department was named the "IRISH PARTY."*

*Four Years of Irish History.

The project was successfully carried out. O'Brien, Dillon, Doheny, McCarthy, Martin, Mitchel and others contributing to the series, and thereby adding considerably to the interest felt in the *Nation*

For several weeks both the Seceders and the *Nation* forbore from retorting on the their assailants; but at length forbearance became impossible, for their insulted followers throughout the country would no longer submit in silence to those reiterated taunts and calumnies. Cork led the van in remonstrating against this course of action. Limerick followed suit, and eventually Dublin felt called upon to "REMONSTRATE" against the altered policy of the Association.

The Dublin remonstrance was signed by seventy-four Repeal Wardens, over three hundred members and a thousand associates, each name followed by the address of the subscriber. A deputation holding cards of membership was appointed to present it. They were refused admittance to Conciliation Hall. They requested an interview with John O'Connell, but he refused to receive them. They sent the Remonstrance by a messenger to the Chairman of the meeting, but John O'Connell ordered the messenger of the Association to throw it out of the door. The messenger flung it into the gutter. This took place on the 24th of October, 1846.

The Remonstrants lost no time in calling a public meeting of their fellow-citizens. It was held in the great Hall of the Rotunda, and was the greatest meeting seen in Dublin since the burial of Thomas Davis. The hall had been decorated for the occasion under the supervision of Meagher. On a raised platform decorated with banners of green and gold, bearing the most illustrious names in Irish history, sat the leaders of the new movement and their most influential followers. There were nearly three thousand persons in the body of the building.

The meeting was addressed by Dillon, Doheny and Meagher, and also by two patriotic Dublin priests, Dr. O'Carroll and Father Meehan, both of whom eloquently defended the Young Irelanders and the *Nation* from the charge of indifference in religion so malevolently preferred against them.

Meagher, in the course of his address, jocularly reminded the Remonstrants that, in the contumely with which they were treated, by the new Dictator of Conciliation Hall and his obseqious henchmen, they only participated in a system of equally unjustifiable insults offered their compatriots throughout the country by the same disreputable shams. He gave a few instances of their arrogance: —

"Three Repeal Wardens in Cappoquin wrote to Mr. Ray that they had abandoned all hope of reconciliation in consequence of the language used by Mr. O'Connell towards Mr. Smith O'Brien. Mr. Ray assured them of the delight

of the Association in parting with men who unquestionably contemplated a resort to arms.

"'I am for freedom of discussion,' says Mr. Shea Lalor. 'That is physical force,' exclaims the Committee.

"'I am for the publication of the accounts,' intimates Mr. Martin. 'You oppose the peace policy,' rejoins Mr. Ray.

"'I protest against place-hunting,' writes Mr. Brady, from Cork. 'Sir, you contemplate a resort to arms,' rejoins the Secretary from Dublin.

"He hoped he would be excused for trifling with these subjects, but it was as difficult to treat them seriously as to describe a farce with sublimity."

This meeting made a powerful impression on the country at large, and one of the most affected by it was O'Connell himself. The following story is reported as coming from an eye-witness to the occurrence:—

"The morning after the meeting O'Connell sat in his study in Merrion Square, the daily papers before him; some friends, lay and clerical around. He was depressed. 'Don't mind them, Mr. O'Connell,' said one of these friends, 'they are brainless boys — we will crush them.' 'Ah! no, no,' said O'Connell, 'they are a powerful party, and we must have them back.' One of the friends was Sir Colman O'Loghlan. He seized O'Connell's hand, 'Commissiom me,' said he, 'to say that to Smith O'Brien.' 'I do,' said O'Connell. 'Be my ambassador; tell him and his friends to come back on his own terms.' Sir Colman delighted, — for he had labored hard to heal the division, — was in the act of leaving, when John O'Connell entered. On being told of what occurred, he became much excited and exclaimed in an angry tone, 'No, father, we cannot unite with these men; wretched, ungrateful factionists as they are, we will crush them.' Poor O'Connell was prostrated, he looked at his son, then at Sir Colman, and addressing the latter, said: 'You see, Sir Colman, I am powerless; there is my best beloved son; you hear what he has said; nothing can now be done.'"

And nothing was done, then, or subsequently, towards uniting the severed ranks on an honorable basis, though attempts were made to detach Meagher from his associates, O'Connell himself writing a personal letter inviting him back to the Association. Meagher respectfully declined the invitation; stating that, as he did not agree with the means by which the Association proposed to achieve the independence of Ireland, he felt it would be acting a hypocritical part to join a body in the utility of which he had no trust.

The immediate effect of the Rotunda meeting on the public opinion of the country, and more especially on those who sympathized with the principles

of the Young Irelanders, convinced the latter that it was advisable to form a permanent Association in which every true Irishman could unite for the ultimate achievement of their country's independence, and the salvation of her people from the horrible fate that immediately threatened them.

Accordingly, an aggregate meeting was convened at the Rotunda on the 13th of January, 1847, and thereat was founded the Irish Confederation.

CHAPTER XV.

1847.

THE IRISH CONFEDERATION. — THE FAMINE.

THE first meeting of the new Association was presided over by John Shea Lalor. John Dillon and Charles Gavan Duffy were the honorary Secretaries. The speakers were William Smith O'Brien, M. J. Barry, Richard O'Gorman, Jun., John Mitchel, Francis Comyn, T. F. Meagher, Michael Doheny, John Martin, T. D. Magee, James Haughton, and Mr. Kelly.

The speeches were characterized by a spirit of amity and generous forbearance befitting men whose object was to unite many, hitherto hostile classes into an earnest effort for the restoration of their country's nationality. There were no attacks on any party. The rules had been carefully prepared, and submitted to an eminent legal authority — Jonathan Henn, Q. C., — who pronounced them to be legal and sufficient. They were embodied in the following

RESOLUTIONS:

"1st. — That Domestic Legislation is now, and it has been for forty-six years, the great and urgent want, as well as the inalienable right, of the Irish Nation; and that the helpless and dependent condition of Ireland under the calamity of this present season has made that necessity more apparent and more imperative.

"2nd. — That circumstances having rendered it impossible for us to coöperate as members with the existing Association, which was instituted to seek this great national object, it becomes our duty to make for ourselves

a separate sphere of activity in which we may humbly strive for our country's independence in the way that seems to us best suited to attain it. But we desire to have it clearly understood that in taking this step we disclaim all antagonism to the Association already in existence, to which we wish success in every honest effort it may make in furtherance of Repeal.

"3d.—That a society be now formed under the title of 'The Irish Confederation,' for the purpose of protecting our national interests, and obtaining the Legislative independence of Ireland, by the force of opinion, by the combination of all classes of Irishmen, and by the exercise of all the political, social, and moral influences within our reach.

"4th.—That a Council be appointed, to be called the 'Council of the Irish Confederation,' to conduct the business and promote the objects of the Society; to consist of the under mentioned gentlemen as original members, with power to add to their numbers. This Council to be empowered to make By-Laws, to admit members, and to call general meetings of the Society at such periods as shall seem expedient.

PROPOSED COUNCIL.

William Smith O'Brien, M. P.
John Shea Lalor, J. P., Gurteenroe.
John B. Dillon, barrister.
Francis Comyn, J. P., Woodstock.
John E. Pigot, barrister.
Robert Orr, Bray Lodge.
John Mitchel.
Luke Shea, J. P., the Rennies, Co. Cork.
Robert Cane, M. D., J. P., Kilkenny.
Charles Gavan Duffy, T. C., barrister.
Wm. Bryan, Raheny Lodge.
James Haughton, merchant.
Richard O'Gorman, Sen., merchant.
Denny Lane, barrister, Cork.
Edward F. Murray, C. E., London.
Thomas F. Meagher, Waterford.
John Martin, Lougherne.
M. J. Barry, barrister.
George Smith, Liverpool.
P. Brady, T. C., Cork.
Richard O'Gorman, Jr., barrister.
P. Murphy, M. D., Liverpool.
Michael Doheny, barrister.
James Cantwell.
Joseph Duffy, M. D., Finglas.
T. B. McManus, Liverpool.
Michael Crean.
Michael R. O'Farrell, barrister.
Martin McDermott, architect.
C. H. West, M. D.
James Keely.
Isaac Varian, Cork.
D. F. McCarthy, barrister.
P. J. Smith, Kilmainham.
Charles Taaffe, barrister.
Thomas Devin Reilly.
T. D. McGee.
Patrick O'Donohue.
J. Gilligan, late Inspector of Dublin Repeal Wardens.

Nicholas Harding.

"5th. — That the basis and essence of the 'Irish Confederation' shall be absolute independence of all English parties; and that any member of the Council accepting or soliciting for himself or others, an office of emolument under any Government not pledged to effect Repeal of the Union, shall thereupon be removed from the Council.

"6th. — That inasmuch as the essential bond of union amongst us is the assertion of Ireland's right to an Independent Legislature, no member of the 'Irish Confederation' shall be bound to the adoption of any principle involved in any resolution, or promulgated by any speaker in the Society, or any journal advocating its policy, to which he has not given his special consent, save only the foregoing fundamental principles of the Society.

"7th. — That no subscription shall be demanded from any person on being enrolled a member of 'The Irish Confederation;' but to defray the expenses incurred by the operations of the Society, voluntary subscriptions of any amount will be received.

"8th. — That all expenditure shall be made under the sanction of the Council; before whom a weekly abstract of the accounts shall be laid; and that the treasurers shall publish, every six months, the state of the accounts duly audited by auditors to be appointed by the Council; and Richard O'Gorman, Sen., and James Haughton, Esqs., are hereby appointed joint Treasurers of the Confederation for one year.

"9th. — That we regard the measures adopted by the present Government to meet the unprecedented calamity which has visited this country as ill-advised and insufficient, and that it be an instruction from this meeting to the Council now formed to apply their immediate attention to this paramount object.

The new Association applied itself earnestly to the work set forth in the foregoing resolutions. The young men, on whom the principal labor fell, had an arduous task to encounter. In face of the terrible calamity that devastated the island, the heart and intellect of the people seemed alike paralyzed. They had become emaciated in soul as well as body. The fearful alternative of starving in their foodless homes, perishing with fever in a hut by the ditch-side, or, (most dreaded fate of all,) entering, for the sake of their helpless families, the detested "Pauper Bastiles," where every drop of manly blood, and every pulse of manly feeling, was eliminated by watery Indian-meal-gruel, almost banished from their recollections the lessons of morality and self-restraint inculcated by Father Mathew, and the hopeful spirit of manly self-reliance instilled in their souls by the inspired teachings of Thomas Davis.

To rekindle this flickering flame of nationality was the first care, as it was the great hope of this gallant band of Confessors of Liberty, and nobly did they perform their self-imposed task. In the course of that "Year of Desolation" they established "Confederate Clubs" in every locality throughout the country where a "color-guard" was still left to rally their despairing comrades around the "Old Flag." Over ten thousand devoted men were thus enrolled,— the flower of their race, young, intelligent, courageous, and enthusiastic. If it was not within the bounds of possibility for this "little leaven" to "leaven the whole lump," in the limited time allotted them before the test of manhood was forced upon the sadly wasted though convalescing nation, they, at least, awoke their Motherland from her death-like trance, and kept the sacred fire of nationality still burning, as a signal and encouragement to future generations of Irishmen never to despair of their country's vitality and recuperative powers, no matter how low she might be sunk: for, surely to no such depth of degradation and debasement can the nation ever again descend as that from which she was lifted through Divine Providence by the chivalrous exertions of her loving sons in that period of abject terror and inexpressible suffering;— of indomitable courage, calm resolution, and glorious self-sacrifice.

The first and paramount duty devolving upon all Irishmen at this crisis was to take measures to preserve the lives of the helpless people. For the attainment of this end the new organization solicited the coöperation of every section irrespective of politics or creed, the landlords, the middle-class, the young Conservatives, the Ulster Presbyterians; the representatives of Irish literature; and, above all, of the great body of the people themselves,— those who were most interested in the work, and on whom the chief portion thereof was to fall.

But they were most inadequately supported; the spirits of greed and intolerance thwarted their efforts. The landlords, who were primarily responsible for the protection of the people from whom they drew their income, were, after evading their duty for month after month, eventually shamed into holding a conference in Dublin to concert such measures for the public safety as the occasion demanded.

The conference consisted of nearly twenty peers, thirty members of Parliament, and over six hundred other gentlemen of station representing the rank and wealth of the country, and embracing men of diverse creeds and parties. "The chair was taken by the Marquis of Ormonde, the first resolution was moved by George A. Hamilton, and seconded by O'Connell; the last resolution was moved by James H. Hamilton, and seconded by Smith O'Brien.

In all thirty-six distinct propositions were agreed to without division or discussion."

It was hoped that, at length, an Irish party, independent of English interests and factions, was formed to take counsel together on Irish questions. But it eventually turned out that the Irish landlords were not sincere in their professions, and only looked to their own special interests, for many of them in the English Parliament ignored the measures they approved of in the conference, and voted against propositions of a similar character. They shifted their own responsibility for the lives of the Irish people on the English Government, and meantime, gave instructions to their agents to press for their rents, see that the harvest was exported to England, and its producers cleared off their estates with all possible dispatch; for the English Government had flatly refused to agree to the proposition of its Irish garrison — that the famine should be treated as an imperial calamity. Their fiat was that the Irish, — landlords and tenants, — should bear the burthen between them. Mr. Roebuck, a Radical English member, for once agreed with a majority of his fellow-legislators, when he said: "Parliament, for three hundred years, has been legislating against the Irish people in the interest of the Irish landlords. His verdict was, *if the landlords were willing to maintain the poor on their estates, let them remain; if not, let them be swept away.*"

Roebuck's verdict was that of the English Government. On the resources provided by the Irish Poor Laws, the lives of the people were doomed to depend. Half the poor-rate fell on the landlord, and half on the occupier; and, as the former had the power of lessening the burthen by clearing the needy off his estates, he, in most instances, availed himself thereof to the fullest extent. The result of this coöperation of the Government and "garrison," was, that it fulfilled the estimate calculated on by the Cabinet Ministers, on the reports of their Relief Committees — namely, that, "*within the space of one year, two million of the Irish people would die of hunger, and disease arising from hunger.*

Think of it, men of the Irish race. *Two million of your kindred deliberately murdered in cold blood, in one year;* then imagine, — if you can, — what must be the feelings of the men whose lives were devoted to the salvation of their people and the regeneration of their country, on being compelled to witness the daily progress of this destruction of their hopes — in all its soul-sickening details.

And, if anything were wanted to aggravate their impotent rage against the murderers, it was furnished by finding them supported in their hellish policy by the votes of mercenary traitors, foisted upon Irish constituencies,

under the garb of honest men, pledged to the restoration of their country's legislative independence.

Pondering on these things, is it any wonder that earnest men were driven to despair of saving the remnant of their people, by the constitutional methods hitherto found inadequate, and, in their extremity, led to seek any possible remedy for the fell disease under which the nation's life was surely and swiftly ebbing away?

In this position the Irish Confederation found itself at the end of the first year of its existence.

CHAPTER XVI.

DISCUSSING THE SITUATION.—CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY ON PARLIAMENTARY OBSTRUCTION.—JOHN MITCHEL FOR STERNER MEASURES.

To concert some feasible plan by which to stem the tide of destruction that threatened to ovewhelm the island, the Council of the Confederation held many anxious meetings.

Eventually Mr. Duffy was instructed to prepare a Report that would outline their future action in dealing not only with the present emergency, but with the only remedy for the paralized nation—the restoration of her Legislative independence.

This was done, and, at a full meeting of the Council the Report was earnestly discussed.

Among its most important provisions, it recommended "the election to Parliament of a band of resolute and capable men who, by demonstrating the justice of our national claims would probably win converts among reasonable Englishmen, but, at any rate, would cause them to be listened to, by *making Irish interests cross, and impede, and rule the British Senate. For it was not by Parliament, but in spite of it—not by its grace and influence, but because of its utter imbecility against the right vigorously asserted, that they would succeed.*"

Here we find, clearly set forth the policy of "Parliamentary obstruction," which the Home Rule members adopted five-and-thiry years later.

In continuation of the subject Mr. Duffy's Report says:—

"When the representatives in Parliament had made the cause plain to all men, and when the organization at home had been so successful as to raise those representatives to the undeniable position of the spokesmen of a nation, it would be their right and duty (as it is demonstrably within their power) to stop the entire business of Parliament till the constitution of Ireland was restored. But this is a measure which, to be successful, must be taken on behalf of a nation. It must have the authority of an outraged nation to justify it, and raise it above the tactics of mere party conflict; and the strength of a banded nation to maintain it, if it be violently suppressed. For from such a position there seems but two paths: that of concession to Ireland, or the forcible expulsion of the Irish representatives from the House of Commons."

The policy embodied in this report was not approved of by John Mitchel, in as much as it did not tend to any *immediate* amelioration of the people's condition, or any cessation of the system under which the life stream of the nation was steadily ebbing away. Both in the Council of the Confederation and in the columns of the *Nation* he advocated the abandonment of constitutional agitation, and the adoption of other methods more suited to the desperate condition of the country. But the particular measure he proposed in the Council as an alternative to Mr. Duffy's Report, was rejected, as being impracticable, by the great majority of his colleagues, and Mr. Duffy's report was adopted. Mr. Mitchel's articles on the subject in the *Nation* being diametrically opposed to the opinions of the editor and proprietor, Mr. Duffy, the former and his friend Devin Reilly, who coincided in his opinions, withdrew from the paper, and a month latter founded a new journal of their own—"*The United Irishman!*"

In the meantime the question at issue was laid before the Confederate Clubs in the provincial towns, and they unanimously coincided with the majority of the Council; for, much as they would wish to adopt Mr. Mitchel's project, their reason rejected it as being not only impracticable as against the common enemy, but as being certain of meeting the opposition of the great majority of the people, who, at that time, knew but very little of Mr. Mitchel.

Meagher, in a letter to Smith O'Brien on the subject, intuitively gave expression to the sentiments of his Munster compatriots:—

"I feel—in my soul I believe—that an unconstitutional mode of action would not in present circumstances, succeed. I am convinced that the only mode we can adopt, the only policy which we can successfully conduct—is the constitutional policy advised by Duffy. And yet, when I see the tyrannical spirit of the upper classes, the Government, the Parliament; when

I mark the glee with which they hail the coercion measures now in force; when (as is the case in this county,) I find the most peaceful districts in Ireland proclaimed, and have in our very streets and the roads close to the town the most insolent parade of artillery and police and dragoons; when I see all this, and observe, moreover, not the least change of spirit among the gentry — no generous national sentiment striving among them — but on the contrary a vile thankfulness to that country for its 'protection,' which last year cuffed and spat upon them: when I see all this, my heart sinks under a weight of bitter thoughts, and I am almost driven to the conclusion that it would be better to risk all, to make a desperate effort, and fix at once the fate of Ireland."

On their retirement from the *Nation*, Messrs. Mitchel and Reilly published letters enunciating doctrines which, in Smith O'Brien's opinion, were diametrically opposed to the fundamental principles of the Confederation, in as much as "they proposed to render that body unfit for any but insurrectionary purposes." As the time for the annual election of the Council of the Confederation was nearly at hand, Mr. O'Brien deemed it a proper occasion on which the Confederates should decide on the course of action they should adopt. He accordingly prepared a series of resolutions which, with the full knowledge of the existing Council, he proposed submitting to the public meeting.

The gist of these resolutions may be embodied in the following paragraph:—

"That this Confederation was established to attain an Irish Parliament by the combination of classes and by the force of opinion, exercised in constitutional operations, and that no means of a contrary character can be recommended or promoted through its organization while its present fundamental rules remain unaltered."

CHAPTER XVII.

DEBATE ON SMITH O'BRIEN'S RESOLUTIONS IN THE IRISH CONFEDERATION.—MEAGHER'S SPEECH.

On Wednesday, February 2nd, 1848, at a special meeting of the Irish Confederation, Smith O'Brien introduced the series of resolutions referred to in the preceding chapter, and moved their adoption in a lengthy speech,

in which he referred to the published letters of Messrs. Mitchel and Reilly as being a breach of the fundamental rules of the Confederation.

MR. JOHN A. PIGOT seconded the resolutions.*

MR. MITCHEL, in defending the course he had taken, moved the following amendment:—

"That this Confederation do not feel called upon to pronounce either a condemnation or approval of any doctrine promulgated by any of its members by letters, speeches, or otherwise, because the seventh fundamental rule of the Confederation expressly provides: "That, in as much as the essential bond of union amongst us is the assertion of Ireland's right to an independent legislature, no member of the Irish Confederation shall be bound to the adoption of any principle involved in any resolution, or promulgated by any speaker in the Society or any journal advocating its policy, to which he has not given his special consent, save only the foregoing fundamental principles of the Society."

MR. THOMAS DEVIN DEILLY seconded the amendment.

The debate which followed was continued for three successive days, and was conducted with perfect order, good humor and courtesy; in a spirit of fair play, and in a sober and temperate tone. Nearly all the most conspicuous members of the Confederation took part in the debate. Those who spoke in favor of Mr. O'Brien's resolutions including John B. Dillon, Charles Gavan Duffy, Michael Doheny, Richard O'Gorman, Jr., John Williams, Thomas Francis Meagher, Thomas Darcy McGee, and Patrick J. Smyth.

Mr. Mitchel's amendment was supported by Thomas Devin Reilly, Eugene O'Reilly, Andrew English and John Fisher Murray. John Martin being chairman, was precluded from participating in the debate, but, in a letter written to the *United Irishman* on the week following, he fully identified himself with Mr. Mitchel's views.

At two o'clock on Friday morning, the debate was brought to a close,

*JOHN EDWARD PIGOT was the son of Chief Baron Pigot, and one of the earliest and most enthusiastic workers in the new national party who had the credit of bringing a 'Soul into Ireland." He was one of Thomas Davis's most intimate friends and associates. Like Davis, he was a forcible and graceful writer, but no platform orator; his speech in seconding Mr O'Brien's resolutions on the above occasion being the only one he ever delivered in public. He was one of the earliest poetical writers for the NATION. Under the nom de plume of "FERMOY," he contributed that spirited lyric—"The Song of The United Irishmen!"—which became exceedingly popular at the time, and which is, in fact, the best of the many national songs written to the same favorite air—"The Wearing of the Green!"

and a vote being taken on Mr. Mitchel's amendment, it was rejected by a majority of 129.

Mr. O'Brien's resolutions were then put, and declared by the Chairman to be carried without a division.

Mr. Meagher was not present during the first two days of the debate, and one of the speakers, Mr. John Fisher Murray, — a clever and versatile writer in prose and verse, but a novice in practical Irish politics, and somewhat erratic in his ideas and manner of expression — noticing the young orator's absence, melo-dramatically asked: "Where is the 'Man of the Sword?'" supplementing the query by announcing that, "for his part, he was the 'Man of the Umbrella,'" (which article he flourished vigorously above his head, to the amusement of even the most serious portion of the spectators). Meagher, who had only returned that morning from England, on presenting himself at the meeting, was informed by some humorous friend of the ludicrous incident of the previous day, and, in the opening of his address, took occasion to reply seriously to Mr. Fisher's enquiry as to his whereabouts, for, after announcing that, "as he had only returned that morning from England, he found himself engaged in the debate quite unexpectedly," he proceeded to say: —

MR. MEAGHER'S SPEECH,

(FEB. 4TH, 1848.)

"My presence here this evening will release me from that questionable position in which my absence may, perhaps, have placed me, and will serve as an answer to those suspicious questions which, I understand, were asked about me, upon this platform, last night. (Loud cries of 'hear, hear.') I have been told that it was sneeringly asked — 'Where is Mr. Meagher of the Sword?' as if I was shrinking from this discussion. Mr. Meagher is where he has always been — ever since the Confederation was founded — at his post — prepared to state his opinions, and to abide by them.

"No, sir, I had no intention to shirk this question. From my first appearance in public life down to the present moment, I believe, I have always acted with perfect candor, and whenever it was required, I am sure I never refrained from giving the fullest expression to these opinions which I might have had the good sense or the folly to entertain. And, certainly, upon this question — involving as it does, the existence of the Confederation — I had no notion of playing the truant's part. They who do not know me might have thought so.

"Now to the question, and in coming to it, I sincerely express the

same feelings to which Mr. Reilly has given utterance. I trust that we who are about to conclude may not, by any mishap, disturb the good feelings that have prevailed all through this discussion: and I fervently pray that in this conflict of opinions we shall preserve those feelings which have so long united us in a sincere and devoted companionship. And here I will remark that my friend, Mr. Mitchel — whom I shall never cease to trust and admire — has brought the real question at issue, most conveniently for me, into the smallest possible space. 'The real question,' he says, 'which we have to decide is, whether we have to keep the constitutional and parliamentary agitation or not? — for my part,' (he adds,) 'I am weary of this constitutional agitation.'

"Now, that is precisely the question, and most neatly reduced to a nutshell. You have to decide whether this constitutional agitation is to be given up or not. You are to say whether you, too, are weary of it or not. Previous, however, to our going into the merits of this constitutional agitation, I think that upon one point we are quite agreed — quite agreed that, whatever policy we may adopt, all this vague talk should cease with which your ears have been vexed for so long a period. All this vague talk about a crisis is at hand — shouts of defiance — Louis Phillippe is upwards of seventy — France remembers Waterloo — the first gun fired in Europe — all this obscure babble — all this meaningless mysticism — must be swept away. Ten thousand guns fired in Europe would announce no glad tidings to you if their lightning flashed upon you in a state of disorganization and incertitude.

"Sir, I know of no nation that has won its independence by an accident. Trust blindly to the future — wait for 'the tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune' — envelope yourselves in mist — leave everything to chance, and be assured of this, the most propitious opportunities will rise and pass away, leaving you still to chance — masters of no weapons — scholars of no science — incompetent to decide — irresolute to act — powerless to achieve. This was the great error of the Repeal Association. From a labyrinth of difficulties there was no avenue open to success. The people were kept within this labyrinth — they moved round and round — backwards and forwards — there was perpetual motion but no advance. In this bewilderment are you content to wander until a sign appears in Heaven, and the mystery is disentangled by a miracle? Have you no clear intelligence to direct you to the right path, and do you fear to trust your footsteps to the guidance of that mind with which you have been gifted? Do you prefer to substitute a driftless superstition in place of a determined system — groping and fumbling after possibilities, instead of seizing the

agencies within your reach? This, indeed, would be a blind renunciation of your powers, and thus, indeed, the virtue you prize so justly — the virtue of self-reliance — would be extinguished in you. To this you will not consent. You have too sure a confidence in the resources you possess to leave to chance what you can accomplish by design.

"A deliberate plan of action is then essential — something positive — something definite. This you require, and upon this you have this night to determine. From what suggestions, then, are we to shape our course? Is it not come to this, that we have to choose between a constitutional policy and an insurrection? Is an insurrection probable? If probable, is it practicable? Prove to me that it is, and I for one will vote for it this very night..

"You know well, my friends, that I am not one of these tame moralists who say that liberty is not worth a drop of blood. Men who subscribe to such a maxim are fit for out-door relief, and for nothing better. Against this miserable maxim the noblest virtue that has served and sanctified humanity appears in judgment. From the blue waters of the bay of Salamis — from the valley over which the sun stood still and lit the Israelite to victory — from the cathedral in which the sword of Poland has been sheathed in the shroud of Kosciusco — from the convent of St. Isidore, where the fiery hand that rent the ensign of St. George upon the plains of Ulster has crumbled into dust — from the sands of the desert, where the wild genius of the Algerine so long has scared the eagle of the Pyranees — from the ducal palace in this kingdom, where the memory of the gallant and seditious Geraldine enhances, more than royal favor, the nobility of his race — from the solitary grave which, within this mute city, a dying request has left without an epitaph — Oh! from every spot where heroism has had its sacrifice, or its triumph, a voice breaks in upon the cringing crowds that cheer this wretched maxim, crying out 'Away with it, away with it.' Would to God, sir, that we could take every barrack in the island this night, and with our blood purchase the independence of the country.

It is not then a pedantic reverence for common law — it is not a senseless devotion to a diadem and sceptre — it is not a whining solicitude for the preservation of the species — that dictates the vote I give this night in favor of a constitutional movement. I support this constitutional policy not from choice, but from necessity. My strongest feelings are in favor of the policy advised by Mr. Mitchel. I wish to God I could defend that policy. It is a policy which calls forth the noblest passions — it kindles genius, generosity, heroism — it is far removed from the tricks and crimes of politics

— for the young, the gallant, and the good, it has the most powerful attractions.

"In the history of this kingdom the names that burn above the dust and desolation of the past — like the lamps in the old sepulchres of Rome — shed their glory round the principles of which a deep conviction of our weakness compels me this night to be the opponent. And in being their opponent, I almost blush to think that the voice of one whose influence is felt through this struggle more powerfully than any other — one who unites the genius of Madame Roland with the heroism of the Maid of Orleans, and whose noble lyrics will bid this cause to live forever — I almost blush to think that this voice which speaks to us in these glorious lines —

'And the beckoning angels win you on, with many a radiant vision,
Up the thorny path to glory, where man receives his crown' —

should be disobeyed, and that, for a time at least, we must plod on in the old course, until we acquire strength, and discipline, and skill — discipline to steady, skill to direct, strength to enforce the claim of a united nation."

Mr. Meagher here referred in detail to the unsurmountable obstacles which an immediate insurrection would have to encounter, and the conflict of classes which it was sure to engender, and concluded as follows: —

"So much for the war of classes. No; I am not for a democratic, but I am for a national movement — not for a movement like that of Paris in 1793, but for a movement like that of Brussels in 1830, — like that of Palermo in 1848.* If you think differently say so. If you are weary of this constitutional movement — if you despair of this "combination of classes" — declare so boldly, and let this night terminate the career of the Irish Confederation.

"Yet, upon the brink of this abyss, listen for a moment to the voice that speaks to you from the vaults of Mount St. Jerome; and if you distrust the advice of the friend who now addresses you — one who has done something to assist you, and who, I believe has not been unfaithful to you in some moments of difficulty, and perhaps of danger — if you do not trust me, listen, at least, to the voice of one who has been carried to his grave amid the tears and prayers of all classes of his countrymen, and of whose courage and whose truth there has never yet been uttered the slightest doubt: — 'Be bold, but wise — be brave, but sober — patient, earnest, striving and untiring. You have sworn to be temperate for your comfort here and

*The Revolution in Palermo had occurred a fortnight before.

your well-being hereafter. Be temperate now for the honor, the happiness, the immortality of your country—act trustfully and truthfully to one another—watch, wait, and leave the rest to God.'"

With this noble adjuration of Thomas Davis, Meagher concluded the last "constitutional" speech he was ever to deliver before the Irish Confederation, and the last, but one, he was destined to deliver in Ireland.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE WATERFORD ELECTION, 1848.

AT the time the debate on the policy of the Irish Confederation was taking place in Dublin, Daniel O'Connell, Jr., Member of Parliament for the city of Waterford, resigned his seat for the purpose of accepting the position of British Consul to Boulogne.

Conciliation Hall selected as its candidate for the vacant seat, Patrick Costello, a retired Kilkenny attorney, who, for several years, had held a sinecure office under the Whigs with a stipend of £800 a year. Meagher being determined that his native city should no longer be a nursery for place-hunting hypocrites, evinced an inclination of contesting the seat in person, and, as a parliamentary party was a part of the Confederate plan, his colleagues entered ardently into his views, and between them contributed the necessary funds for the expenses of the contest.

Meagher's father was, at that time, the senior member for Waterford. He was a most indulgent parent, and supplied his son liberally with the means of upholding his position in society. But being a confirmed "Old Irelander," he would not give the young orator any support or encouragement in his effort to become his colleague in the House of Commons. Eventually, he threw the weight of his influence in favor of the Conciliation Hall candidate. But, in thus preferring public principle to private feelings, he was only following his son's example at the time of his own election the year before, when, because he refused to take the pledge "not to solicit or accept office from any English administration," in accordance with the principles of the Confederation, the heir of his house and name refrained from voting for him. But these political differences between the

father and son never tended towards lessening the mutual affection and esteem which they entertained for one another through life.

Previous to the nomination-day, it became known that a third candidate was about to present himself for the honor of representing the "*Urbs Intacta*." This was Sir Henry Winston Barron, an old-time politician of Whiggish proclivities, who had previously represented the city as a Repealer, and while so doing made the most of his opportunities to secure lucrative positions for his "long-tailed family." Thus, he had a brother an Assistant Barister, two cousins Stipendiary Magistrates, another cousin Assistant Poor Law Commissioner, and a son Attaché to the British Embassy at Turin. His family occupied a prominent position among the local Catholic gentry for generations past, and though, as a fossilized old fogy, he had almost faded from sight in modern politics, he relied on the division in the popular ranks to work his way, with the help of the Conservatives, into Parliament once more, and accordingly, he entered the lists as an "Independent Repealer." (?)

Never, since the great Waterford election of 1826, did any parliamentary contest evoke such excitement in the "city by the Suir," as that of 1848. But the circumstances in these eventful contests were essentially different in many respects. In the first instance, the popular candidate, — though opposed to a powerful and long-dominant faction — backed by three-fourths of the landlord class, — had the united support of the Catholic Clergy, and of the great mass of the "Forty-Shilling Freeholders," who fairly represented the manhood of the county. On the other hand, the city of Waterford, in 1848, with a population of about 28,000, had only about 700 entitled to the franchise — or one voter to forty inhabitants. A considerable percentage of this constituency were Conservatives in principle; an equal number were either old-time followers of O'Connell and still attached to his principles, or *bona-fide* Whigs — ever ready to serve their personal interests at the expense of country or principle; the balance were thorough-going nationalists — most of them personal friends of their young townsman; who, in addition, had the support — moral and physical — of the unfranchised populace. The local Conservative paper, the *Waterford Mail*, on the week before the election, thus describes the state of affairs: —

"Considerable excitement prevails throughout the city, in consequence of the hostile appearance manifested by the supporters of the "Young" and "Old Ireland" parties. The military and police are on constant patrol through the streets. Sir Charles O'Donnell has arrived in town from Dungarvan, to attend during the election. The Conciliation Hall Repealers, represented by the Carrick boatmen, show a pugnacious front, but the Young Irelanders appear as determined as they are, and better able to maintain

their ground. The ensuing election has every appearance of being a stormy one. and the indications of defeat on the part of the Conciliation Hall clique are strikingly manifest. The feeling exhibited against them as a body of shave-beggars, place-hunting, and place-accepting, is most effectively displayed. Their competitors, from their honest enthusiasm, and manly bearing, have caused the current to flow in their favor. To the present everything appears on Mr. Meagher's side."

This was written before Barron put in an appearance and complicated the situation. The "Carrick Boatmen"—*then* the stalwart physical supporters of the "Moral Force" party, in a few months subsequently, proved themselves to be the foremost, bravest, and most devoted Revolutionists in Ireland, as will be shown by Meagher's own testimony.

In a letter to Mr. Duffy, reporting the progress of his canvass, Meagher writes:—

"Everything goes on splendidly. A glorious canvass to-day! All the people—emphatically the *people*—and the girls, and the women. My God! I can hardly believe my senses! If Sir Henry Barron will not stand, my return (I could almost swear to) is certain."

On Saturday, February 19th, the contest commenced. The three candidates were duly proposed and seconded—in speeches not particularly distinguished for originality, save that of the seconder of Mr. Costello, (a local friar,) which won for the speaker the reputation of being the most aggressive member of the Church Militant, and the least fastidious in his choice of wordy weapons, that ever confronted an opponent on an Irish hustings.

The candidates then addressed the meeting, Meagher spoke last. I copy the report of his speech *verbatim* as it appeared in the *Waterford Mail and Freeman.*

MR. MEAGHER'S SPEECH.

(FEB. 19TH, 1848.)

"Mr. T. F. Meagher then rose, and for several minutes was received with the most enthusiastic and deafening cheers, waving of hats and handkerchiefs, and every possible mark of respect and enthusiasm. When silence was obtained, he proceeded to speak as follows:—

"Mr. Sheriff and Gentlemen,—I stand before you convicted of a most henious crime. I have claimed the representation of my native city, and I have claimed it with an effrontery which can never be forgiven—I, who have sought to precipitate this country into the red torrent of insurrection! I, who have defamed the clergy of the people, and in the assemblies of the people have abjured the creed and worship of my fathers—I who have

stretched out my treacherous hand to the Orangemen of Ulster, and, from that spot where the banner of King James was rent by the sword of William, have passionately prayed for the extinction of those feuds which have been transmitted to us through the rancorous blood of five generations — I, who have presumed to say that the God, by whose will I breathe, has given me a mind that should not cringe and crawl along the earth, but should expand and soar, and, in the rapture of its free will, should exultingly pursue its own career — I, who have dared to assert the freedom of this mind, and ambitious to preserve in it the charter and inheritance I had from heaven, disdained to be the slave of one whom, were it not an impious perversion of the noblest gift of God it might have been no ignominy to serve — I, who have rushed through this career of criminality — hissed and hooted by the intelligence, the virtue, the respectability of the country — lampooned and lacerated by the pens of an elegant, a courageous, and an honest press — spurned from the hearse of the Catholic Emancipator, and stained with the blood which his retinue, with such a decent resentment, have drawn from his coffin, and dashed in my face.

"What, then, inspires me to proceed?

"Against this sea of troubles, what strength have I to beat my way towards that bold headland, upon which I have sworn to plant the flag I have rescued from the wreck? Weak, reckless, bewildered youth! — with those clouds breaking above my head, — with those cries of vengeance ringing in my ears — what sign of hope glitters along the waters?

"There is a sign of hope, — the PEOPLE — the people are standing on that headland, and they beckon me to advance. Yes, the people are with me in this struggle, and it is that gives nerve to my arm, and passion to my heart. Whilst they are with me, I will face the worst — I can defy the boldest — I may despise the proudest. You, who oppose me, look to the generous and impetuous crowd, in the heart of which I was borne to the steps of this hall, and tell me, in that crowd do you not find some slight apology for the crime of which, in your impartial judgments, I stand convicted? Does not that honest thrift, that desperate integrity, that precipitate enthusiasm, plead in my defence, and by the decree of the people has not my crime become a virtue? By this decree has not the sentence against the culprit, the anarchist, the murderer, been reversed? By this decree, I say, have not these infamous designations been swept away, and here, asserting the independence of the island, shall I not recognize, in the justice of the people, their title to accept an eminent responsibility — their ability to attain an exalted destination?

"You say 'no' to all this — you, gentlemen of the corporation and the

Repeal news-room; you say 'no' to all this. Ah! you are driving the old coach still. You will not give way to modern improvements — you are behind your time most sadly — conservative of error — intolerant of truth. Is it not so? Your cry is still the hackneyed cry: 'You have differed with O'Connell — you have maligned O'Connell.' You meet me, gentlemen of the corporation and the Repeal news-room — you meet me with these two accusations, and to these accusations you require an answer. The answer shall be concise and blunt.

"The first accusation, that I have differed with O'Connell, is honorably true. The second accusation, that I have maligned O'Connell, is malignantly false. It is quite true that I have differed with Mr. O'Connell, and I glory in the act by which I forfeited the confidence of slaves, and won the sanction of free citizens. I differed with him, and I differed with him because I was conscious of a free soul, and felt that it would be an abdication of existence to consign it to captivity. Was this a crime?

"Do you curse the man who will not barter the priceless jewel of his soul? To be your favorite — to win your honors, must I be a slave? What! was it for this that you were called forth from the dust upon which you trample? What! was it for this you were gifted with eternal strength by which you can triumph over the obscurity of a plebeian birth — by which you can break through the conceits and laws of fashion — by which you can cope with the craft of the thief and the genius of the tyrant — by which you can defy the exactions of penury, and rear a golden prosperity amid the gloom of the garret and the pestilence of the poor-house — by which you can step from height to height, and shine far above the calamities with which you struggled, and from which you sprung — by which you can traverse the giddy seas, and be a light and glory to the tribes that sit in darknes. and the shadow of death — by which you can mount beyond the clouds, and sweep the silver fields where the stars fulfil their mysterious missions — by which you can gaze, without a shudder, upon the scythe and shroud of Death, and seeing the grave opened at your feet, can look beyond it, and feel that it is but the narrow passage to a luminous immortality. What! was it to cramp, to sell, to play the trickster and the trifler with this eternal strength that you were called forth to walk this sphere — to be, for a time, the guest of its bounty and the idolator of its glory.

"Gentlemen, from this high ground I shall not descend to seek in little details the vindication of my difference with Mr. O'Connell. It was my right to differ with him if I thought him wrong; and upon that right, in the name of truth and freedom, I take my stand.

"Nor is it my intention to touch in the slightest degree upon the other

counts in the vehement indictment that has been preferred against me. The first count is the only one for which I entertain the least respect, so that I deeply sympathize with the reverend gentleman who has taken such profane and profitless trouble to provoke me. However, if he really desires that I should satisfy him upon these points to which, with such priestly decorum, he has tediously referred — I may, perhaps, console him by the assurance that, in the statement of the grounds upon which I seek the representation of this city, that satisfaction may be gained. This statement will be very brief.

"I am an enemy of the Legislative Union — an enemy of that Union in every shape and form that it may assume — an enemy of that Union whatever blessing it may bring — an enemy of that Union whatever sacrifice its extinction may require.

"Maintain the Union, and maintain your beggery. Maintain the Union, and maintain your bankruptcy. Maintain the Union, and maintain your famine. Tolerate the usurpation which the English parliament has achieved, and you tolerate the power in which your resources, your energies, your institutions are absorbed — tolerate the rigor of the English Conservatives — their proclamations and state prosecutions — tolerate the English Whigs — their smiles and compliments — their liberal appointments and modified coercion bills — and you tolerate the two policies through which the governments of England have alternately managed, ruled, and robbed this country.

"On the morning of the 13th of October, in the year 1172, upon the broad waters of our native Suir, the spears and banners of a royal pirate were glittering in the sun. Did the old city of the Ostmen send forth a shout of defiance as the splendid pageant moved up the stream, and flung its radiance on our walls? No. From these walls no challenge was hurled at the foe; but from the Tower of Reginald the grey eye of a stately soldier glistened as they came, and whilst he waved his hand, and showed the keys of the city he had won, the name of Strongbow was heard amidst the storm of shouts that rocked the galleys to and fro. He was the first adventurer that set his heel on Irish soil in the name of England, and he — the sleek, the cautious, and the gallant Strongbow — was the type and herald of that plague with which this island has been cursed for seven desolating centuries. The historian Hollingshed has said of him, that "what he could not compass by deeds, he won by good works and gentle speeches." Do you not find in this short sentence an exact description of that despotism which has held this island from the days of 'Strongbow the archer,' down to our own — the days of 'Clarendon, the green crop lecturer?'

"By force or fraud — by steel or gold — by threat or smile — by liberal

appointments or speedy executions — by gaol deliveries or special commissions — by dinners in the park or massacres at Clontarf — by the craft of the thief or the genius of the tyrant — they have held this island ever since that morning in October, 1172 — seducing those whom they could not terrify — slaying those whom they could not allure nor intimidate.

"Thus may the history of the English connection be told — a black, a boisterous night, in which there shone but one brief interval of peace and lustre.

"Friends and foes! — you who cheer and you who hiss me, (cries from the Old Ireland party — 'No one hissed you!') Well, then, you who cheer and you who curse me — sons of the soil! — inheritors of the one destiny! — look back to that interval, and, for an instant, contemplate its glory.

"Repealers of Waterford — you who oppose me — is your resentment towards me? (great confusion, in which the rest of the sentence was lost.) Well, then, is 'Old Ireland' still your cry? Old Ireland, indeed! I am not against Old Ireland, but I am against the vices that have made Ireland old. The enmity I bear to the Legislative Union is not more bitter than the enmity I bear to those practices and passions from which that Union derives its ruinous vitality.

"Impatient for the independence of my country — intolerant of every evil that averts the blessing — I detest the bigot and despise the place-beggar! Who stands here to bless the bigot or to cheer the place-beggar? They are the worst enemies of Ireland. The rancor of the one and the venality of the other, constitute the strongest force by which this island is fettered in subjection.

"Down with the bigot! — he who would sacrifice the nation to the supremacy of his sect. Down with the bigot! — he who would persecute the courage which had truth for its inspiration, and had humanity for its cause. Down with the bigot! — he who would banish the genius, which, in the distribution of its fruits, was generous to all creeds; and, in the circle of its light, would embrace every altar in the land.

"Down with the place-beggar! — he who would traffic on a noble cause, and beg a bribe in the name of Liberty. He who would spurn the people upon whose shoulders he had mounted to that eminence from which he had beckoned to the Minister and said — "Look here — a slave for hire — a slave of consequence — a valuable slave — the people have confided in me."

"You have now some notion of the principles upon which I stand. Do you scout, detest these principles? Do you think them intolerant, profane, and impure? Punish me if you desire to retain your past character. Pre-

serve the famous motto of our ancient municipality free from stain. As it was won by a slavish loyalty, so maintain it by a sordid patriotism.

"Spurn me!—I have been jealous of my freedom, and in the pursuit of liberty I have scorned to work in shackles. Spurn me!—I have fought my own way through the storm of politics, and have played, I think, no coward's part upon the way. Spurn me!—I loathe the gold of England, and deem them slaves who would accept it. Spurn me!—I will not beg a bribe for any of you—I will negotiate no pedler's bargain between the Minister and the people. Spurn me!—I have raised my voice against the tricks and vices of Irish politics, and have preached the attainment of a noble end by noble means. Spurn me!—I have claimed the position and the powers which none amongst you, save the tame and venal, will refuse to demand; and in doing this, I have acted as became a free, unpensioned citizen."

The effect of this magnificent address on the young orator's enthusiastic followers may well be imagined. But the conservatives present were scarcely less moved; they repeatedly gave vent to their admiration and delight in exhuberant cheers.* Even the abashed Old Irelanders could not withstand it, and they several times assured the speaker that they had no ill-feeling towards him. But, on the *voting* adherents of the two place-hunting candidates the speech had no more effect than if they were so many rampant Orangemen, or impassive Saxon "chaw-bacons." Against their combined intolerance, stupidity and selfishness, no eloquence could avail. As between them they comprised two-thirds of the electors, the conservatives, finding they could not elect Meagher, and determined to defeat Costello, cast their votes for Barron, who was elected by a majority of 20.

It was just as well that Meagher was not elected, for events were then transpiring in the city of Paris which, in any case, would preclude his making the British Parliament the sphere of his efforts for Irish independence.

*The County of Waterford Grand Jury was then in session in the city court-house, and attended at the nomination. One of its members, Mr. Francis Curry, of Lismore Castle the Duke of Devonshire's Irish agent, on his return home, expressed himself most enthusiastically in praise of Meagher's speech. "Before hearing it," he said, "he had no conception of what true eloquence was; and to enjoy such an intellectual treat he would willingly walk barefoot from Lismore to Waterford."

CHAPTER XIX.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

"Lift up your pale faces, ye children of sorrow,
The night passes on to a glorious to-morrow."

SPERANZA.

The news of the result of the Waterford election had hardly time to spread throughout the country, when other news came that cast all thoughts of parliamentary contests out of the people's hearts. Like a revelation from Heaven heralded by a sun-ray that illuminated the Sacred Isle from centre to sea, came the soul-stirring inteligence:—

"REVOLUTION IN FRANCE!

"ABDICATION AND FLIGHT OF LOUIS PHILLIPPE!

"A REPUBLIC PROCLAIMED!"

The hopes that news created, the promises it conveyed can never be expressed in words by its recipients, and can never be even imagined by any one else. Every true Irish heart felt as if lifted "nearer to the sun." They felt a fore-taste of Freedom for themselves and their land so exquisite and exhilirating that its memory was a blessing through their after lives. For the time being, *they felt actually free.* FREE as if the AVENGING ANGEL had swept over the land and stricken the upholders of the foreign tyrant as he did the host of Sennacherib. The national mind, which, one short month before, was almost overwhelmed in the depths of dejection, was again elevated to a pitch of enthusiasm such as it had not experienced since the summer of 1843.

But, alas! in that dreary interval of five dismal years, nearly two millions of the trusting, devoted peasantry, who, with bounding hearts and elastic steps, mustered in their strength at the call of O'Connell,—had perished miserably in their famine-haunted cabins, the poor-house, the fever-shed, the plague-ship,—or by the ditch-side—within sight of their bare and blackened roof-trees; while the common attributes of manhood were nearly eradicated from the souls of the survivors of that terrible ordeal.

But there is a wonderfully recuperative element in the old Celtic nature, and never was it so strikingly exhibited as in this throne-upsetting-spring of 1848. The memories of the past,—over-leaping the era of famine and plague

—saw the glorious "Tricolor" floating over Bantry Bay and Killala, and, inspired by that radiant vision, created anew the faith in its reappearance in the near future. And so, while the young men of the Irish Metropolis were enthusiastically chanting "*The Marseillaise*," and "*Mourir Pour la Patrie*," the no less hopeful peasant gave vent to his exhuberant feelings in such suggestive ditties as:—

"Vive la! the French are coming,
Vive la! they're all in view;
Vive la! the Saxon's running—
What shall our poor Yeomen do?"

(To suit the circumstances of the times, the singer substituted "Peelers" for "Yeomen.")

Another favorite reminder of the stirring "Ould Times," contained the following strikingly descriptive camp-scene.

"The Militia wor' makin' the stir-a-bout,
An' the Yeomin wor' huntin' for spoons;
When they hear that the Frinch wor' in Bantry,
They shook in their new pantaloons."

Wherever Confederate Clubs had been established in the country towns, they, as a matter of course, became most active fosterers of the glowing hopes that lit up the national heart. The differences of opinion which separated "Old and Young Ireland" rapidly disappeared—exorcised by the patriotism which united all true hearts against the common enemy. The few irreconcilables who, here and there, held aloof from their jubilant fellow-countrymen, were good-naturedly left unheeded, and, by degrees, refrained from any exhibition of ill-will; and, in very many instances, the Catholic clergy, who, as devoted admirers of O'Connell, felt it their duty to oppose those who differed with him, now, that the time for *action* seemed near at hand, urged their flocks to prepare themselves to do their duty as men and patriots.

The spirit of revolution was permeating all classes of Irish nationalists. But its most powerful propagandist was the national press.

"The United Irishman."

When, in January, 1848, John Mitchel, and his friend and associate, Thomas Devin Reilly, retired from the *Nation*, it was with the determination of preaching their Revolutionary doctrines in an organ of their own.

Accordingly, they at once issued the prospectus of the "*United Irishman*."

It contained many startling axioms, for its authors, like most propounders of fundamental truths, were then somewhat in advance of the times. On February 12th the first number of the paper appeared. Its success was unparalelled in the annals of Irish journalism. The demand was so great that, for three days and nights the press was kept going, and copies were sold by the Dublin newsvenders for five times their original price. Nor was this surprising, for the "prospectus" had prepared people for the novel ideas it proposed to inculcate. Its policy was still more tersely defined in the "motto" which headed its editorial columns, and which was most likely selected in view of the heartless abandonment by the property-holders of the perishing people during the previous year. The "motto" was selected from the great founder of the "United Irishmen":—

"Our independence must be won at all hazards. If the men of property will not support us, they must fall; we can support ourselves by the aid of that numerous and respectable class of the community — *The men of no property.*"

THEOBALD WOLFE TONE.

Bravely and faithfully did the founders of the *United Irishman* act in accordance with the axiom thus laid down by their great revolutionary prototype.

The first number appeared twelve days before the French Revolution. Yet its tone was as defiant as it continued to be after that momentous event. Mitchel's inaugural letter to the "Earl of Clarendon," (the Lord Lieutenant,) startled the island like the first thunder-clap of a long-gathering storm; while in an article headed "The Sicilian Style," Reilly commenced his series of Grand *pæans* for the triumph of the Soldiers of Liberty, which for power, brilliancy of style, and passionate earnestness, have never been excelled by any prose writer in the English language.

Father John Kenyon, the celebrated Parish Priest of Templederry and John Martin, also contributed to the first number of the new national journal.

A few weeks more found the *Nation* also travelling on the same revolutionary "Highway to Freedom." Both papers were eagerly read in every city, town, and hamlet throughout the land, inciting all who aspired to see their country take her place among the enfranchised nations, to prepare to achieve her liberty by resolute hearts and armed hands.

The popular response was, in effect:—

"Show us whence we hope may borrow,—
AND WE'LL FIGHT YOUR FIGHT TO-MORROW."

CHAPTER XX.

DUBLIN VOICES THE NATIONAL SENTIMENT.

"Now, citizens and countrymen,
'Tis time for us to learn
Aristocrats are kindliest
When democrats are stern.
They talk us down, and walk us down,
Who cringe to their command;
But the yell of our defiance
Not a coronet can stand."

MARY.

While bonfires blazed on the Irish hills; while the towns were illuminated, and tri-color flags flew from the windows of Confederate club-rooms throughout the provinces; all eyes were turned towards the Capital to see what action would be taken therein. As the headquarters of the Confederation, all the Branches of the organization looked to it for guidance; while the country at large expected that its citizens would be equal to the emergency, and set an example worthy of being followed.

And neither leaders nor citizens proved unworthy of the confidence reposed in their wisdom or their courage. Their conduct was admirable in the tremendous responsibility which they had so suddenly to confront.

When the thrilling news first burst upon Dublin most of the leading members of the Confederation were absent from the city, but, pending the call for a general meeting of the body, the several clubs promptly met and passed appropriate Resolutions, expressive of their delight at the glorious triumph achieved by the French democracy. The tradesmen and artizans, also, took measures for holding a public meeting of their body, to express their sympathy with, and admiration for, their fellow-workmen in France. In the meantime Charles Gavan Duffy promptly called a public meeting of the Confederation at the Music Hall, Abbey street. This meeting was held on the 2d of March, and thereat Mr. Duffy announced that "their long talked of opportunity had come, and that if they were not slaves and unworthy of liberty, Ireland would be free before the summer sunk into the winter; that their first duty was to forget and forgive, and state from that spot that all differences between Irishmen were at an end." Mr. Duffy also suggested that "a deputation be sent to France to tell its people and government how entirely the Irish people sympathized in their success."

Another meeting of the Confederation was held on the following week, at the same place. Smith O'Brien was present, having come from England to attend it. He also thought that Ireland's opportunity had come, and counseled the people to "calm determination, and the exercise of forbearance and brotherly love towards all classes of their fellow-countrymen who exhibited a willingness to unite with them in demanding the legislative independence of their country." He hoped that even then, the gentry would take their stand with the people, and wished to afford them no excuse for hesitation or doubt as to the reception they would receive. But he was mistaken in the heartless tribe. Of all the Irish landlords he, alone, cast his lot with the people in this hour of trial.

Meagher was not present at either of those two meetings, but a letter from him was read at the second one. His time, however, soon came, and found him prepared to justify the faith his country reposed in his purpose, his determination, and his devotion to her cause.

THE ADDRESS TO THE FRENCH PEOPLE.

On Wednesday evening, March 15, took place the most important meeting yet held by the Irish Confederation. It was called by the Council of that body for the purpose of adopting an address of congratulation to the French people. An immense concourse attended, of which but a comparatively small portion could find room in the great hall. Nearly all the most distinguished leaders were present on the platform, (save John Mitchel who was sick, yet attempted to come to the meeting, but could not gain admittance, owing to the doors being finally closed against the immense crowd outside).

On the motion of Smith O'Brien, John Dillon took the chair.

On rising to move an address of congratulation to the French people Mr. O'Brien addressed the meeting in a lengthy speech, in which he earnestly inculcated union among all Repealers as indispensable to success in attaining national independence. Referring to the proposed aggregate meeting of the citizens of Dublin, he said: —

"The people are anxious to see a real effort made for union, and that there should be a great assemblage for the fraternization of all classes on an occasion so calculated to invite the entire unanimity which the circumstances of the time call for. Therefore, I trust, that a great aggregate meeting of the citizens of Dublin, composed of Old and Young Ireland, will be held to congratulate the French people. But I also hope that if you agree to hold a peaceful and unarmed meeting there shall be no retraction of that resolve. In selecting a place for the meeting, it should be, perhaps, some

field in the neighborhood of Dublin, where there would be no pretext for the police to interfere, on the ground that the meeting was infringing on the highway, or was an obstruction to business; *but when the place of meeting is selected, and if you determine upon it, you should hold it whether there be a proclamation against it or not.* * * *

"I understand that it is currently reported that it is intended to have a massacre of the people at the place of meeting. I do not believe there is any such intention. For my part I have no objection to attend that meeting in the event of a proclamation against it. And I would earnestly caution the government not to send any of their troops there. I warn them, in perfect sincerity, that from what I can learn respecting the temper of the troops now stationed in Dublin, it is by no means improbable that if an order were given them to fire upon a peaceable and inoffending multitude, the first person shot by the troops would be the officer who gave such an order. I will pledge myself to take the front place at that meeting, and allow them to shoot me if they please."

After reviewing the political situation abroad and at home, Mr. O'Brien went on to say that he "had no hesitation in declaring that he thought the minds of intelligent young men should be turned to the consideration of such questions as, how strong places can be captured, and weak ones defended —how supplies of food and ammunition can be cut off from an enemy, and how they can be secured to a friendly force.

"The time was also come when every lover of his country should come forward openly and proclaim his willingness to be enrolled as a member of a national guard. No man, however, should tender his name as a member of that national guard unless he was prepared to do two things — one, to preserve the state from anarchy; the other, to be ready to die for the defence of his country."

Mr. O'Brien concluded by moving the adoption of the address to the French people.

Mr. Eugene O'Reilly seconded the adoption of the address. The motion was put from the chair, and carried by acclamation.

Mr. Meagher then came forward and proceeded to read the following address: —

ADDRESS OF THE IRISH CONFEDERATION TO THE CITIZENS OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

"ILLUSTRIOUS CITIZENS, — Permit us to offer to you such congratulations as a people still suffering under servitude may, without reproach, testify to a nation which has nobly vindicated its own liberties.

"We congratulate you upon the downfall of a tyranny elaborately constructed with consummate art, but which has been prostrated in a moment of your chivalrous enthusiasm.

"We know not whether most to admire your fiery valor in the hour of trial, or your sublime forbearance in the moment of success.

"You have respected religion, and God has, therefore, blessed your work.

"Your heroism has taught enslaved nations that emancipation ever awaits those who dare to achieve it by their intrepedity.

"By your firm maintenance of public order, you have proved that true liberty claims no kindred with spoliation and anarchy.

"We hail you henceforth as arbiters of the destinies of mankind, as deliverers of the oppressed members of the great human family.

"We, whose nationality was extinguished by the basest arts — we, who daily experience the countless evils which result from that unspeakable loss— we, the inhabitants of Ireland, now claim your sympathy.

"We have firmly resolved that this ancient kingdom shall once argain be free and independent.

"In imitation of your example we propose to exhaust all the resources of constitutional action, before we resort to other efforts for redress.

"Time will unfold our projects; but we hesitate not to tell you, in anticipation of the future, that your friendship may increase their efficacy, and accelerate their success.

"Our claims to fraternity with you rest upon the proudest traditions of your history.

"In other times, in the hour of Ireland's extremest need, your forefathers tendered shelter and hospitality to our exiled warriors; and Fontenoy can testify how well that hospitality was requited by the cheerful effusion of Irish blood in the maintenance of the glory of France.

"On our own account, as well as upon yours, we shall watch with intense interest the development of your republican constitution.

"We augurthe happiest results to yourselves and to mankind, from your determination to found your institutions upon the broadest basis — to place them no longer upon privileged classes, but upon the whole French nation.

"Consolidate the great work which you have begun. Guarantee the rights of property, by securing the rights of industy. Indulge not the lust of conquest, but be ever ready to succor the oppressed.

"Render France the centre of European progress, as well in the march of freedom, as in the advance of civilization and of the arts.

"Continue to present mankind a magnanimous example of manly virtue,

and be assured, that among those who will greet you with applause and admiration, you will find no more affectionate ally than the people of Ireland.

"Signed on behalf of the Irish Confederation,

"WILLIAM S. O'BRIEN,

"Chairman of the Council."

MEAGHER'S FIRST UNCONSTITUTIONAL SPEECH.

(MARCH 15TH, 1848.)

Having read the address, Mr. Meagher continued:—

"Citizens of Dublin,—I move the adoption of that address. In doing so, I will follow the advice of my friend, Mr. McGee. This is not the time for long speeches. Everything we say here, just now, should be short, sharp, and decisive. I move the adoption of that address for this reason—the instruction it gives you, if obeyed, will keep you in possession of that opportunity which the Revolution of Paris has created. The game is in your hands at last, and you have a partner in the play upon whom you may depend. Look towards the southern wave, and do you not find it crimsoned with the flame in which the throne of the Tuilleries has been consumed, and borne upon that wave, do you not hail the rainbow flag, which, a few years since, glittered from the hills of Bantry? Has not France proclaimed herself the protectress of weak nations, and is not the sword of the republic pledged to the oppressed nationalities that in Europe, and elsewhere, desire to reconstruct themselves? The feet that have trampled upon the sceptre of July have trampled upon the treaty of Vienna. Henceforth the convenience of Kings will be slightly consulted by France, where the necessities of a people manifest themselves.

"Do not beg the blood, which, on the altar of Madeleine, she consecrates to the service of humanity. Do not purchase your independence at the expense of these poor workmen, whose heroism has been so impetuous, so generous, so tolerant. It is sufficient for us that the republic, to use the language of Lamartine, shines from its place upon the horizon of nations, to instruct and guide them. Listen to these instructions, accept this guidance, and be confident of success.

"Fraternize! I will use the word, though the critics of the castle reject it as the cant of the day. I will use it, for it is the spell-word of weak nations. Fraternize, as the citizens of Paris have done, and in the clasped hands that arch the colossal car in that great funeral procession of the 4th

of March, behold the sign in which your victory shall be won. Do you not redden at the thought of your contemptible factions, their follies and their crimes? Do you not see that every nation, with a sensible head and an upright heart, laughs at your poor, profligate passion, which frets and fights for a straw in this parish — a feather in that barony — a bubble on that river? Have you not learned by this, that, whilst you have been fighting for these straws and bubbles, the country has been wrenched from beneath your feet, and made over to the brigands of the Castle? And what enables these sleek and silken brigands to hold your country? Have you fought them? Have you struck blow for blow, and been worsted in the fight? Think of it. You marched against them a few years back, and when you drew up before the Castle gates, you cursed and cuffed each other — and then withdrew. Withdrew! For what? To repair the evil? To re-unite the forces? Ah! I will not sting you with the questions — I will not sting myself. Let no Irishman look into the past; he will be scared at the evidences of his guilt — evidences which spring up, like weeds and briars, in that bleak waste of ruins. Between us and the past let a wall arise, and, as if this day was the first of our existence, let us advance together towards that destiny, in the light of which this old island shall renew itself.

"Citizens! — I use another of the "cant phrases" of the day, for this, too, is a spell-word with weak nations — I speak thus, in spite of circumstances which, within the last few days (I allude to the addresses from the University and the Orange Lodges,) — have darkened the prospect of a national union. I speak thus in spite of that squeamish morality which decries the inspiration of the time, and would check the lofty passion which desires to manifest itself in arms. But I will not despair of this union whoever may play the factionist. The people will act for themselves and will not be compromised. At this startling moment — when your fortunes are swinging in the balance — let no man dictate to you. Trust to your own intelligence, sincerity, and power. Do not place your prerogatives in commission — the Sovereign People should neither lend nor abdicate the sceptre. As to the "upper classes" — "respectable circles of society" — genteel nobodies — nervous aristocrats — friends of order and starvation — of pestilence and peace — of speedy hangings and green-cropping—as to these conspirators against the life and dignity of the island, they must be no longer courted. They are cowards; and when they see your strength, they will cling to you for protection. Do I tell you to refuse this protection? Were I base enough to do so, you would remind me that the revolution of Paris has been immortalized by the clemency of the people.

"In my letter last week to the Council of the Confederation I stated

that it was not my wish to urge any suggestion as to the course we should pursue. Upon reflection, however, I think I am called upon to declare to you my opinion upon this question; for it would not be honorable, I conceive, for any prominent member of the Confederation to shield himself at this crisis. And I am the more anxious to declare my opinion upon this question of ways and means, since I had not the good fortune of being present at your two previous meetings, and perhaps my absence may have occasioned some suspicion.

"I think, then, that from a meeting — constituted, as the Repealers of Kilkenny have suggested, of delegates from the chief towns and parishes — a deputation should proceed to London, and in the name of the Irish people, demand an interview with the Queen. Should the demand be refused, let the Irish deputies pack up their court dresses — as Benjamin Franklin did, when repulsed from the court of George III. — and let them, then and there, make solemn oath, that when next they demand admission to the throne room of St. James's, it shall be through the accredited ambassador of the Irish Republic. Should the demand be conceded, let the deputies approach the throne, and, in firm and respectful terms, call upon the Queen to exercise the royal prerogative, and summon her Irish Parliament to sit and advise her in the city of Dublin.

"If the call be obeyed — if the sceptre touch the bier, and she "who is not dead but sleepeth," should start at its touch into a fresh and luminous existence — then, indeed, may we bless the constitution we have been taught to curse, and Irish loyalty, ceasing to be a mere ceremonious affectation, become with us a sincere devotion to the just ruler of an independent state.

"If the claim be rejected — if the throne stand as a barrier between the Irish people and their supreme right — then loyalty will be a crime, and obedience to the executive will be treason to the country. I say it calmly, seriously, and deliberately, it will then be our duty to fight, and desperately fight. (Here the whole meeting stood up, and a tremendous burst of applause broke from every part of the house.) The opinions of Whig statesmen have been quoted here to-night. I beg to remind you of Lord Palmerston's language in reference to the insurrection in Lisbon last September. 'I say that the people were justified in saying to the government — If you do not give us a parliament in which to state our wrongs and grievances, we shall state them by arms and by force.'

"I adopt these words, and I call upon you to adopt them likewise.

"Citizens of Dublin, I know well what I may incur by the expression of these sentiments — I know it well — therefore, let no man indulgently as-

cribe them to ignorance or to idiocy. Were I more moderate — as some Whig sympathizer would say — more sensible, as he might add, without meaning anything personal of course — more practical, as he would further beg leave to remark, without at all meaning to deny that I possessed some excellent points — in fact, and in truth, were I a temperate trifler, a polished knave, a scientific dodger — I might promise myself a pleasant life, many gay scenes, perhaps no few privileges. Moderate, sensible, practical men, are sure to obtain privileges just now. Paid poor-law guardianships are plentiful now-a-days, and the invitations to the Castle are indiscriminate and innumerable. But I desire to be neither moderate nor sensible — neither sensible nor practical, in the sense attached to these words by the polite and knavish circle, of which his Excellency is the centre. It is the renunciation of truth, of manhood, and of country — the renunciation of the noblest lessons with which the stately genius of antiquity has crowned the hills of Rome, and sanctified the dust of Greece — the renunciation of all that is frank, and chivalrous, and inspiring — it is the renunciation of all this which makes you acceptable in the eyes of that meagre, spectral royalty, which keeps "open house" for reduced gentlemen upon the summit of Cork-Hill. Better to swing from the gibbet than live and fatten upon such terms as these. Better to rot within the precincts of the common gaol — when the law has curbed your haughty neck, young traitor! than to be the moderate, sensible, practical villain, which these Chesterfields of the Dublin promenades and salons would entreat you to be for the sake of society and the success of the Whigs.

"But the hour is on the stroke when these conceits and mockeries shall be trampled in the dust.

"The storm that dashed down the crown of Orleans against the column of July has rocked the foundations of the Castle. They have no longer a safe bedding in the Irish soil. To the first breeze that shakes the banners of the European rivals they must give way. Be you upon the watch to catch that breeze. When the world is in arms — when the silence which, for two-and-thirty years, has reigned upon the plain of Waterloo, at last is broken — then be prepared to grasp your freedom with an armed hand, and hold it with the same.

"In the meantime, take warning from this address — 'do not suffer your sacred cause to be ruined by stratagem or surprise.' Beware of the ingenuity — the black art — of those who hold your country. By your sagacious conduct keep them prisoners in their barracks on the 17th. There must be no bloody joke, at your expense, amongst the jesters and buffoons in St. Patrick's Hall, upon that night.

"Citizens of Dublin, you have heard my opinions. These opinions may be very rash, but it would not be honest to conceal them. The time has come for every Irishman to speak out. The address of the University declares that it is the duy of every man in the kingdom to say whether he is the friend or the foe of the government. I think so too, and I declare myself the enemy of the government.

"But if I am rash, it was Rome, it was Palermo, it was Paris, that made me rash. Vexed by the indiscretion — the fanaticism — of those cities, who can keep his temper, dole out placid law, and play the gentle demagogue?

"When the sections of Paris were thickening like the clouds of a tempest, round the Tuilleries, in 1793, Louis XVI. put on his court dress, and, in his ruffles and silk stockings, waited for the thunderbolt. Is it thus that you will wait for the storm now gathering over Europe? Shall the language of the nation be the language of the Four Courts?

"Will the revolution be made with rose-water? Look up! look up! and behold the incentives of the hour.

"By the waves of the Mediterranean the Sicilian noble stands, and presents to you the flag of freedom. From the steps of the Capitol the keeper of the sacred keys unfurls the banner that was buried in the grave of the Bandieros and invites you to accept it. From the tribune of the French Republic, where that gallant workman exclaims — 'Respect the public monuments! respect the rights of property! the people have shown that they will not be ill-governed. Let them prove they know how to use the victory they have won.'

"From this tribune, where these noble words are uttered, the hand of labor — the strong hand of God's nobility — proffers you the flag of independence. Will you refuse to take it? Will you shut your eyes to the splendors that surround you and grope your way in darkness to the grave?

"Ah! pardon me this language — it is not the language which the awakening spirit of the country justifies. Taught by the examples of Italy, of France, of Sicily, the citizens of Ireland shall at last unite. To the enmities that have snapped the ties of citizenship, there shall be a wise and generous termination. Henceforth, the power of the Island shall be lodged in one head, one heart, one arm. One thought shall animate, one passion shall inflame, one effort concentrate, the genius, the enthusiasm, the heroism of the people.

"Thus united — to repeat what I have said before — let the demand for the reconstruction of the nationality of Ireland be constitutionally made.

Depute your worthiest citizens to approach the throne, and before that throne let the will of the Irish people be uttered with dignity and decision.

"If nothing comes of this — if the constitution opens to us no path to freedom — if the Union will be maintained in spite of the will of the Irish people — if the government of Ireland insists upon being a government of dragoons and bombadiers, of detectives and light infantry — then up with the barricades and invoke the God of Battles!

"Should we succeed — oh! think of the joy, the ecstacy, the glory of this old Irish nation, which in that hour will grow younger and stronger again.

"Should we fail, the country will not be worse than it is now — the sword of famine is less sparing than the bayonet of the soldier. And if we, who have spoken to you in this language, should fall with you; or if, reserved for a less glorious death, we be flung to the vultures of the law—then shall we recollect the words of France — the promise she has given to weak nations; and standing upon the scaffold, within one heart's-beat of eternity, our last cry upon this earth shall be —

FRANCE! FRANCE! REVENGE US!"

The significance of this speech was understood and appreciated by friends and foes. To the former it was as a revelation — vivifying their glowing hopes, and clothing them with a halo of glory and light, that, like a beatific vision, impressed itself upon the memory through after years. To the government it was a menace and a warning. That they anticipated it was evidenced by their taking the precaution to send an official reporter to the meeting; and that they made the fullest use of the evidence he supplied, and with the least possible delay, was shown by their having both O'Brien and Meagher arrested for sedition on the ensuing week. Nor, so far as the latter was concerned, did their determination to wreak vengeance on his head end with their failure to convict him of the minor offense of sedition. The trepidation which those bold utterances of his, on that memorable 15th of March caused in their cowardly, vindictive hearts, was neither forgotten nor forgiven; and, accordingly, the terror-inspiring sentences were, once again, brought into requisition, and made to constitute the strongest element in the young rebel's indictment, when, with his gallant comrades, he stood arraigned for high treason in the dock of Clonmel.

William Smith O'Brien, Thomas Francis Meagher, and Edward Hollywood were deputed to present the "Address of Congratulation to the French People."

CHAPTER XXI.

AN EVENTFUL WEEK IN THE IRISH CAPITAL.

Let the coward shrink aside,
We'll have our own again;
Let the brawling slave deride,
Here's for our own again—
Let the tyrant bribe and lie,
March, threaten, fortify,
Loose his lawyer and his spy,
Yet we'll have our own again.
Let him sooth in silken tone
Scold from a foreign throne;
Let him come with bugles blown,
We shall have our own again.
Let us to our purpose bide,
We'll have our own again—
Let the game be fairly tried,
We'll have our own again."

THOMAS DAVIS.

PERSONAL OBSERVATIONS.

It was at first, intended, that the aggregate meeting of the United Repealers of Dublin should be held on St. Patrick's Day. A statement to that effect had been circulated through the country for some days preceding the "National Festival," and, as it was the general opinion that the government would attempt to play the "Clontarf" game over again, by issuing a "proclamation" against the meeting at the latest moment, and, in the event of the proclamation being disobeyed, essay to disperse the assemblage by force of arms, and so precipitate the conflict that they felt must come, sooner or later, myself and comrade, Dan. Magrath, determined on being present at the meeting, and taking part in the "opening of the ball."

In accordance with this resolution, we arrived in Dublin on St. Patrick's Eve, at about 8 P. M., and guided by a young fellow-traveller, took lodgings for the night at an unpretentious but popular hostelry in the vicinity of Smithfield-Market.

Early on "St. Patrick's morning" our attention was attracted by the peculiarly musical cry of the Dublin street-venders — "SHAMROCKS! NICE

GREEN SHAMROCKS! — *a penny a bunch!*" On procuring a specimen of the vernal merchandise, I was much pleased to find it was the genuine "Shamrock," and not a "clover" substitute — for I did not expect that city-bred people possessed the requisite botanical knowledge to discriminate between the two.

On our way to mass, we, for the first time, learned, from large green posters on the walls, that the "Great Meeting of Dublin Citizens," had been postponed until Monday, March 20th, on which day it was to be held, *under any circumstances*, at the "North-Wall."

We subsequently learned that this change of date was adopted by the Council of the Confederation, in consequence of the Conciliation hall leaders having announced at their last meeting, that a series of "Ward Meetings" was to be held throughout the city on St. Patrick's Day, for the purpose of advancing the cause of Repeal by constitutional means — (including, I believe, a petition to "Her Gracious Majesty.") The Confederates being desirous of Union among all classes of Irish nationalists, and of taking no action that might give a semblance of excuse to others of less earnestness of purpose — thereupon determined to let their brethren of Conciliation Hall utilize the National Festival according to their programme, and trust to having all earnest Irishmen show a united front to the common enemy at the forthcoming aggregate meeting.

Having thus ascertained that we had three days at our disposal before the meeting, we determined to utilize this interval in seeing what we could of the city; but, as a preliminary step to our tour of observation, it was advisable to have a reliable guide, and him we were sure of finding in an old comrade and fellow-workman of Dan's, Robert Ward, whose address was to be had at "Rooney's, saddler, Capel street."

Thither we proceeded, and on enquiring for Mr. Ward, ascertained that he had sailed for America three weeks before. Much disappointed at this untoward intelligence, we were on our way to our lodgings, when Dan suddenly exclaimed, "Why! here's Bob Ward, himself;" and, an instant after, with a similar cry of recognition, a tall, strapping fellow grasped Dan's hand, and, after being introduced to me, mutual explanations followed. Three weeks previously Bob, (being, like ourselves, disheartened at the political aspect of Irish affairs,) took passage from Dublin for New York. When about ten days at sea, the ship encountered a series of heavy gales which eventually disabled her, and forced her to put about — and run before the wind — for her port of departure. She had only arrived in harbor the day before. Two days previously, they learned the news of the French Revolution from an outer-bound vessel. It came to Bob "like a reprieve from the

gallows." It was actually a release from "transportation." He was then on his way to the shipping office to get his passage money refunded, — for the vessel would be under repairs for some weeks.

Having accomplished his business at the office, Mr. Ward brought us to his old lodgings, situated at the corner of North King and Lurgan streets, and there we remained, awaiting events, for the ensuing four months, during which time we had many interesting personal experiences, which, however, do not come within the scope of the present work.

However, as Robert Ward figured prominently in some of the most exciting events which transpired in Dublin during the period referred to, a few words concerning his personal history will not be out of place here.

"BOB. WARD!" as he was familiarly known to his intimates of the Irish Confederation — was born in the village of Ballyhale, County Kilkenny, in the immediate vicinity of Carrickshock — the scene of the most celebrated battle of the "Tithe-War" — an event of local history in which he prided almost as much as he did in the "victory of Clontarf."

Having received as good an education as most boys in his circumstances had at the time, he was bound apprentice to a saddler in Carrick-on-Suir; but his "master" dying before he had completed his apprenticeship — he was sent to Dublin to serve the balance of his time with one of the best-known tradesmen of that city. As a journeyman, he made a tour through the country, visiting, among other places, his favorite old town of Carrick, and here it was that he first made the acquaintance of his fellow-craftsman, Dan. Magrath, who was also "seeing the world" under like circumstances. A congenial disposition made them fast friends, and, after Bob returned to Dublin, they maintained a regular correspondence until within a few weeks of our meeting in such a singular way.

Bob Ward had the reputation among his fellow clubmen of being one of the most ultra disciples of the "Physical Force" doctrine, in Dublin; and in his discussions with the partizans of the "old school," he was ever ready to maintain his side of the argument in the most demonstrative manner, as became a foster child of "Law-defying Carrick."

He was one of the minority who sided with John Mitchel in the "Three Days' Debate," and it was the result of that friendly contest that led to his sudden resolve to go to America. Being an active member of the "Swift Club," he proposed that we should affiliate ourselves therewith, and obtaining our consent, he lost no time in proposing us at the next meeting of that body.

Dan. and I were already members of the Confederate Club of Cappoquin, which was organized a year previously, by Mr. John Williams, a

Michael Corcoran

Galway, and round to the extreme north, men, brave men, enslaved men, ready to die rather than endure one year of slavery more — hungry men, evicted men, enwrathed men, wait intently on *our* work, ready to curse us if we fail — to imitate our courage, or avenge our defeat."

The article from which the above extract is taken wound up with these emphatic words: —

"We await attack. We shall not provoke the shedding of blood; but if blood be shed, we will see the end of it."

That the significance of this warning note was duly appreciated by friends and foes — as it was read and pondered over throughout the land, in the brief interval between its utterance and the hour appointed for the meeting — may be taken for granted.

On the morning of the meeting, the city of Dublin presented no sign that any unusal event was about to occur within its precincts. There was an entire absence of that jubilant hilarity which was observable on the advent of the great Repeal meetings of 1843. No banners fluttered over the heads of marching columns; no bands thrilled their hearts with the grand airs of their native land; no gay laugh accompanied the greeting of brother-nationalists as they met on the streets. On the contrary, the countenances of the great majority of way-farers wore a serious, pre-occupied look — evincing a settled determination of purpose and a spirit of self-reliance and confidence such as become men determined to fulfil their duty at all hazards.

But, with all these assuring signs among the men of purpose and action, there was noticeable an undefinable air of anxiety and apprehension on the faces of the non-combatant public. To them there seemed to be a feeling of bodeful restlessness in the air — the precursor of an approaching calamity of some sort.

No military appeared on the streets. All were confined to their barracks awaiting orders from the Castle. The police reserves were also held in readiness, while those on duty perambulated their beats, silent and observant.

Soon after ten o'clock, A. M., a steady stream of men might be seen wending its way down the line of quays on the north side of the Liffy. Every debouching street sent its contingent to swell the volume. The several bridges spanning the river were black with living torrents whose sources extended from Kilmainham to Donnybrook, including the desolated "Liberties," and

"The gloomy Thomas street — where gallant ROBERT died."

Joining the Capel street current, we filed down the quays, and arrived at the place of meeting a short time before the opening of the proceed-

ings. The numbers then present were estimated at from twelve to fifteen thousand men; and a more resolute and intelligent assemblage, of its size, I never beheld. The platform was crowded with the committee of the meeting, the movers and seconders of resolutions, (who were distinguished by wearing green rosettes,) the deputies of the various trades, and the leading men of the Irish Confederation.

These latter gentlemen included Richard O'Gorman, Senior, (who had been unanimously accorded the privilege of occupying the post of honor and of danger on that critical occason as Chairman of the meeting,) William Smith O'Brien, Richard O'Gorman, Junior, Charles Gavan Duffy, John Mitchel, Thomas Devin Reilly, Thomas Francis Meagher, Charles Taaffe, barrister, John O'Hagan, barrister, Patrick J. Barry, Thomas D. Magee, James Doyle, John Fisher Murray, John Williams, P. O'Donahue, Francis Morgan, Martin O'Flaherty, R. D. Ireland, John A. Curran, J. B. Watson, Doctor Duffy, Dr. West, &c., &c.

Mr. John B. Dillon was prevented by sickness from being present, as he intended.

After a brief address from the Chairman, Mr. John Mitchel brought up the address to the citizens of the French Republic, and, after a clear and comprehensive statement of the work achieved by the men of France in their several revolutions during the past sixty years, he read the address, and moved its adoption, and its presentation in Paris by a deputation from the meeting.

Mr. Ryan, (cabinet-maker,) on behalf of the Trades of Dublin, seconded the motion — which passed unanimously.

The meeting was subsequently addressed by the following distinguished Confederates, in the order of their names: —

Richard O'Gorman, Junior, T. D. Magee, T. F. Meagher, T. D. Reilly, C. G. Duffy, P. O'Donohue, and William Smith O'Brien.

From Meagher's speech I select the following extracts. They are significant in view of the hopes entertained by the Irish people of to-day of the English democracy: —

"I am happy to tell you that I had the honor of addressing 15,000 stout men in Manchester upon that night,* English and Irish, — Chartist and Repealers.

"Oh! we have been guilty of sad injustice in our abuse of the English democracy. The democrats of England are brave, intelligent, noble fellows,

* St. Patrick's night.

and they will stand by you in the worst extremity. Let the Government shed one drop of blood in Ireland, and the sky that spans the shores of England will scare them with the signs of a desperate retribution. Manchester, Liverpool, every great town in the manufacturing districts, will answer the fire that deals destruction upon the Irish people. * * *

"Whoever may act the traitor—the petty lawyerling—the coward here—there is a power in England that will repeal the Union, if Irishmen have not the honest bravery to do so."

On the motion of Mr. Duffy, Mr. Richard O'Gorman, Jr., Mr. John B. Dillon, and Mr. Redmond were appointed as the deputation by whom the address was to be presented to the people of France.

The meeting adjourned, and the speakers and committee, accompanied by an immense crowd proceeded down the quays. The multitude cheered most enthusiastically when passing Conciliation Hall.

On arriving opposite the Committee-rooms in Westmoreland street, they halted, and were addressed from a window by Mr. Meagher and Mr. O'Brien, who thanked them for the manner in which they had performed their duty to their country, and advised them to disperse in a peaceful and orderly way—after giving one cheer for the combination of all Irishmen.

The concourse then dispersed to their several homes. While the main body were passing through College Green they met General Blakeney, commander of the forces in Ireland, and another mounted officer. The bluff old general was evidently a favorite with the Dubliners, for they made an avenue for him to pass through, and cheered him loudly on the way. He and his companion were the only uniformed soldiers encountered by those who attended the meeting on that day.

"CONSTITUTIONAL" WARFARE.

But, if deterred by Meagher's threat of French vengeance from carrying out his first intentions of letting loose his armed mercenaries on the defenceless citizens of Dublin, Her Gracious Majesty's Vicegerant was determined to wreak vengeance on the men by whose advice he and his cut-throats had been set at defiance, and to accomplish his work in a less risky style—choosing his own ground, and his own weapons.

He lost no time, either, in opening his masked batteries. On the day after the meeting of the Trades and Citizens of Dublin, informations were sworn at the Head Police Office against Messrs. William Smith O'Brien, Thomas Francis Meagher, and John Mitchel, the two former for having ut-

tered "seditious" speeches at the meeting of the Irish Confederation held in the Music Hall on the 15th of March, the latter for the publication of three "seditious" articles in the *United Irishman* newspaper.

In the course of the evening, each of the above gentlemen was waited upon by Mr. Frank Thorpe Porter, (the genial Police Justice) and received notice to appear with bail at the Head Office the next morning before twelve o'clock.

When the news was published in the morning papers, it created considerable excitement throughout the city, and, as the hour for the appearance of the accused at the Police Office drew near, the vicinity of the Council Rooms and of the *United Irishman* office was thronged by a concourse of citizens, who accompanied the gentlemen and their bail to their destination.

Passing up Dame street, the multitude had the appearance of a triumphal procession, the broad thoroughfare being filled from curb to curb by the tramping mass of resolute looking men, while the side-walks were equally crowded with a promiscuous concourse of all ages and both sexes — with flushed faces and flashing eyes. In fact, the whole appearance of things wore a decidedly healthy, revolutionary aspect, the spirits of the people being more effusive and less restrained than on the occasion of the meeting two days before.

Being bound to participate in whatever popular movements came under our observation, myself and comrades found ourselves in the midst of the excited throng which surged up the steps leading from the street to the door of the Head Office. In a few moments the apartment was crowded, and the guard at the door objected to any more entering.

AN UNCONVENTIONAL INTRODUCTION.

CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY had just obtained admission after the exchange of some sharp words with the policeman. THOMAS DEVIN REILLY came next, but was peremptorily refused admittance just as he stood on the threshold. He gave vent to his feelings in language more emphatic than polite — as befitted the occasion. I was jammed close behind him in the crowd, and cried out, impulsively, "Never mind, my boy; sure they only left you in the position you must take one of these days — that of 'The Man in the Gap!'" The remark seemed to restore his native good humor, for, turning pleasantly round, he asked, "Where did you come from?" (My Munster accent, I suppose, showing that I was a stranger in Dublin). I satisfied him as to all he required to know at the time, as we walked away together from the crowd, and waited for the traversers to emerge from the office after perfecting their recognizances.

Such was the manner of my introduction to the man, with whom, of of all the leading Confederates, I was, while he lived, on terms of closest personal intimacy. I shall have more to say of him in the course of this memoir.

When Messrs. O'Brien, Mitchel and Meagher came out into the street, they were received with loud cheers by the immense crowd which had collected. Escorted by the multitude, they proceeded to the Council Rooms of the Irish Confederation in D'Olier street. When they arrived there every lamp-post and window in the vicinity was crowded with spectators, while a dense mass filled the street below. It rained heavily by this time, but that had no apparent effect on the spirits of the people.

Messrs. O'Brien, Mitchel, Meagher, Doheny and O'Gorman, addressed the enthusiastic assembly in ringing speeches from the windows of the Council Rooms. In the course of Mitchel's remarks, he said, "They have indicted me for '*sedition*,' but I tell them that I mean to commit 'HIGH TREASON.'" The cool, matter-of-fact way in which he announced his intentions, electrified the crowd, but it did not appear to astonish any one, for not a man of the ten thousand present, but believed him in his soul. I may state here that Mitchel's speech was not reported as delivered — the daily papers not wishing to risk the consequences of publishing such treasonable utterances. But the words I have quoted, I heard, and they left a lasting impression on my memory.

MEAGHER'S SPEECH.

(MARCH 22, 1848.)

At the retirement of Mr. Mitchel, Mr. Meagher presented himself at the window amidst the most enthusiastic cheering, and spoke as follows:—

"Citizens of Dublin,—I seize this opportunity — the last I shall have previous to my departure for France — to tell you my mind with regard to my present position. Informations have been sworn against me for a seditious speech, and I have been bound over to appear in the Queen's Bench upon the 15th day of April. Now, I think it my duty to tell you, that from this moment out it will be my sole aim and study to aggravate that crime, and devote the few days that I may be at liberty to the utterance of nothing else but sedition. Do you think that I am ashamed to be charged with having spoken seditious sentiments? Why, my friends, I glory in having done so; and feel prouder this moment in being scouted by this sanguinary government as the propagandist of sedition, than if I sat in ermine and red cloth upon the bench, and was revered as the stoutest limb

or the brightest light of the law. As I speak to you now, so shall I speak to the judge, the jury, and the prosecuting underlings of this Thug-like government. I shall tell them to their faces that I have spoken sedition, and that I glory in it. The language of sedition is the language of freedom. There shall be no duplicity in this matter. I am guilty of an attempt to sow disaffection in the minds of the people — I am guilty of an attempt to overthrow this government, which keeps its footing on our soil by sheer brute force, and by nothing else. And this I tell you, that until that government be thoroughly upset, I shall not cease to write, to speak, to act sedition. One circumstance alone shall stop me in this career — my death. In their courts of law we shall take issue with them boldly and desperately. If we do not throw them there, we shall throw them on a broader field. It must be done. The news this morning announces that Vienna is in the hands of the people. Dublin must be in the hands of the people. Stand by us, citizens, and it shall be done. In standing by us, you do not stand by a few misguided young men — you stand by immortal principles. There must be union — there will be union. I am proud to tell you that Mr. Maurice O'Connell held out to me the hand of fraternity this day. I thank him sincerely and deeply. I thank him, not for the personal compliment he has thus paid me, but for the service he has done the cause of Ireland by this frank and generous act. They threaten, indeed, to put down the *United Irishman*. Why, my friends, it is not one United Irishman they must put down, but five millions of United Irishmen. For two years we have fought their corruption, now we shall fight their coercion. We opposed free hearts to the former — we shall oppose the latter with armed hands —

> "'Let them soothe, with silken tone,
> Scold from a foreign throne
> (Aye) — or come with bugles down
> We'll have our own again.'"

(Mr. Meagher retired amidst the most enthusiastic and deafening cheering.)

CHAPTER XXII.

IN THE CITY OF THE BARRICADES.

The Irish deputies arrived in Paris towards the end of March. On Monday, April 3d, according to a prearranged appointment with the Provisional Government, Mr. Smith O'Brien and the other members of the Irish

Confederation proceeded to the Hotel de Ville to present their address. They were received, on behalf of the Provisional Government, by its President, M. de Lamartine, a dandified humbug and poet of the Sybarite school, whom, in an evil hour, the gallant French people entrusted with the destinies of their newly-enfranchised nation.

Besides the address of the Irish Confederation, addresses were presented at the same time by Mr. Richard O'Gorman, Jun., from the citizens of Dublin, by Mr. Meagher for the Repealers of Manchester, and by Mr. MacDermott from the members of the Irish Confederation resident in Liverpool.

M. de Lamartine replied to the whole of these addresses in one speech, which, while abounding in sentimental platitudes, and artful allusions to the reciprocity of friendly feelings long existing between France and Ireland, and avowing that they "belonged to no party in Ireland, or elsewhere, except that which contends for justice, for liberty, and for the happiness of the Irish people," went on to declare that it was their "desire to remain at peace with all nations that are involved in internal disputes, not being competent either to judge them or prefer some of them to others," &c.

At the conclusion of his speech, M. de Lamartine again thanked the deputation, who then withdrew.

The interview had been originally fixed for the previous Saturday, but was deferred till Monday, on account of a division in the provisional government as to the reply which should be given. Ledru Rollin was for sending instant assistance to Ireland, but Lamartine desired to give the same answer as was given to the Poles.

His answer was, of course, highly appreciated by the persecutors of the Poles and the Irish. Such was the comfort derived therefrom by the British Government, that, before the week was out, extracts from it were ostentatiously placarded on the walls of every police-barrack in Ireland.

But, notwithstanding the oracular utterances of her lackadaisical figure-head, France had many earnest sympathizers with the cause of Irish liberty, and among these the first to proffer their aid was

THE UNITED IRISH CLUB.

This body, consisting of a number of the Irish resident in Paris, waited upon Mr. O'Brien and his associates on their arrival in the city, and presented them with an address warmly complimentary in expression, and concluding in these words:—

"We offer you, gentlemen, our hearts, our hands, our lives, to assist you in this struggle.

"JOHN PATRICK LEONARD, President.
"LANE, Vice-President.
"O'RYAN, CASHIN, FITZGERALD,
"HIGGINS, NESBITT, MARRON,
"FARRELL, &c., &c."

The following reply of the deputation was read by Mr. O'Brien:—

"We receive with profound satisfaction the address you have presented to us.

"Let us share the affection and confidence of those who love Ireland. Every new proof of sympathy renders us more able to serve the cause of our country. The satisfaction which we feel arises above all from the fact, that we have found there are in Paris, Irishmen who are determined to unite their efforts to those of the Irish people, in reconquering the national independence. Though we have been in France but a few days, we have, nevertheless, seen and heard enough to have the conviction that the French nation is deeply moved by the indignities and sufferings we have endured. We have seen and heard enough to feel assured that, were Ireland to demand assistance, France would be ready to send 50,000 of her bravest citizens to fight with her for liberty. We offer to the French our sincere thanks for their generous sympathy. That sympathy may be to us later a great assistance; but we feel that the liberty of Ireland should be conquered by the energy, the devotion, and the courage, of her own children. Without the manifestation of these virtues, liberty, if even acquired, would offer no guarantee of durability.

"Fellow-countrymen, you know what are our views. We are happy to find that you are ready to second them. We have not yet ceased to hope that the great question now depending between the English government and the people of Ireland may be settled by conciliatory means; but the best way of attaining that desirable end is to follow the example given us by our fathers in 1782, by firmly organizing a field of action the most vigorous, and the most energetic.

"We have already advised our fellow-countrymen to prepare themselves for the contest by procuring arms and habituating themselves to the use of them. We give you to-day the same advice, and it is to men of tried valor that we address ourselves. We do not wish to have with us but men who are ready to die on the scaffold, or on the field of battle. We learn with extreme pleasure that many of you fought in the first rank with the heroes

of the barricades of February 24. In that devotion to the cause of liberty which you pushed so far as to hazard your lives in a contest which could bring you no personal advantage, we see the pledge of that heroism which you will show with an equal, if not with a greater ardor, if it be necessary to fight for the liberty of Ireland. We accept the acknowledgement, the fraternal concurrence which you offer us. Your position here puts it at the same time in your power to serve your country with efficaciousness. Extend your association. See that it embraces all the patriot Irish inhabiting France. Accustom yourselves to military exercises, and the study of strategy. Fraternize with the Irish officers in the French service; their experience will second your efforts. Merit the sympathy of the French who surround you.

"Act on the public opinion of France, through the press, and by all the means in your power. Glorify by your example the name and the character of your country, in this the centre of European civilization and universal liberty.

"We have in France brave, active and intelligent friends; in Germany we have friends — we have friends in Belgium, in Rome, and in Spain — we possess numerous and influential ones in America. All these friends should, without delay, organize themselves into local associations, with an object analogous to that which we propose to you. Every patriot Irishman inhabiting a foreign country should consider himself as a missionary of liberty for his country. Let us enclose England in a circle of nations desiring the freedom of Ireland, prepared to sustain her morally and physically, to restore to her her national rights. Let Irishmen, especially, show that they possess all the virtues necessary to give her the dignity of a nation. Before aspiring to be free, we should show that we deserve to be so. Let us also prove that we have resolved, and are capable of conquering and preserving the liberty of our country.

"In this spirit we receive your address with pride, and with acknowledgement, as a proof that you are determined to second us, not in a secret conspiracy, but in a loyal and courageous effort to restore to Ireland her national independence.

"(Signed) WILLIAM SMITH O'BRIEN. THOMAS F. MEAGHER.
"MARTIN M'DERMOTT. RICHARD O'GORMAN.
"EDW. HOLLYWOOD. EUGENE O'REILLY."

CHAPTER XXIII.

MEAGHER IN PARIS.

"We'll show them FRENCH authority for wearing of the Green."
OLD SONG.

A DISTINGUISHED FRANCO-IRISHMAN.

JOHN PATRICK LEONARD was probably the best known Irishman domiciled in Paris for over half a century. He was born in 1814, in the Cove of Cork. While yet under age he emigrated to France, and entered the College of the Sorbonne, with the intention of studying for the medical profession. He, however, altered his plans subsequently, and became an instructor of the English language. In a short time thereafter, he was appointed Professor of English Language and Literature in the Municipal College Chaptal of the Paris University. He held this position for a quarter of a century, after which time he was appointed to a similar office in the Naval College, St. Barbe, from which, in his seventieth year, he retired on a pension.

During the Franco-Prussian war, Mr. Leonard served as Inspector-General of the Ambulance Corps, Army of the Northwest, and received the Cross of the Legion of Honor—"for personal services on the field of battle." In addition he received the decoration of the Cross of Geneva, and, a few years before his death, the honorable literary distinction of being created an "Officier d'Académie" was conferred upon him. He was well known and esteemed in Paris society, many of his pupils being among the highest in the land. He entertained a great affection for Marshal MacMahon, and the illustrious old hero liked him better than any Irishman in Paris. When, in 1860, Ireland presented a sword of honor of Irish manufacture to Marshal MacMahon, at the camp near Chalons, Mr. Leonard, as chairman of the deputation, made the presentation speech. The other deputies were Dr. Sigerson and Mr. T. D. Sullivan, of Dublin. John Mitchel, who had just then arrived in Paris from America, was invited to make one of the party. In his "Journal," published at the time, he gave an interesting account of the presentation ceremonies, which were participated in by several distinguished officers of Irish extraction, specially invited by the Marshal for the occasion.

Mr. Leonard was a warm personal friend of John Mitchel and his family. He acted as chief mourner at the funeral of the patriot's eldest daughter, Henrietta, who, in the absence of her parents from Paris, died suddenly at

the Convent of the Sacre Cœur, where, a short time before, she had taken the veil as a sister of Charity. She was buried in the cemetery of Mount Parnasse.

During the greater portion of his career in Paris, Mr. Leonard was a correspondent of the Irish national press, and through him every incident of interest to Ireland transpiring in France was duly recorded. An esteemed associate of the "*Anciens Irlandais*"—the descendants of the old "Irish Brigade" and the "Irish Legion" of Napoleon's time—he acted as their accredited chronicler, performing the duties of an old Gaelic Chief *Seanachie*, recording their military services on the battle-field and their promotions to important offices of State in civil life; their births and deaths and their "Patrick's Day Festivities"—where—

> "Up, erect, with nine times nine—'Hip, hip, hip—Hurrah!'
> Drank 'Erin Slainte geal go bragh!' those exiles far away."

Himself an ardent, life-long Irish Nationalist, Mr. Leonard had ever a warm welcome for his fellow-countrymen of kindred feelings, who, by the vicissitudes of fortune, were compelled to seek a temporary asylum in the city of his adoption.

He died on the 6th of August, 1889. His funeral, which took place on the 9th of that month, was attended by a numerous and highly representative body of his friends and admirers. The remains, escorted by a detachment of the 76th Regiment of the Line, as a guard of honor, were conveyed to the Crypt of the Church of St. Francois de Sales for temporary interment, until arrangements could be made for having them transferred to Ireland—in accordance with the faithful exile's expressed desire to be buried with his forefathers.

His wish was sacredly observed. On Sunday, October 27th, his body arrived in Cork from Paris, in charge of his fellow-townsman, Mr. C. G. Doran. The coffin was brought from the quay to the College of the Presentation Brothers, where it lay until the afternoon when, escorted by the Mayor and many leading citizens of Cork, it was conveyed to Cove. There a funeral procession was formed which proceeded to the ancient churchyard of Barrymore, where the remains of this sterling patriot were consigned to "kindred Irish clay."

Mr. Leonard was, for many years, engaged in preparing a record of his recollections which will be published by his daughter and only surviving child. It will appear in both French and English. It is entitled

"REMINISCENCES OF HALF A CENTURY IN FRANCE."

During the author's lifetime he published occasional extracts from the

forthcoming volume, one of which gives the following interesting account of Meagher's visit to Paris, in 1848:

RECOLLECTIONS OF THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER.

"Meagher was only three or four years out of his teens when he came to Paris with the deputation in April, 1848. It was, I believe, his first visit to the great city, and we were constantly together during his short stay. There was nothing particularly remarkable in his personal appearance except his large, blue eyes, beaming with intellect and wit. He was slightly inclined to *embonpoint*, but his strong, well-built frame, and his elastic step, showed that, though at times he seemed listless and lazy, he had, as he proved fully after, great physical activity and endurance when necessary.

"The electric atmosphere of the revolutionary city constantly roused him from that apparent apathy in which he indulged at times. Alive to everything in the changing scenes around, his imperfect knowledge of French never prevented him from understanding or guessing at what was said. We wandered together about the city, visiting the churches, the hospitals, the salons of the rich and the hovels of the poor, mixing and conversing with people of all classes and opinions, from the millionaire to the *ouvrier*.

"We, of course, went often to the theatre, and our first visit to the celebrated Theatre Francais I never shall forget. I was on guard as a full private in the National Guard (there were no regular soldiers in the city,) and was the sentinel at the door, when my two noble countrymen, William Smith O'Brien and Thomas Francis Meagher, came. A friend relieved me, and I went in with my two friends. We took our places in the orchestra quite close to the stage. I never go to that theatre since without thinking of that memorable night when I sat between two noble patriots, who a few months after were condemned to be hanged and quartered, and saved only for that worse fate, exile, of which the greatest poet living said:

'*Le proscrit est un mort san tombeau.*'

Men possessing then everything that gives a charm to life — health, fortune, consideration, family, and friends. The greatest actress of our times, Rachel, played 'Phedre,' the part in which she won the highest place in her art, and which she only consented to play in after studying for years. We listened to Racine's noble tragedy with rapt attention and admiration, and never, perhaps, did the unrivalled actress do more justice to the part and excite more enthusiasm and applause. But there was a sequel to the great tragedy, and one that thrilled the whole audience and deeply moved my

two friends. A few minutes after the piece was ended the curtain rose and Rachel advanced slowly towards the footlights and began Rouget de Lisle's immortal 'Marseillaise.' It was neither singing nor declamation, but it was something so real and entrancing that it seemed beyond art and above criticism. Close beside her hung the tricolor flag. When she reached those soul-stirring words, '*Amour sacre de la patrie*,' she seized it, and, raising it on high, gave the last stanza with such feeling, passion and emotion that the audience rose, and a burst of thundering applause shook the whole house. Meagher was greatly excited, and must have looked as he did when he led his brave Irish soldiers to the charge, in civil war, alas! and far from the land he loved and from which he was an exile. For an hour after we spoke only of the 'Marseillaise,' forgetting 'Phedre' and the great tragedy entirely.

"That wonderful actor, Frederick Lemaitre, was at that time playing 'Robert Macaire'—that cynical photography of vice, degradation and imposture, that had such a baneful effect on public morals that it was suppressed for some time. Nothing astonished Meagher more than the acting of the great artist, and little escaped him in the allusion made to the vices of the great people and the degradation of the lower classes. Frederic, as he was called, had not yet played the part of the *Chiffonier de Paris*, in which he was still more remarkable; and *appropos* of that well known piece I shall make a short digression.

"I was present at the first representation and in a box next to the one in which Rachel sat deeply moved by the great actor's wonderful personification of a character that threatens to become obsolete at present. In a most dramatic passage of the piece Rachel advanced, her pale face beaming with emotion, and addressing Lepeinere, an eminent actor, she said: '*Mon ami, c'est ce que j'ai vu de plus beau dans ma vie*'—'My friend, that is the finest thing I ever saw in my life'—words that Lemaitre, when he heard them, declared that he prized far beyond the applause of the public or the praise of the critics.

"The real *chiffoniers* did not escape Meagher's notice, however, and one night, on returning from the theatre, we came upon one. He was at the door of one of the great restaurants on the Boulevard des Italiens, with his lantern in one hand and his '*hotte*,' or basket on his back, and was with his 'crochet' extracting from a heap of rubbish all sorts of strange things, which he tossed into his *hotte*—crusts of bread, bones, remains of fish, fowl, and vegetables—the ingredients, in fact, of that dish which Eugene Sue, in his 'Mysteries of Paris,' calls '*le plat du chourrineur*.' There

were old rags, old shoes, and various remnants of past splendor in the shape of torn lace and soiled ribbons.

"Meagher watched the old fellow with great attention and curiosity. The shell of a lobster, I remember particularly attracted his notice. 'Surely,' said he, 'he wont take that.' But it went with the rest. He insisted that we should follow the old veteran to another heap, where we saw, with some variety in the contents, the same operation repeated. The lobster shell always surprised Meagher, and at last he begged me to ask the *chiffonier* what he would do with it. I said something, but got no answer. He said gruffly, and I modify the expression, '*Ces sacres Anglais fourent le nez dans tout.*' I said, 'We are not *Anglais*, we are *Irlandais.*' '*Hollandais?*' asked the old fellow, (he never heard of the Irlandais). '*Tous iv rognes,*' (all drunkards,) and he jogged off anything but sober himself.

"Meagher philosophized for an hour after on the old night prowler, and wondered why there were no such industrious people in Ireland. In the street, in the clubs, in the Chamber of Deputies — everywhere — he found subject for shrewd remarks, and often comic and witty comments on the speakers and actors, and comparisons with people at home.

"On one subject he was always serious — on everything touching that country for which he was going to sacrifice all that were dear to him. His manner changed suddenly when Ireland was mentioned, and I remember on alluding to the famine of the previous year that his voice trembled with emotion and passion. 'You were happy,' he said to me, 'not to have witnessed those harrowing sights; they would have maddened you, as they have maddened us all.'

"When I took leave of him at the Northern station I did not say *adieu*, but *au revoir*, and in Ireland; I little thought we should never meet again. From his prison cell he wrote me two letters, one of which I consider it my duty to publish to-day.* It will throw some light on the past and a further halo over the memory of one who, though he has for a grave but some undefined place under the dark current of the Mississippi, will be remembered when the pompous tombs raised over some of the enemies of his race and country will have mouldered into dust."

*The letters referred to were dated, respectively, November 27th, 1848, and July 9th, 1849. They will appear further on in this Memoir.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE DUBLIN CLUB-MEN. — APRIL, 1848.

Clubs were trumps in "Ninety-three"—
With the gaunt Parisians;
And with us, too,—while yet we
Had our dazzling visions.—MAGAN.

WHILE Meagher and his associate deputies were fraternizing with the revolutionary clubs of Paris, familiarizing themselves with the methods by which those "radical-reformers" attained their object; and, notwithstanding Lamartine's discouraging announcement, becoming assured that, when Ireland called upon her ancient ally for armed assistance, it would be promptly afforded her;—their compatriots in Dublin were earnestly preparing for the test which would demonstrate whether or not they were worthy claimants of freemen's sympathy or freemen's blood. Every day the clubs were extending their ramifications over the city. Every day the members were becoming more disciplined, hopeful and resolute. For, in view of the startling events which succeeded each other so rapidly in those days,—when no man could foresee what the next hour might bring forth,—those true-hearted fellows entertained a firm conviction that an armed revolution was impending in Ireland, and, that, as in the continental countries, the initiative would be taken in the capital. But, whether by the deliberately-planned orders of their trusted leaders, by some unforeseen accident, or by a sudden aggression on the part of the government—the fight was to be precipitated, they knew not; neither did they seem to care much. They felt that they were to act as the "forlorn-hope" in a desperate struggle, where many of them were sure to fall; but they were confident of eventual success. True, they could not aspire to emulate the battle-nurtured heroes of Paris, who, from childhood were accustomed to the use of arms and the sound of the "*Tocsin;*" and who, moreover, had well-grounded reliance on the sympathetic patriotism of their fellow-countrymen in the army: Yet, surely, they would have to encounter no greater difficulties than those which were met and surmounted by the people of Milan within the week just passed; men who, though as systematically deprived of arms by their foreign rulers as ever the Irish had been, nevertheless, with such weapons as were at hand, maintained a five-days' street-fight in a fortified city, against an Austrian garrison of twenty thousand soldiers, and eventually

chased their tyrant, Radetzky, and the remnant of his shattered battalions through the cannon guarded gates of their redeemed city.

"Clarendon," they reasoned, "was no more formidable a tyrant than Radetzky — at least when fighting was to be done, — and that Irishmen were the inferiors of Italians in strength or courage could not be admitted. Why, then, should they not succeed as well as their fellow-victims of foreign misrule — when stimulated by the same passions — love of their native land, and detestation of her oppressors?"

Such were the sentiments that actuated the club-men of the metropolis in these exhilirating times. It is true, that, since the fearful scenes witnessed in Dublin after the suppression of the last attempt at armed revolt, under Robert Emmet, the young men of no other portion of Ireland grew up under such a habitual obedience to the "*law*" as did those who, born under the shadow of the Castle, and, terrorized over since childhood by its ubiquitous and brutalized emissaries — policemen and detectives, — could only give vent to their outraged feelings in suppressed maledictions, seldom resisting official aggression individually, and hardly ever making a combined stand-up-fight against a detachment of the "force" — such as was a habitual occurrence in nearly every other portion of the island.

But the generation grown to maturity in Dublin since the days of Orange ascendency, were fast emancipating themselves from the antiquated notions entertained for the semblance of constituted authority by their submissive progenitors. For "*law*," in the abstract, they entertained no more reverence than their compatriots "west of the Shannon." and it is highly probable, that, on a suitable occasion, they would show their "faith by good works" in dealing with the corporeal impersonations of their childhood's "*bug-a boo.*" However, the clubs were not, by any means, recruited exclusively from natives of Dublin. A considerable number of their members hailed from the provinces. This was especially true of the laborers and mechanics, who came to the metropolis in search of more remunerative employment than could be attained in their several homes. The more intelligent of these latter, through corresponding with their former associates throughout the country, impressed them with their own ardent opinions and hopes, and served as powerful auxiliaries to the national press in disseminating, throughout the sphere of their influence, a spirit of enthusiastic self-reliance, and many practical suggestions for local preparation.

In some measure, also, those correspondents confirmed the general impression felt all over the island, that the signal for the national uprising would be given from Dublin.

Though the working classes constituted the majority of the club-men, yet almost every rank and profession had its representatives among them — artists, clerks, shop-keepers, merchants, writers, etc. Among the most effective organizations in the city was the Student's Club.

This club was founded by the Medical Students of Dublin, but its ranks were subsequently recruited from students of the other learned professions. Among its original members were several whose names were afterwards prominently distinguished in science, art, and literature, as well as for their fidelity to Ireland, and their sufferings and sacrifices endured for her sake. Dr. Thomas Antisel, who was president of the club, and who had the honor of being among the first to figure in "Her Majesty's Hue-and-Cry"— after the suspension of the Habeus Corpus Act in July, 1848 — ranks among the most eminent men in his profession in the National Capital, of which city he has, for more than forty years, been the most honored Irish-born resi dent. His friend and fellow-patriot, John Savage, secretary of the club, while yet but a boy, acted a man's part in the defiles of the Cummeraghs as the most esteemed and faithful associate of John O'Mahony, when most of his Dublin comrades were scattered, or in prison; and when driven to self-expatriation, won a literary reputation in America of which any man might be proud.

Richard Dalton Williams, ("Shamrock" of the *Nation*,) that most versatile of Irish poets, and next to "THE CELT"— the most popular singer of his time,— whose beautiful tribute to the "Sister of Charity" charmed the hearts of a Castle-packed jury, and saved him from the fate of his noble comrade, Kevin Izod O'Dogherty, (who, after baffling the hounds of the "*Law*" in two trials, was finally hunted down and sent to the Antipodes— to win fame and fortune,) he, also, was another of that gifted band who aspired to emulate the "heroic students of the Paris *Ecole Polytechnique*."

The objects of the new organization were clearly set forth in the following spirit-stirring appeal to their compatriots:

"ADDRESS OF THE MEDICAL STUDENTS OF DUBLIN TO ALL IRISH STUDENTS OF SCIENCE OR ART, ADOPTED AT A MEETING OF THE STUDENTS' CLUB, HELD AT THE NORTHUMBERLAND BUILDINGS, EDEN QUAY, TUESDAY, APRIL 4, 1848. JOHN SAVAGE PRESIDING.*

"FELLOW STUDENTS: A war is waging, at this hour, all over Europe,

*From "Ninety-eight and Forty eight," page 393

between Intelligence and Labor on the one side, and Despotism and Force on the other. Citizen-soldiers are, in every state of Europe, being substituted for standing armies, constitutions for the sovereign's caprice, or republics for monarchy itself. You have read, in common with all the world, the records of these stirring events. You have glowed over the annals of the gallantry displayed by the students and workmen of Paris — the students and people of Belgium — and the students and burghers of Vienna. Has it never occurred to you that you too, live in a country sorely in need of a revolution? — and that you might, with advantage to her and glory to yourselves, imitate the heroic examples of the French *Ecole Polytechnique* and the Austrian *Ecole des Beaux Arts*? For us, the medical students of Dublin, all of us of your own class and age, we have unanimously come to that conclusion, and hereby invite you to unite with us in resolve, and fraternize with us in action.

"We have seen the famine — we have lived in the presence of the pestilence. We have inquired into the origin of both, and we find that both have resulted from the gross misgovernment and spoliation of the victims, our brother Irishmen. We find that this country has been, for fifty years under the sole control of state quacks, sent hither from London, and fallaciously gazetted as wise and lawful authorities; we find that, as the number of officials has increased, so has the national mortality; and we have traced a distinct connection of effect and cause in these two circumstances. We, therefore, have sworn in our souls, and by our hopes of honor, fame, and peace, that these poisonous "foreign bodies" shall be excised from the land. We ask you to concur in this oath, and to prepare to carry it into effect; we ask you to enlist with us in the ranks of the people, not to create a riot, but to achieve a revolution.

"You know all the facts of the case as well as we do. You are numerous, energetic, and supple as young ash. The students of Paris and Vienna are not braver of heart, or stronger of hand. You are all accustomed to the use of arms, and most of you are armed. There stands England, with the Castle at her back — here Ireland before the entrance of her ancient senate-house. Join with us — join with us at once — and may God defend the right!

"We are brief, for time is precious, and we deem it better to make gunpowder than orations. Let us coalesce in an "Irish Student's Club," grasp each other's hands, know each other's souls, and, while the stranger's cav-

alry are told to whet their sabres, let us also brace our spirits for the coming day of Freedom — the flashing flags of Freedom —

'The victor glaive,
The mottoes brave —
May we be there to read them!
That glorious noon,
God send it soon.
Hurrah for Human Freedom!'

"R. D. WILLIAMS, *Chairman of the Committee.*"

CHAPTER XXV.

REVIVAL OF AN OLD IRISH INDUSTRY.

"The very subtlest eloquence
That injured men can show,
Is the pathos of a pike-head,
And the logic of a bow.
Hopes built upon fine talking
Are like castles built on sand;
But the pleadings of cold iron
Not a tyrant can withstand."—MARY.

Two days after the departure of the Irish deputation to France, an extraordinary meeting of the Confederation was held in the Music Hall, Dublin. It was "extraordinary" in more than one respect. It was the first of its kind to which the clubs marched in regular order, and the unusual sight of hundreds of resolute men tramping, with cadenced step through the streets of the capital, at nightfall, created considerable excitement among the groups of citizens congregated at various points along the approaches to the place of meeting, in the immediate vicinity of which the shops and other places of business had been closed somewhat earlier than usual.

This precautionary step was taken in consequence of a rumor,—which had been extensively circulated during that afternoon, to the effect that the meeting would be interfered with, or prevented by the Castle authorities. The appearance of the clubs in semi-military order led to the belief that, if any such attempt should be made it would be promptly resisted, and, perhaps, the train fired which would result in a universal upheaval of the revolutionary element known to be ready for ignition.

An immense concourse of people had, from an early hour, assembled in the neighborhood of the Music Hall. They cheered the clubs most heartily as they came up in succession and filed into the edifice, and remained on the street until the termination of the meeting—awaiting possible contingencies.

Inside the hall the scene was most imposing. The gallery was filled with ladies. A few moments before the opening of the proceedings, Charles Gavan Duffy entered. On his arm leant a tall, stately, and most beautiful lady, in white—whose exquisitely chiselled features, dark eyes and hair, and brow—fair and lofty as that of the Athenian deity typified in ivory by Phidias, would have commanded admiration in a less discriminative and excitable assemblage than that to whom she then constituted for a moment the centre of silent attraction. But the silence was only momentary. A cry of "SPERANZA!" "SPERANZA!" brought forth such a storm of enthusiastic cheers as fairly shook the house from floor to roof. Again, and again it was repeated, the fair recipient gracefully acknowledging the homage paid her genius and patriotism by her warm-hearted and exulting countrymen. I shall never forget that soul-thrilling scene. It won my lasting admiration for the Dublin boys. I have often, since, thought that, had the hand which, a few months later, penned Ireland's call to arms—"JACTA ALEA EST,"* been raised on that night with the same intent, how promptly the signal would be responded to.

The meeting had been convened for the special purpose of indorsing the principles enunciated in the prosecuted speeches of O'Brien and Meagher. But the speakers went even further, and repeated the original offences in a more aggravated form. For instance, Mr. Duffy, in moving the adoption of the resolution "that the proscribed speeches be printed and circulated through Ireland," continued as follows:

"We cannot undertake to drive a coach-and-six through their prosecution. But, with God's help and yours, we will drive something better through it. We will drive through it the will of the Irish people. We will drive

*"JACTA ALEA EST," ("The Rubicon is Passed,") was written by Lady Wilde, and printed in the "Nation" bearing date July 29th, 1848, just after the Habeus Corpus Act was suspended. The Castle authorities no sooner read it, than they ordered the police to break into the "Nation" office, seize all the printed copies of the paper, the type forms, &c., and cart them off to the Castle. Thus it occurred, that the article was never seen by those it was intended for. It subsequently formed part of the indictment on which Mr. Duffy was tried for "treason-felony."

through it an elected Council of National Safety. We will drive through it the green banners of a hundred thousand National Guards."

This was bold language. when the speaker was well aware that the "Convention Act" of 1793, (passed by the so-called *independent* Irish Parliament) should be trampled down before a "Council of National Safety" could be elected — or, if elected, should dare assemble; and that the laws prohibiting the use of military phraseology, should be treated in like manner, before a single squad of an "Irish National Guard" could be put through its facings. But, all the same, Charles Gavan Duffy used the words deliberately, and was prepared to face all the consequences attendant on an attempt to carry out their purport in tangible form. He might have entertained some hope that the government would shrink from facing an armed revolution, and be driven to the less perilous alternative of restoring her Legislative Independence to Ireland; but he did not trust much to it, though the daily accessions to the national cause of many influential men of the professional and literary classes gave him grounds for hoping that, in time, the authorities would have to yield to the just demands of an (almost) united people. There were two classes, however, whose adhesion to the national cause not even the most sanguine of constitutional reformers could entertain a hope of.

These were the Landlords and the Orangemen.

For over two centuries the landlords constituted *the* "English garrison." Through them Ireland had been ruled in accordance with English policy, and against the interests of her rightful owners. As members of the Irish Parliament, they enacted and enforced the atrocious "Penal Laws," and since they sold that Parliament, their course in the Imperial Legislature had ever been in accordance with their own sordid interests and those of the government which upheld them. At home, as Justices of the Peace, appointed by the English executive, they administered the oppressive laws which their representatives helped to enact. They constituted the Grand Juries, and, as such, regulated local taxation. They named the Sheriffs; they were ex-officio members of the Boards of Poor Law Guardians, and could, in many instances, control the action of those bodies. Finally, they nominated the candidates for the constabulary, — many of whom were their own spurious offspring, and the balance sons or other relatives of their slavish dependents.

No other garrison in the world was so well paid as those Irish landlords. In return for their manifold services, their alien employers upheld them in the perpetual plunder of their discontented victims. In their interest,

as well as in that of their own monopolist manufacturers, they enacted laws and formed combinations to destroy Irish trade, so that the cultivation of the soil should be the only resource of the vast majority of the working people, and thus the landlord be enabled to extort the utmost price his tenants could pay — and keep body and soul together.

Surely there existed no reasonable hope that those leagued plunderers, whose interests, — and very existence on Irish soil — were so mutually entertwined, could ever be dissevered, save by cutting both up at the roots.

As for the gratuitous opposition of the Orangemen to their country's claim to freedom, it could only be accounted for by a spirit of innate malevolence, engendered by intolerence, and fostered by ignorance, and by the poor privilege accorded them of insulting with impunity their disarmed Catholic neighbors.

It was palpable, therefore, that in any caculations of national success based upon a union of all Irishmen, those two classes of irreconcilables should be counted out — and assigned to their accustomed place in the ranks of the foreign enemy.

John Mitchel's speech at this meeting was even more pointed and suggestive than Mr. Duffy's. Referring to his share of the indicted articles, he said:

"For myself, depend upon it, whatever I have published, written, or spoken, I will stand by: the government shall have no trouble in procuring evidence. I tell them I did publish those prosecuted articles, and that they are 'seditious libels.' And sedition, let me tell you, is a small matter — I mean to commit 'high treason,' and to ask you all to commit it too. I tell you to be prepared to rise. There is no need to name the day now — but on an early day, or night — and to smash through that Castle, and tear down the union flag that insults our city."

In another portion of the same speech he dwelt on the urgent necessity of the people arming:

"I conjure you severally, in the name of God that you get guns. A good, serviceable rifle, I understand, can be purchased for three pounds; and those of you who may not be able to afford that, ought to provide yourselves, every man, with a sound ash pole, seven or eight feet long. I suppose you know what use that may be turned to. At all events, what I wish to convey to you is merely this — that speeches, and resolutions, and reports of your Council, will not avail you in the least, unless you all have arms and are prepared to turn out."

AN EFFECTIVE OBJECT LESSON.

Towards the close of the meeting, an enterprising hardware manufacturer presented Mr. Mitchel with a specimen of his handicraft, which the recipient, forthwith, held up for the inspection of the audience. Prepared as the startled assemblage had been by the plain-spoken orator's previous reference to the "poor man's weapon," the exhibition of a veritible "Irish Pike," as a palpable illustration of his treasonable exhortation, was something they did not expect to witness *quite* so soon. Yet, there it was, and no mistake — a shining, two-edged blade of polished steel, twelve inches long, with a strong, sharp hook, attached to a flanged socket ready to be securely fastened to the handle with screws. The audacity of the act — the reminiscences it evoked — and the lesson of practical patriotism it taught, had an electric effect on the half-entranced crowd of "Hereditary Rebels." And such a shout of exultation and defiance as greeted the "Symbol of '98," rang out as sent the hot blood leaping through the veins of every individual, man and woman in the hall. It was re-echoed by the eager and excitable crowd on the street, outside, although its purport was not then altogether comprehended — save, that it had the genuine ring of battle, which, whenever heard, intuitively finds a sympathetic response in the Celtic heart within the sphere of its action.

When the excitement had subsided sufficiently to enable him to be heard, Mitchel, in that cool and earnest tone which carried conviction to his sympathetic hearers, calmly observed:

"I do not see why the exhibition of a single pike should cause such a commotion here to-night. Why, before a week is over you will see them exposed for sale in smiths' windows as freely as horse-shoes. In fact, I would like to see pikes exposed for sale upon stalls, in the streets, like books, or under the porticos of the Bank of Ireland, where umbrellas are sold in rainy weather."

The audience cheered most enthusiastically; but, to many present, the statement that "before the week was out, pikes would be publicly exposed for sale in Dublin" — though an event most ardently desired — seemed "too good to be true." Nevertheless, within the time specified, Mitchel's hopeful prophecy was, literally, fulfilled, for a brisk trade in the novel article had suddenly sprung up; after the lapse of half a century the good old fashion of their grandfathers was revived by the rising generation; smiths and cutlers had their hands full; and such a demand for seven-foot ash poles was never before known to the proprietors of the timber-yards located on the

streets leading from Thomas and James streets to the Liffy. It was a common occurrence to meet groups of three or more marching *nonchalantly* through the busiest thoroughfares of the city with those suggestive articles on their shoulders. They could not surely be *all* intended for "peal-handles" — for if so the Dublin bakers must be anticipating a rise in the market, and laying in a stock sufficient to last for a life-time.—Yet such was the use to which an honest sweep told an inquisitive detective he was about putting

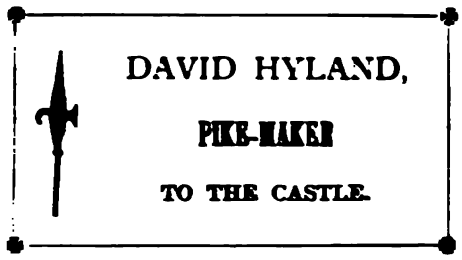
"His darlin' kippeen of a stick."

The authorities, however, were not so obtuse altogether as our sooty joker would fain have them. The contemporaneous activity in the wood and iron trades, was proof, "strong as a Peeler's oath," to those who could "put *this* and *that* together," and they lost no time in investigating the progress and extent of the newly-revived industry. One of their emissaries was sent to David Hyland — the courageous artizan who was first to appreciate the popular need — and instructed to negotiate for six specimens of his handicraft. A few days subsequently he called for and obtained a portion of his order; but the smith's wife didn't like his looks, and, at her suggestion, he was followed and traced into the executive quarters of Dublin Castle. Hyland, thereupon, took measures to have his plot exposed, by causing his arrest when he called for the balance of the pikes ordered. But on the spy's trial at the Police Office, Colonel Browne, Police Commissioner, (*who occupied a place on the bench,*) publicly avowed that Kirwan, the spy in question, was acting under his instructions in the transaction, took all the odium thereof on himself, and demanded that the case be dismissed — as "the man Hyland had committed no crime in making pikes; neither had the other man committed any crime in purchasing them." It is hardly necessary to say that his suggestion was adopted.

In the course of his observations, Colonel Browne bore official testimony to the extent with which pike manufacture was carried on in the metropolis. With confiding frankness he tells "the gentlemen of the press that, he had undoubted information that pikes were being manufactured in various parts of Dublin, by hundreds and thousands," and, he insinuatingly adds, — "You know yourselves that pikes are made in every hole and corner."

A few days after this exposure of "Castle patronage of Irish manufacture," the enterprising reviver of the new industry, determined on "making his hay while the sun shone," had a neat little swinging-sign hung over his door, in Charles street. Thereon, in silver gilt, was a full-size represen-

tation of an Irish pike, with the accompanying legend in gold letters—on a green field:



In the window beneath was exhibited several specimens of the "Queen of Weapons:" (?) and judging from the crowds passing in and out of the shop, the establishment seemed to be doing a "rushing business." Nor was it patronized exclusively by well-intentioned "Rebels," and Castle spies. The proudest Norman aristocracy in the land was represented among its customers—in the person of the young Marquis of Ormonde,—the hopeful heir of the "House of Butler." This nobleman, mounted on a superb Irish hunter, created a veritable sensation, by riding through the principal streets of the city, armed with a pike of Hyland's manufacture, made to order, after the most elaborate antique pattern

Now, had it been a scion of the rival "House of Kildare," who ventured to "cut such a shine"—then and there—people might attach some significance to the act, and remark that—"*Blood will tell!*" But, as the calculating Butlers were ever known to side with the occupants of Dublin Castle for the time being, this whim of the "Lord of Kilkenny" was, rightly, looked upon as a harmless piece of burlesque, on a par with the escapades of his cotemporary—the "scapegrace Marquis of Waterford."

Towards the close of the week on which the above-recorded meeting took place, I accompanied Thomas Devin Reilly to the office of the "*United Ireland*," for the purpose of being introduced to John Mitchel. On that occasion Mr. Mitchel presented me with the pike which created such a sensation a few nights before. He advised me to "cut off the hook"—as it was "useless weight." But I told him "I'd rather not—as its historical suggestiveness counter-balanced the weight."

CHAPTER XXVI.

THREE VETERANS OF 'NINETY-EIGHT.

Then here's their memory — may it be
For us a guiding light, —
To cheer our strife for liberty,
And teach us to UNITE.—INGRAM.

IN 1848, there were still living in Dublin some representatives of the heroic band who, fifty years before, had marched under the "Harp without a Crown," and who, true to their principles, were still among the most active of their associates in making preparations to renew the old fight for Ireland and liberty.

It was my good fortune to make the acquaintance and secure the friendship of three of these old "United-Men." Two of the veterans, — MR. PATRICK GAYNOR, and MR. JOHN SMITH, were members of the Swift Club, and though both of them had passed their seventy-fifth year at the time, their ardor in enlisting recruits, and instilling their own hopeful spirit into their hearts, won them the admiration and esteem of their fellow-patriots. They were personally known to the great majority of Dublin Confederates, for they had been residents of the city for a great many years, though neither was born therein.

Mr. Gaynor was a Kildare man, who was among the first to respond to the preconcerted signal for a general rising, on the memorable 23rd of May, 1798. On the day following he marched in the van of Dr. John Esmond's insurgent column of pikemen, when they stormed and sacked Prosperous.

As a memento of that, to him, eventful day, Patrick Gaynor received a musket-ball in the groin — (which he carried to his grave). He was borne from the burning town by his comrades in arms, and conveyed to a place of safety, where his wound was attended to until healed — outwardly at least. But he was lamed for life. Still he was more fortunate than his gallant leader; for Dr. Esmonde fell into the enemy's hands at Rathcoole, and was sent to Dublin — where he was speedily hanged on Carlisle Bridge, — not many yards from where stands the statue of that other noble "REBEL" — WILLIAM SMITH O'BRIEN, — an incentive to future generations of patriots,

and a warning to the tyrants who imagine they can drown a liberty-loving people's aspirations in the blood of their best and bravest:—

> My masters! Oh, my masters!
> There's not our isle within—
> A single growing plant that thrives
> Like "DISAFFECTION'S SIN."

Mr. Gaynor was the most implacable enemy of England I ever met. His hatred of the country and all appertaining thereto was intense and unceasing. It seemed to be incorporated in his nature, and assuredly it was the most cherished article in his political creed, as it was the most emphatical sign of his love of Ireland which he could manifest. I was, at first, inclined to think this passionate vindictiveness a sign of mental abberration caused by morbidly brooding over the horrible scenes he had witnessed in his early manhood, and felt more inclined to pity the old man than to sympatize with his ebulitions of temper; but on reflecting that every painful step the old hero took for the preceding half-century served to remind him of the black debt of hatred he owed the hereditary murderers of his race, my respect for his consistent principles was as sincere as was my commisseration for his physical sufferings, and my admiration for the stern old patriot grew warmer with each succeeding interview I had with him—and they were frequent and many during the four months of my stay in Dublin.

How long Mr. Gaynor survived the disappointment of our enthusiastic hopes of '48, I do not know, as, in reply to my enquiry about him when in Dublin thirteen years later, I only learned that he had died long before, steadfast in his principles to the end—a typical 'Ninety-eight man. He sleeps in the land of his birth and love.

GOD REST HIS SOUL!

Mr. Gaynor's compatriot and most devoted friend, John Smith, was a man of a very different temperament from that of his fellow "United-Man;" for, though equally steadfast in the revolutionary creed as his old comrade, and as zealous in propagating its doctrines among the men of a new generation, he was never vindictive in language when alluding to his country's enemies. It was impossible for one of his genial disposition to harbor a vengeful thought against an individual opponent. With the experience of age he possessed the confiding frankness and modest diffidence of an ingenuous boy; and by those qualities he won the affection of those who esteemed him for his services and devotion to his country's cause. Mr. Smith was a native of the county of Cavan, but had long been a resident of Dublin,

where he still, notwithstanding his great age, worked at his trade—that of a saddler. His children, a son and daughter, both grown to maturity, were, in every respect, worthy of such a parent; and their pride in him as a patriot was as intense as was their love—as his children. Their home was a cheerful and happy one, and was enlivened by many a pleasant passage-at-arms between the lively and heroic-souled "Sally Smith" and her father's grim old comrade—whose enthusiasm she would affect to dampen by hinting a doubt of his physical fitness for undergoing the fatigues of campaigning at his age.

"Now, Mr. Gaynor," she would remark in a serio-comic tone, "what in the name of common sense, could two such old men as you and my father do when it comes to fighting? The idea of men of your years, imagining they are capable of undergoing the hardships incident to a soldier's life, is simply preposterous?"

Quick as a shot would come the veteran's fiery reponse:—

"Why! confound your impudence, you young jade! *couldn't we do 'garrison duty?'*—There's a sockdoleger for you!"

And the general laugh which followed this unanswerable proposition served the double purpose of silencing the audacious interlocutor, and smoothing the irritated sensibilities of the triumphant old hero.

Richard Smith was his venerable parent's constant attendant to, and from, the Club meetings and other political demonstrations. His conspicuous patriotism early attracted the marked attention of the government emissaries: and, and when their day of reckoning came, and those rascals' employers could select their objects of vengeance from the long list of "suspects"—the Smith family found Dublin an unsafe place of residence, and so, their pleasant home in Jervis street was abandoned, and, like thousands of their race, they sought a new home in the "Land of the Free."

But they did not abandon the "old cause" when they looked their last on their beloved Inisfail. Both father and son were among the earliest enrolled members of the Fenian Brotherhood in New York, and the old man cherished a warm attachment for John O'Mahony, at whose head-quarters he was a frequent and most welcome visitor. Here the old United-Irisman met with a venerable compatriot in the person of Mr. Michael Birney, a Wexford man who, thenceforth, in a measure, occupied his old comrade, Gaynor's, place in his affections as a connecting link with the "brave days of old."

How these two old heroes were esteemed by the associates in the Fenian Brotherhood, was shown at the great funeral procession that conveyed the remains of Terence Bellew McManus through New York, on the 18th of October, 1861.

Towards the close of the immense demonstration an open barouche, in which were seated two white-haired old men, attracted the marked and respectful attention of the masses that lined the streets: for it was known through the press, that in the funeral cortege were to appear two veterans who, sixty-three years before, had shouldered their pikes in the same immortal cause, which McManus, a half century later had so nobly upheld.

The veterans were "John Smith of Cavan," and "Michael Birney of Wexford," then aged respectively, 89 and 91 years.

Both those old patriots passed the age of 90 before they were laid to rest, by loving hands, in Calvary Cemetery—that great Necropolis of the exiled "Children of the Gael."

INTERESTING PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF NINETY-EIGHT.

THOMAS O'FLANAGAN, the third of those '98 veterans whose acquaintance I made in Dublin, was a man of much superior ability and general information to either of his venerable compatriots, and, in some respects, he was, perhaps, the most remarkable man of his time—notably in the fact that, *for seventy-six consecutive years* he worked unremittingly at his trade of printer,—earning his bread by his own manual labor from the 1st of May, 1790, to the 23d of August, 1866,—a record unparalelled in the history of printing.

In Thomas O'Flanagan's obituary, written by Dr. R. R. Madden, author of the "Lives and Times of the United Irishmen," and who was one of the old patriot's most intimate friends for the last twenty years of his life, occurs the following tribute to his character:—

"A man singularly deserving of respect and honor—of high intelligence, sterling worth, strict integrity and sound judgment—of self-reliant independent principles, yet of mild and gentle demeanor, naturally civilized, and disposed in all emergencies to think justly and to act rightly."

Thomas O'Flanagan as a United-Irishman, enjoyed the high honor of being personally known to, and implicitely trusted by, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Arthur O'Connor, and other distinguished members of that patriotic society. Such confidence had they in his courage and devotion, that he was selected by them as one of Lord Edward's armed body-guards, while the noble Geraldine was secreted in the metropolis in the winter of '97—'98.

From the lengthy sketch of his career by Dr. Madden, supplemented by information derived from other authentic sources, I am enabled to supply

the following details of his history up to the time when I had the pleasure of making his personal acquaintance.

He came of a brave old Celtic stock, being a scion of the sept of O'Flanagan of Moy-town, county Fermanagh.

He was born in the vicinity of Enniskillen in the "year of the Declaration of American Independence," and, at the age of fourteen, he commenced his career as a printer by entering the office of the *Freeman's Journal*, Dublin, as an apprentice. Francis Higgens was then proprietor.

After his apprenticeship had expired, Mr. O'Flanagan continued to work as a journeyman compositor on the *Freeman* until September, 1797, when the leaders of the United cause established a newspaper entitled the *Press*, to forward the movement for the liberation of Ireland. O'Flanagan worked as compositor on the new national organ from its first issue until its suppression by military force on March 6th, 1798, when the sixty-eighth number was seized on the morning of its intended publication.

He gives the following reminiscences of the brief and troubled career of the *Press:*

"The first seventeen numbers of the paper were printed by Mr. Whitworth, an Englishman, in Upper Exchange street, Dublin. The subsequently celebrated Peter Finnerty, who was to have been a compositor on it, was introduced to Lord Edward Fitzgerald and Arthur O'Connor, who found him to be a man of great talent, tact, and patriotism. They at once decided that he should be employed at the publishing office in Church Lane, College Green, where he had to conduct some very important correspondence for the United Irishmen. His name appeared at the bottom of the paper as the printer to the *Press*, and Lord Edward Fitzgerald on several occasions expressed his entire approval of Peter Finnerty's conduct.

"The first editor was a Mr. Brennan, a very able writer, but a man of questionable integrity, as subsequent events proved. Brennan having been committed to jail for debt, he wrote to the proprietors to the effect that if they did not pay his debts immediately, he would place all the manuscripts which he had in his possession in the hands of the Castle authorities.* Brennan's threat was treated with contempt, and Arthur O'Connor wrote to him in these words: —

"'If you wish to act a base, dishonorable part towards us and the

*What a close parallel is exhibited between this wretch's conduct in the above instance, and that of "Pigott the suicide" in his attempt to blackmail the Irish nationalists in more recent times?—[ED.

righteous cause you have engaged to sustain, we must regret it; we must likewise regret having been associated with a man capable of such baseness. Do your utmost. Posterity shall decide upon the rectitude of the cause you have expressed your intention of betraying.'

"In a few days after, Brennan was liberated from prison by the government, who, no doubt, perceived that he was worth purchasing; but I am not aware of his having appeared before the public again in connection with politics.

"The aspect of Irish affairs looking very perilous, and prosecution following prosecution, Mr. Whitworth declined printing the *Press* any longer. Mr. Stockdale, of Abbey street, brought out the eighteenth number, and continued to print it as long as it was permitted by the government.

"When Finnerty was found guilty of a libel another name was obliged to be entered at the stamp office. Arthur O'Connor's name was then attached to it. Although there were upwards of 3,000 copies struck off each publication, (Monday, Thursday, and Saturday evenings,) the day that Arthur O'Connor's name was announced as printer, it got a rise of 1,500, and increased to 6,000, which was the utmost that could be printed in time by the presses in use at that period. The name of Arthur O'Connor was everywhere received with enthusiasm by the people, particularly in the counties of Kildare and Meath. In truth, almost all Protestants who espoused the United cause, were generous, disinterested, noble-minded men, who truly loved fatherland.

"What a contrast with the 'Soupers' of these days!

"At the time Finnerty was sentenced to be pilloried at the front of Newgate, Lord Edward Fitzgerald and Arthur O'Connor went to Green street to encourage him while in the pillory. There were several thousand present, and the people seemed much excited. When they reached the guard of soldiers Lord Edward endeavored to pass one of them. The soldier raised his gun, and was about to strike him, when the high sheriff, (Mr. Pemberton,) immediately advanced and ordered him not to act without orders. He then gave directions to the officer in command of the guard to allow Lord Edward Fitzgerald and Mr. O'Connor to pass. They both continued near Finnerty during the time he was suffering the penalty. The high sheriff seemed puzzled how to act: but owing to his mild and conciliatory conduct to the people, all passed off quietly.

"Immediately after leaving Green street Lord Edward and O'Connor went to Stockdale's office. Having entered into conversation about what had taken place with the soldier, his lordship took two small pistols from

his waistcoat pockets, and said that if the soldier had struck him he would have shot him dead. If that had taken place, I am confident the entire guard would have been disarmed in a few minutes, for the crowd was so close to them at that moment, that they would not be able to use their muskets. Lord Edward was the most determined man I ever saw.

"So hostile were the low Orangemen to the *Press* newspaper that the messengers who carried the papers from the printer to the publishing office in Church Lane, were on several occasions, waylaid, in consequence of which the printers formed themselves into a guard to protect the newspapers the men were conveying. One night a printer named Hardy,* (a brave-hearted young man,) and myself went for that purpose. Hardy was armed with a large pistol, and I had a piece of metal from the printing office, about two feet long and an inch thick. We left the messengers safe in Church Lane, and subsequently went through College Green, Trinity street and St. Andrew street. As we passed into William street, Hardy, by the light of the old oil lamps, observed Major Sirr advancing at a distance, and immediately determined on shooting him as he came up, by discharging his pistol in the Major's face, as he was supposed to have worn armour about his body. Having an extreme objection to assassination I strongly urged my friend Hardy to abandon all idea of committing a crime so revolting to every Christian sentiment. He yielded to my entreaties; and in another moment Major Sirr passed us, little knowing what a narrow escape he had for his life. The Major surveyed us from head to foot, and my anxiety was intense, for I still feared some act of desperation on the part of my friend Hardy, on meeting a man so universally detested.

"About this time, Mr. Astley, who kept the Amphitheatre in Peter street, (now Molyneaux Asylum,) made himself extremely obnoxious to the citizens of Dublin. He ordered his musicians to strike up "*Croppies lie down*," and other insulting airs, twice every night, for the amusement of the low Orangemen who frequented his house; but my friend Hardy, who was so anxious to dispatch the Major, repaired, with about thirty Liberty boys, to Astley's, and having taken their position near the musicians, all was quiet until the orchestra commenced playing "*Croppies lie down*," when Hardy started up and exclaimed:—

"'Come, boys, now is the time. Forward!'

"In a few minutes all was confusion. The upper gallery men descended

* Hardy was a Dublin man; he was about twenty five years of age. His father lived in Greek street. He was a United-Irishman. He became a sailor, and died on the coast of Africa.

into the pit, broke into the orchestra, and smashed all the instruments. Astley's theatre never recovered the shock of this *melee*. The Kilkenny militia were on duty, but did not interfere; no doubt the Ballyragget boys felt no sympathy for the Orangemen.

"Counsellor Sampson was the last conductor of the *Press*. The paper continued to be printed until the sixty-eighth number, when a guard of the Cavan militia, under the command of a rampant Orangeman, Maxwell, came and seized the office, carried away all the newspapers that had been printed, and destroyed the type, presses, etc., in a wanton manner.

"John Stockdale, the publisher of the *Press*, was, at that time, undergoing a sentence of six months' imprisonment in Kilmainham jail for refusing to answer certain queries put to him by the House of Lords, in 1797.

"In 1803, he was implicated in the insurrection of Robert Emmet, and was again imprisoned on the charge of printing the proclamation of Emmet, and remained in confinement nearly two years. He came out of jail a ruined man; he met with no assistance from those whose battles he had fought in his paper; neither from the "*patriots*" nor the "*Catholics*." He died in Abbey street, Dublin, the 11th of January, 1813."

Peter Finnerty, editor and publisher of the *Press*, was liberated from prison in August, 1798, and soon afterwards went to London and became connected with the press there. It was through him that Mr. O'Flanagan was induced to leave Ireland and proceed to London, where remunerative employment had been secured for him on the *Morning Chronicle*. His wages was soon largely increased on account of his excellent conduct and strict habits of temperance, from which he never departed in his life so far as to be prevented from attending to his business. He remained in London for several years, until his wife's illness, and her desire to return to Dublin induced him to give up his employment. His wife died in January, 1816, and he continued to work for several Dublin papers until 1824, when he set up in business as a general printer on his own account, and carried it on for the twelve succeeding years; during which time he printed editions of several important works, including Latin Philosophical and Theological class-books for Maynooth College. By judicious reading, and the study of works of a historical nature, he, at this time, laid in a large stock of general information, and added considerably to the limited education which he received in his youth.

Mr. O'Flanagan was connected with the *Nation* newspaper from its first issue to the day of his death, and it was in the printing office of that paper that I first formed his acquaintance, in 1848.

Our interview was brought about by a singular circumstance. In my

rambles through the city, I found, on a second-hand book-stall, a bound volume of the *Press*. On my enquiring its price, the owner informed me it was "three pounds"—and added the (unnecessary) information, that it was "a very scarce book," at the same time courteously inviting me to look it over—though I did not want to purchase it. I thankfully availed myself of his kindness, and spent some time in reading the spirit-stirring contributions which bore the signatures of "MARCUS," "SARSFIELD," "MONTANUS," etc., though not then knowing the rightful names of the parties represented by those *noms de plume*.

On the following day I told one of my most esteemed Dublin friends, John Duffy, a printer employed on the *Nation*, of my curious discovery; and was both astonished and delighted, when he, in turn, informed me, that one of the printers of the *Press*, Mr. Thomas O'Flanagan, was working beside himself at the *Nation* office; that he was his most intimate friend, and a gentleman whom he knew I would like to become acquainted with; and proposed that I should be introduced to the veteran patriot next day, —to which I gladly assented. Mr. Duffy then procceded to give me an outline of his old friend's history—nearly as above narrated. He dwelt particularly on the fact that Mr. O'Flanagan had exclusive claim to the setting up of the "Poet's Corner" in the *Nation*, and as a conseqence, that every line of Thomas Davis's poetic contributions to the paper had been printed by him. He dwelt feelingly on the old man's affectionate admiration for Davis, and told of the high esteem in which the veteran himself was held by Charles Gavan Duffy, and the rest of Davis's associates on the *Nation*.

On my meeting the old gentleman next day, I was impressed with the resemblance which, (making allowance for difference in age,) his face bore to that of the portrait of Thomas Davis, both in the general outline of the features, and their thoughtful, kindly expression. Though then in his seventy-second year, Mr. O'Flanagan looked hale and hearty as a well-preserved man of sixty. He was tall and strongly built, and must, when in his prime, have been possessed of great physical powers. His reception of me was most kindly; and after telling me that Mr. Duffy had informed him of my meeting the old volume of the *Press* and the impressions it made on me, he added "Yes! I worked on the *Press* during the term of its existence—fifty years ago." We did not talk much, then, of those stirring, by-gone times; but as he expressed a desire to see me as often as I could make it convenient to call at the office, I promised to avail myself of the invitation. At parting, he pressed my hand most warmly; and at the moment, no boy in all Ireland felt prouder than I did—while clasping in mine, the hand that held that of "LORD EDWARD" in the United Irishmen's fraternal

grasp: but then, or since, I could never find words to give expression to the memories of the past and hopes for the future, which, commingled, crowded on my thoughts as I felt the contact of that honored hand.

We met several times after during the ensuing eventful weeks, and, hopefully, discussed the exciting occurrences which seemed to lead, inevitably, towards the fulfilment of our anticipations—a life and death struggle for the possession of Dublin. But when the unexpected su-pension of the "Habeas Corpus Act," forced the popular leaders, yet at liberty, to change their plans and abandon the capital for the country, in my sudden departure for the scene of operations in the south, I had no opportunity of taking a formal farewell of my venerable friend—as I would have done had time permitted.

We met again, however, in the autum of 1849, when, after the failure of the revolutionary movement which gave its only visible sign at Cappoquin, I found myself a "fugitive from justice," under the care of my old comrades in Dublin, and domiciled in the home of my noble-hearted friend, John Duffy. Mr. Duffy, on the suppression of the *Nation* at the close of July, 1848, had been compelled to leave Dublin; but when the "new *Nation*" was started, he returned and went to work in his former position. On enquiring about our old friend, Mr. O'Flanagan, I was delighted to learn that he, also, was at his old quarters—in charge of the "Poet's Corner," and had been much concerned at the result of our efforts to uphold the good old cause.

I determined to see him at once, while I yet had the opportunity, but, at Mr. Duffy's suggestion, I waited until he had prepared him for my coming. Our meeting was more affecting than I had anticipated; for, after his first warm greeting, and while still retaining my hand in his, he gazed, wistfully into my face, and the big tears rolled down his venerable cheeks. The thoughts that gave rise to this exhibition of emotion I could only imagine. I felt that I was identified in his memory with his own position in early manhood, when contemplating the disastrous failure of his glowing hopes, and that, in our short intercourse, I had won some share in his affection. When we parted then, I had but little hopes of our ever meeting again in life; for, under the circumstances in which I was placed, I could not well repeat my visit to the *Nation* office. However, that was not destined to be our last meeting.

Nearly twelve years had elapsed when I, once more, set foot in Dublin. In the intervening time I had read an interesting notice of my old friend, in the "Lives and Times of the United Irishmen," and learned therefrom that he was then (1857,) still living, and pursuing his usual avocation. But

when my dear comrade, Captain Frank Welpley, proposed that I should accompany him to the *Nation* office to see his fellow-townsmen the Messrs. Sullivan, I little expected to meet Mr. O'Flanagan there. Nevertheless, on my enquiring of Mr. Donall Sullivan if the old gentleman was still living? he replied, to my unspeakable delight, "Yes, the old hero is still with us — in charge of the 'Poet's Corner;' there he is over, poor man. But," he added feelingly, on seeing my eagerness to greet my old friend, "he will not recognize you; his memory is all but gone; he is as a little child, and has been so for some time past. He comes to work from habit, and we let him do as he likes in the office to which he is so much attached. We wanted him to rest for the remainder of his life, but he would not harbor the idea; 'rest would kill him,' and he 'would earn his own living independently to the end of his days.'"

I found, on greeting my dear old friend, that Mr. Sullivan's surmise was correct; for, while courteously accepting my offered hand, he told me he "did not remember me," and a moment's reflection showed me that it was useless to attempt the revival of Nature's lost powers, so, after a faltering "good bye," and a last clasp of the brave old hand, I turned sadly away.

Strange to say, Thomas O'Flanagan lived nearly five years after our last interview, and worked at his case in the *Nation* office up to the evening preceding his death.

He died in his 90th year, on the morning of the 24th of August, 1866, and on the 30th his remains were interred in Golden Bridge Cemetery. He was followed to the grave by the entire staff of the *Nation*, by a large contingent of the printing trade of Dublin, and, several other friends and admirers, and, in the words of his biographer, "They buried the old man of a brave spirit, with all the honor and respect that was due to a working man of great worth and unblemished character."

In estimating the various constituent elements which combined in producing the earnest enthusiasm, unselfishness and determined spirit, that characterized the Dublin Confederates of 1848, the sentiment created by the precepts and example of the surviving heroes of 1798, should not be overlooked, or under-estimated. How many of those noble souls contributed to the work, I have no means of ascertaining. I had but personal intercourse with the "THREE" whose memories I would fain associate in these psega with that of the young patriot, who, among all his compatriots in the Irish Capital, had no more enthusiastic and devoted admirers than they:—

"THE BROTHERS IN HEART ARE UNITED IN DEATH!"

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE TREASON-FELONY BILL.—SMITH O'BRIEN IN THE BRITISH BEAR-GARDEN.

WHILE the indicted "seditionary" leaders. O'Brien and Meagher, were aggravating their original offences by fraternizing with revolutionary Frenchmen; and their associate in iniquity, Mitchel, was, by voice and pen. indoctrinating his own countrymen with revolutionary ideas as radical as those held by the rough-and-ready citizens of the Fauburg St. Antoine; the Government felt that their existing laws were utterly inadequate to stem the tide of disaffection that was surging and foaming around their constitutional ramparts, and threatening to overwhelm them, unless extraordinary measures were taken to check the destructive element.

Acting on this conviction, "Her Gracious Majesty's" advisers, under the plea that—"The Government in Ireland felt itself comparatively powerless," introduced a bill for the "security of the crown and government of the United Kingdom." It was known as the "Crime and Outrage (Ireland) Bill," and by its provisions, what were, hitherto, "seditious offences," (bailable, and liable on conviction to a brief term of imprisonment,) were converted into "*felonies*"—"*subjecting those who shall commit them to the penalty of transportation for the period of their natural lives.*"

Under the provisions of this new "Treason-Felony-Act," nearly every speech delivered by Confederates, and every article published in the *Nation* and *United Irishman*, for the five preceding weeks, were liable to be prosecuted. The bill was introduced, and passed the first reading, on the 7th of April. Three days after, its introducer, Sir George Grey, moved that it be read a second time. Then occurred a scene, such as had no parallel in the annals of the House of Commons.

For, to the astonishment and mortification of those conspirators against a nation's liberty, there uprose in their midst the chief of the detested "rebels," to crush whom the proposed bill was specially intended.

MR. WILLIAM SMITH O'BRIEN rose to oppose the bill. His reception is thus described by the London correspondent of the *Freeman*:—

"He was assailed with the most violent bursts of yelling, which lasted

fully ten minutes, and throughout his really magnificent address the most daring attempts were made to hoot him down.

"Indeed, to such an extent were the 'beastly bellowings' of the Commons House of Parliament carried—so violently did fully four hundred 'popular representatives' conduct themselves, that I was in momentary expectation of finding some of those 'fine old English' gentlemanly legislators exercising their physical prowess in an antagonistic encounter with the honorable member for Limerick. Pen cannot convey any adequate idea of the rank barbarism of this degrading exhibition.

"The howling of hungry wolves in the Zoological Gardens faintly resembled the yells which were hounded against Mr. O'Brien."

Your Parliament is to me most hateful,
Discourteous brawlers—half-blackleg boors,
Soul-selling schemers, to trust unfaithful,
Adepts in falsehood and tricky lures.
From the Irish of CRAOIBHIN AOIBHINN.

MR. O'BRIEN'S SPEECH.

DELIVERD IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS APRIL 10TH, 1848.

"I do not rise, sir, for the purpose of entering at length into the details of this bill. I care very little about those details.

"I see in this measure a new attempt to meet the claims of Ireland by coercion rather than by conciliation; and it is in that view, rather than upon any technical form, that I oppose it. I can assure the House, in all solemnity, that I do believe this attempt which you are now making to coerce the people of Ireland will be utterly futile. The people will laugh at your attempts to indict a nation. (Cries of Oh! oh! and some cheers.) Be that as it may, I have a duty to perform, and from the performance of that duty I shall not shrink. (Hear, hear, and Oh! oh!).

"In the year 1843, before I joined the Repeal Association, I felt it my duty to make a last appeal in this House, asking from them what was then called "Justice to Ireland,"—that is, a series of measures calculated to give satisfaction to the Irish people—consistent with the maintenance of the Union between the two countries. You refused that appeal—an appeal not only made by so humble an individual as myself, but by a very considerable portion of the nation of which I am one of the representatives.

"You have now one other opportunity of meeting the demands of that nation by yielding to their claims for a separate legislature—for the prin-

ciple of self-government, as under the ancient constitution of Ireland, by Queen, Lords and Commons. I am here to tell you to-night that I sincerely believe, if you refuse those claims during the present year, you will have to encounter the chance of a republic in Ireland. (Tremendous cries of Oh! oh! and great sensation).

Unlike all the other governments of Europe, the liberal government of England, instead of attempting to pacify the country with which they are most closely connected by timely concessions, meet the demands of the people by prosecutions and by coercive laws, — (a few cries of Hear, hear, and No,) — and this at a moment when your foreign minister is giving his countenance to the efforts of every other people in Europe to redeem themselves from servitude. I ask no better parallel for the condition of Ireland towards this country than that of Sicily in relation to Naples; and what is the noble lord doing with respect to the people of Sicily — the parallel state of Ireland — but saying the people are perfectly right in throwing off the Neapolitan dominion?

"Sir, in my absence, charges have been brought against me. (Hear, hear). If gentlemen have charges to make against me, I should like them to be made here to-night. (Hear, hear). Charges have been brought against me as an individual, and against the party with whom I act. (Oh, and ironical cheers). I am here to answer those charges, both for myself and for the party with which I act; and I will say this with regard to my companions in the noble struggle in which we are engaged — (loud laughter) — that though I have had an opportunity of seeing the most distinguished men of all parties in this House, I never met a number of men acting for a great political object who appeared to me, at least, to be animated by such pure and disinterested motives — (loud laughter) — as those with whom it is my pride to act.

"Now, sir, with regard to myself. I have been called a traitor. (A tremendous burst of cheers followed this sentence, twice renewed before silence was restored.) I do not profess disloyalty to the Queen of England. (Ironical applause.) But if it is treason to profess disloyalty to this House, and to the government of Ireland by the Parliament of Great Britain — if that be treason, I avow the treason. (Oh! and great excitement.) Nay, more, I say it shall be the study of my life to overthrow the dominion of this Parliament over Ireland. (Hear, hear, and cries of Oh!). I undertake to say, and I challenge any man to rebut the statement, that there is no man in this House who stands higher in his public character than I do. (Burst, of laugter). I am certain that, both in this House, and in my countrys there are men infinitely my superiors in talent; but, since I have had the

honor of a seat, as one of the members for the county of Limerick, I can safely say, that I have never given one vote in this House from any other consideration than a sincere and honest desire to promote the public welfare. (Hear, hear). I defy any man to say that the votes I have given have been prompted by any other consideration. (Hear, hear, hear). I tell the House more, now that I am to be an arraigned criminal, that I would gladly accept the most ignominious death that could be inflicted upon me—(ironical cheers)—rather than witness the sufferings and the indignities that I have seen inflicted by this legislature upon my countrymen during the last thirty years of my life.

"It has been stated that I went to France for the purpose of enlisting French aid—(hear, hear,)—that is to say, armed aid and succor for my countrymen in the struggle in which they are engaged. That is a misapprehension. (Oh, oh, oh). If I had gone to France asking for aid of an armed kind, believe me I should have come back accompanied by a tolerably large legion of troops. (Some laughter, and Oh, oh). You may believe what I say. I only wish you had been in France. (A laugh.) The language I have held in Ireland and in France to my countrymen, has been this—that Irish freedom must be won by Irish courage and Irish firmness. I have no desire to impose upon my country one description of servitude in the place of another,—(hear, hear,)—for I believe that the liberty of Ireland, and its redemption from its present position, were they won by foreign bayonets, could only be retained in its possession by foreign bayonets; and, therefore, it is not my desire or my intention to place my country under foreign dominion. (Hear, hear).

"What I did, however, I will boldly avow in this House. I went on behalf of a large portion of my countrymen, as one of a deputation to congratulate the French nation upon the overthrow of a dynasty which had forfeited all claim to continue in possession of the throne of France: upon having shown to the nations of the world—and their example has, to a certain extent, already had that effect—how other nations were to win their liberties, and to thank them for having given an impulse to the cause of freedom, and which, we hope, will re-act beneficially upon our own country; but I have no hesitation whatever in affirming—and with pleasure I avow—that I did find, on the part of the French people, a great amount of intense sympathy with Ireland. I may add, that I do not believe that that sympathy is confined to France alone, but that every nation in the world, every enlightened man, every statesman in the civilized globe, partakes in it, and looks upon Ireland as you look upon Poland, and upon

your connection with Ireland as entirely analogous to that of Russia with Poland. (Laughter).

"Sir, I will not reject the sympathy of other nations; but at the same time I am happy to think that there is among the middling and humbler classes of England a large amount of sympathy with Ireland—that there is amongst them an anxious desire that they should obtain that power of legislation which they wish; and it gives me great satisfaction to think that amongst the Chartists, from five millions of whom—(a laugh)—there has been a petition presented this evening, there is scarce an individual who does not sympathise with the cause of Ireland. (Hear, here, from Mr. Fergus O'Connor and derisive cheers from all parts of the House).

"These men feel that they have been unjustly excluded from all share in political power; they are resolved that the working-classes shall assert their right to a share in the representation of this country, and they know they cannot do so at a better time than when you are embarrassed in your arrangements with Ireland. Therefore, whether it be offered from policy or sincere sympathy, I trust that the Repealers of Ireland will accept that aid which the Chartists are universally prepared to give them.

"Now, I avow the fact—I know not whether it be illegal or not—that I have been instrumental in asking my countrymen to arm. (Marks of surprise and sensation). I conceive that under the present circumstances of all nations, it is the duty of every man to obtain the possession, and learn the use of arms. There is not a nation I believe in Europe, which does not make it part of its duty to instruct its citizens in the use of arms; and I conceive that it is the peculiar duty of the Irish people to obtain the possession of arms at a time when you tell them you are prepared to crush their expression of opinion, not by argument, but by brute force. (Loud cries of Oh, oh, and expressions of disapprobation).

"Let me remind the gentlemen opposite of what took place in 1782. It was then no crime in my countrymen to enlist themselves in armed array for the defence of their country against foreign powers. By that armed array they obtained that independence which England solemnly recorded on her statute book as the inalienable right of the Irish people—a compact which she has since basely and perfidiously violated. I ask them to arm now for the preservation of order, as well as for the purpose of acquiring their liberties; and as I think it right that there should be no mistake as to the opinions, and sentiments, and intentions of the body with whom I act, I will read a resolution which was passed at the last meeting of the Irish Confederation. It was as follows:

"'*Resolved*,—That we hereby repudiate, as a gross calumny, the impu

tation thrown out upon us by Lord John Russell, that the object of this Confederation is social disorder, and a violent separation from Great Britain; and we hereby declare that our object is now, as it always was, the legislative independence of Ireland, and thereby the attainment of social order; and we desire that such independence may be obtained, if possible, without civil war.' (A laugh).

"We have also, acting on the suggestion of the late illustrous leader of the Irish people, recommended our countrymen to send to the metropolis of Ireland a National Council to be composed of three hundred individuals; and I trust that before long that National Council will be established in Dublin. With all deference to the Irish members in this House, we do feel that there is at present no sufficient exponent of the opinions of the Irish nation. The Irish members represent not more than one in each hundred of the population of Ireland. (Hear). We are, therefore, prepared to call upon the people of Ireland to send to Dublin such a board; and with that body I would recommend the noble lord to enter into early and earnest negotiations — (loud and derisive laughter,) — for the purpose of effecting an amicable settlement of the question now at issue between the two countries. (Renewed laughter).

"I was quite prepared when I came here to experience the insulting sneers that I have met; yet, sir, for myself, I believe that we shall eventually succeed in our efforts; and I can tell you that this is not a subject for sneering or levity. If we should unfortunately lend ourselves to the designs of the government, and be led into overt acts of violence, I believe that in such a case we shall have at least the emancipation of our country postponed.

"The government are doing all in their power to stimulate the people to insurrection. What better evidence need be produced of such an intention than the recent employment of spies by officials of the Castle to encourage the manufacture of pikes? (Hear, hear). The noble lord is prepared to govern Ireland, not by satisfying the demands of the people, but by a system of detective police; by employing men who instigate others to crime for the purpose of betraying them? (Hear, hear). Is that to be the principle on which to govern Ireland? The noble lord relies upon packed juries. (A laugh). If he gets a fair jury I say it is impossible to obtain a verdict. Let me tell him that — if he fails, the prestige and influence of the government is overthrown by that defeat; and if there be found one honest and intelligent juror out of the twelve to try us, his object is defeated; but if he succeed, what does he obtain? He little knows the spirit that prevails in Ireland, if he does not know that for every man he prosecutes,

he brings out fifty, one hundred, aye one thousand men, who consider that, so far from being disgraced by being convicted for serving their country, they would gladly suffer any consequences in such a cause. (A laugh).

"The noble lord has boasted in this House of the signatures to the addresses of support which have been sent to Lord Clarendon. But what is their number? I think some two hundred and thirty thousand, persons whose names, by-the-way, are not known — that is, one-thirtieth of the population have been induced, by the most active solicitation, to sign those addresses. Now, I warn the noble lord that he can place no reliance whatever on the influence of the gentry of Ireland. The gentry throughout three-fourths of Ireland are entirely powerless; and all they could do with the aid of British bayonets would be to save themselves. The time was when they had influence, but it is not so now.

"Let the noble lord ask his colleague, Lord Clanricarde, what number of followers he can muster in the county in which the De Burghs once led a formidable clan? Ask the Duke of Leinster, who would be the most powerful subject in Europe if acting with the people, how many would follow him in a struggle against the Irish nation? I believe he could not have a single partizan out of his own family. Ask Lord Ormonde, one of the most amiable men in Ireland, who is universally beloved even by those who differ from him in political opinion — ask how many men would follow his banner? Why, the noble lord must know, that, to look to the gentry of Ireland in the case of a struggle, is to place reliance on a mere fictitious hope. If this question should be settled by a recourse to the last extremity — which I, for one, most ardently and earnestly deprecate — the Irish gentry would be exceedingly glad to compound with any party which would allow them to remain in possession of their estates. (A laugh). You can place, therefore, no reliance on them.

"Then, there is a body, I admit, of considerable intrinsic strength — the Orangemen of Ireland. (Cheers).

"But the Orangemen of Ireland are at this time exceedingly discontented with the government of this country. The bill of the right honorable gentleman, the Secretary for Ireland, is about to deprive them of that tenant right which they value as an inheritance; and do you suppose that they can have any affection for a government which is about to strip them of their means of subsistence? Amongst the Orangemen of the North there exists a great deal of the spirit of the United Irishmen, and it is singular that some of the Confederate party who entertain the most extreme opinions are closely connected with the Orangemen of the north of Ireland.

"I can truly say, that I most ardently desire that the Orangemen should

arm. I am exceedingly anxious that every portion of the people of Ireland should acquire something like the power to vindicate their rights, and therefore, when you talk of arming the Orangemen, you do that which rather gives us satisfaction than conveys any uneasiness. (A laugh).

"The government relies next upon the police force. Now, that force is ten thousand strong, and is a remarbably fine body of men, but it is entirely national; they are taken from the people, and though they are excellent preservers of order — and though I hope they will preserve order — I honor them for the attempt — yet if we were ever led to a great national strife between nation and nation, the policemen would be too glad to obtain the certainty of the future honors and renown which would belong to them if they acted as the saviors of their country, not to take a part in their country's cause.

"The government next relies upon the army.

"Now the army is a very insignificant fraction of the whole population, and if, during the rebellion, one hundred and fifty thousand armed troops were required to retain possession of two or three counties in Ireland, under the circumstances, do you suppose, if it were to come to a struggle, which God forbid — (a laugh) — do you suppose that your thirty thousand men at present under arms in Ireland, would present any serious obstacle to the attainment of their wishes by the people of Ireland? Remember, too, that from the nature of the country — from its subdivision into small fields — cavalry could not act at all; and, if the public communications were obstructed, artillery could not be worked without the greatest difficulty. Such would be your position in case you could place full reliance on the army; but, however painful to you may be the reflection, I believe that you cannot rely upon the army in Ireland. (Loud cries of Oh! oh!) I am persuaded that if there were a struggle to-morrow, a large portion of the army in Ireland would refuse to act against the people. (Cries of Oh! and Order).

"I do not know what is the meaning of liberty of speech, if one cannot speak freely upon these questions. The object of my argument has been this — for I treat with the most utter disdain the attempts of the government to put me down by prosecution — (great laughter) — the object of my argument has been to show that if ever, unhappily, those two great countries should come into a collision, the result of the collision would be extremely uncertain, and cannot, in any case. be otherwise than disastrous to you; and if you fail, it might not be unadvisable to consider what would be the condition of England with an independent Republic on one side, and an independent Republic on the other. (Loud laughter).

"But, if you succeed, you decimate the inhabitants, you destroy their industry, you paralyse their energy, and you are left with what you had before — a discontented population, useless to you, whilst you are despised by all good men.

"I do, under these circumstances implore you, before it is too late, to consider the portentous warnings which have been presented by what has occurred in other countries. Before the knell of English power in Ireland is sounded, I beg of you to make friends of the Irish people, by conceding to them those national rights which they claim, and to which, by every right, human and divine, they are entitled. (A laugh).

"Now, sir, I have used no reserve on the present occasion in the commencement of these observations, and I shall use none at their conclusion.

"When the noble lord tells me I am a traitor to the crown, I repel the charge and retort it. (Roars of laughter). And I tell him that if, in the present condition of Europe, he attempts, as regards his own fellow-countrymen, to crush all the efforts on the part of the democracy to obtain those rights which the people of other countries have obtained: and if, as regards my country, he refuses our demand for self-government — if he acts towards both kingdoms the part of Guizot and Metternich in their respective countries, then, I tell him, it is not I, but he and his colleagues, that are traitors to the country, the Queen, and the constitution." (Slight applause, but almost universal groaning).

This exhibition of British aristocratic blackguardism, so characteristic of the cowardly bully, was, to some extent, stimulated by the triumph which, on that day, the "ruling classes" had achieved over their discontented "lower orders" — the English Chartists.

The latter body had, for some weeks previous, been engaged in preparing a petition to parliament embodying their demands for reform. They announced that this document — with five million signatures attached — would be presented to parliament on the 10th of April, under charge of an escort of half a million able-bodied representatives of the English Democracy, who, converging by several designated routes, on Kensington Common, would there hold a meeting, and march thence in procession to the Houses of Parliament — *on the opposite side of the Thames.*

The Government, fearful of a possible Revolution — and the consequent sack of London — on the 6th of April, issued a Proclamation prohibiting both the contemplated public meeting and the procession through London. On the following day, the Chartist National Convention issued a counter-proclamation, expressing their determination, as peaceably disposed men, to

carry out their original programme at all hazards; whereupon the Government made preparations to meet the emergency, and enforce its supremacy.

As a first precautionary measure, the Queen and royal family left London for the Isle of Wight.

Next, under the dread of loss of their property by general plunder, over two hundred thousand "special constables" were enrolled from the shop-keepers and other non-working classes of London; the employés in all public offices were supplied with arms from the Tower; the regular police force were concentrated on the most suspicious points, while the regular military force — amounting to about ten thousand men — occupied the best strategic positions, and defended the government buildings, though not a soldier was visible on the streets.

The meeting on Kensington Common was duly held, but the leaders were informed by the police authorities that, the procession would not be allowed to return over any of the bridges, and that "*if any attempt were made to do so the parties making it must take the consequences.*"

Thus trapped, through the incapacity or cowardice of their leaders, the Chartists were forced to forego their march to the Parliament House and disperse to their several homes, while the monster petition was conveyed piecemeal in cabs to the House of Commons, where it was presented by Fergus O'Connor, and ordered to lie on the table, from which it was subsequently removed by four messengers of the House — and so ended the great Chartist demonstration in London.

No wonder the aristocrats felt jubilant, and disposed to exhibit their malignity towards the champion of human freedom — after their recovery from their recent fright; and no wonder that the Irish Revolutionists henceforth set little store by the promises of coöperation given them on behalf of their fellow-subjects across St. George's Channel.

Verily, there was a tangible difference between the Democracy of Paris and London in those days. But — to quote an old Irish saying: —

"*Nar Slan a Comortas!*"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

AN IRISH WELCOME-HOME.—MEAGHER'S IMPRESSIONS OF FRANCE.

Filled is the wide hall
With friends from wall to wall,
Where their welcome shakes the banners like a storm.

DAVIS.

SMITH O'BRIEN was amply compensated for the rudeness of England's parliamentary boors, by the enthusiastic reception accorded himself and his fellow-members of the deputation to France by their own warm-hearted countrymen and countywomen, at the close of that eventful week, in the Irish capital.

The committee of the trades and citizens of Dublin had determined to give their deputies a suitable "Welcome-Home," and, in order that the ladies should have an opportunity of participating therein, it was arranged that a *soiree* be given in honor of the returned national representatives.

The entertainment was given on Saturday evening, April 15th, in the Music Hall, and the scene presented on that joyous occasion was one of the grandest and most exhilirating I ever witnessed inside four walls.

The building was filled to its utmost seating capacity, the boxes and galleries being mostly occupied by ladies. Flags were suspended at various parts of the walls—from the boxes, and on the stage. Rows of small tea-tables were placed in the body of the hall, and before the entertainment commenced every seat was occupied. A most conspicuous figure on the stage was that of an Irisher Harper attired in the ancient Irish national costume, seated in the vicinity of the chair—his harp between his knees. A fine temperance band was also present, and during the evening delighted the audience by their exquisite rendering of appropriate selections from the national melodies.

The demonstration was one in which both sections of the Repealers cordially united. Four of the leading members of the Repeal Association Committee were present on the stage in the uniform of the '82 Club, one of them, Andrew R. Stritch, barrister, was called to the chair, and—in his official capacity—proposed the toasts of the evening.

The first toast:—"THE QUEEN OF IRELAND!" was received respectfully, but no orator was called upon to respond, neither did any volunteer, for obvious reasons.

The next toast was—"THE PEOPLE!—By whose permission kings and governments, as kings and governments exist, and for whom alone they should rule."

Mr. S. R. Frazer (member of the Repeal Association Committee,) responded in a spirited speech, in which the "one drop of blood" theory was emphatically repudiated. He said he "came there that night as a citizen of Dublin to tender his sympathy and support to William Smith O'Brien—because heretofore he differed somewhat in opinion with that gentleman; but all that was now at an end. *If they were to be deprived of the last remnant of their liberty, it should be blotted out in their blood.*

"THE LEGISLATIVE INDEPENDENCE OF IRELAND, AND THE MEMORY OF THE VOLUNTEERS!" was given, and duly honored, after which came the toast of the evening—

"IRELAND'S UNCOMPROMISING PATRIOT—WILLIAM SMITH O'BRIEN!"

In the cheers that greeted that toast, welcome, admiration, and prideful affection for the people's champion were commingled with scorn, hatred, and defiance for his enemies. Like fife-notes in the clangor of battle, the shrill voices of the women pierced through the tumult—as the fair enthusiasts, alternately pale, or flushed with intense passionate excitement, stood wildly waving handkerchiefs, or clapping hands—while the pendant banners actually shook as if in animated response to the storm of human passion vibrating around them.

That was a scene to excite the senses, and leave an indelible impression on the heart and memory.

A lull in the storm that woke the echoes alike in animated breasts and inanimate walls,—and a tinkle is heard which is instantly followed by a deep stillness, and a turning of all heads in the direction of the stage. The harper had just touched his strings by way of prelude, and suddenly there burst upon the entranced audience the spirit-stirring notes of "*Brian Boru's March!*"

When the applause which greeted the minstrel's performance of this glorious martial air had subsided, Mr. P. O'Donohue stepped forward, and addressing Mr. William Smith O'Brien, read an address from the Trades and Citizens' Committee to that gentleman and the other deputies to France. The address, which contained a warm welcome to the deputies, was then presented to Mr. O'Brien.

FLAG PRESENTATIONS.

Mr. P. J. Barry then came forward, and, after reading an address to Mr. O'Brien expressive of the determination of the fifteen thousand men who lately met at the North Wall, to sustain that gentleman in his labors for Ireland, presented him with a small banner of green satin, beautifully embroidered, and richly fringed with gold lace. It bore the inscription:—

"WILLIAM SMITH O'BRIEN, M. P.,
IRELAND'S TRUEST PATRIOT."

Mr. O'Brien received the banner amid renewed cheering.

Mr. S. R. Frazer (member of the Repeal Association Committee,) then came forward bearing an old banner of green silk, richly ornamented, and bearing the Volunteers's arms and motto on its centre. It was one of the original flags of the 3rd Regiment of Irish Volunteers. Handing the time-honored relic to Mr. O'Brien, Mr. Frazer said:

"Sir, I have been requested to present you this flag."

Mr. O'Brien received the flag amid enthusiastic cheers, and, holding it in his hand, proceeded to address the assembly in a lengthy and soul-stirring speech, which he commenced by saying that often as it had been his lot to address meetings of his countrymen with sentiments of pride and satisfaction, he could truly say, that, upon no former occasion had he met an assemblage of Irishmen with so much exultation as he then felt. Continuing, he said:—

"In that beautiful emblem you have presented me I am flattered by the appellation of being 'Ireland's truest patriot.' Now I take the liberty to reject that compliment. I tell you there are thousands of men as true in their patriotism as I am,—and I tell you more, I would despair for this country if I did not feel assured that such was the case."

At the conclusion of Mr. O'Brien's speech, the chairman announced the next toast on the list:—

"MESSRS. MEAGHER, O'GORMAN AND HOLLYWOOD, and the remainder of the deputation to France!"

Mr. Meagher rose to return thanks on behalf of the deputation—amid great cheers.

MR. MEAGHER'S SPEECH.

Though I have seen no full report of the speech delivered by Mr. Meagher on this occasion, yet the synopsis given below will afford a fair idea of its substance. After referring to Lamartine's reply to the deputa-

tion — in which he observed that "the nationality of Ireland was as distinctively recognized as that of Italy and Poland by the Provisional Government of France," Mr. Meagher continued.

"I went to France animated with a love of freedom, and glorying in its service. I have returned from France with this love deepened in my soul — worshipping no other object on this earth save the one radient and stately image, to which, in Paris, in Vienna, in Palermo, the breath of the people has given life, vigor, and immortality. For any fate to which this love and worship may impel me I am not only willing but ambitious.

"Mingling in the crowds that gathered round the trees of liberty, which the brave hands that built the barricades have planted, to commemorate the virtue, the invincibility of the sovereign people — contemplating those simple ceremonies, in which the enthusiasm of the most gifted and gallant nation in the world displays itself so gently and so grandly — turning from these scenes, and looking upon the wounded of the 24th of February — sufferers over whose features the consciousness of having played a glorious part had diffused a glow of health and rapture, and from whose lips there escaped no selfish penitence for the blood which their hearts had offered up — finding those sick beds resorted to by the fairest and the highest in the land, and the sufferers honored more loyally than ever kings were honored — following, then, the coffin of some poor fellow who had died of his sacred wounds, and round whose fall the golden cross, the bayonet, and the palm-leaf glittered — beholding there, the holy homage which a free state is sure to render those whose blood has made her free — a witness of these scenes, I have become reckless of that life, which cautious, legal men, grand jurors of the city, special jurors of the city, attorney-generals of the English crown, solemn judges "in red cloth and whalebone" — men of withered hearts and cunning brain — would exhort you to preserve, for the sake of peace and place — the gold dust of the crown, and all the other perquisites of respectable and enlightened slavery.

"I have nothing more to say. I present you with this flag."

(Mr. Meagher here presented to the chairman a splendid flag surmounted by the Irish pike. The material was of the richest French silk, which was most gorgeously trimmed and embroidered; the colors were orange, white, and green).

As the chairman took the flag the whole company stood up and cheered most enthusiastically.

Mr. Meagher resumed — "From Paris, the gay and gallant city of the tri-color and the barricade, this flag has been proudly borne. I present it to my native land, and I trust that the old country will not refuse this

symbol of a new life from one of her youngest children. I need not explain its meaning. The quick and passionate intellect of the generation now springing into arms will catch it at a glance. The white in the centre signifies a lasting truce between the 'Orange' and the 'Green,' and I trust that beneath its folds the hands of the Irish Protestant and the Irish Catholic may be clasped in generous and heroic brotherhood. If this flag be destined to fan the flame of war, let England behold once more, upon that white centre, the RED HAND that struck her down from the hills of Ulster, and I pray that Heaven may bless the vengeance it is sure to kindle."

JOHN MITCHEL'S SPEECH.

MR. JOHN MITCHEL responded to the toast of the "Persecuted Patriots" in a characteristic speech — "plain as a pike-staff." He concluded as follows: —

"To demand the independence which secures bread to the Irish people is what the British law is about to christen 'felony.' It was a misdemeanor last week — it will be felony next week; it was sedition — it is now to be treason. But whatever nickname they may give it in London, the nature of the case will not be altered, nor our plain duty either.

"I have before stated in this hall my views of the policy which we ought to pursue; and I will continue to preach those doctrines, felony or no felony. So long as I am at large, and have the use of my tongue or pen, I will simply go on to preach to my countrymen that the enemy we have to deal with can understand no arguments from you but the points of pikes. I will continue to tell you that franchises are useless for our purpose, but that fire-arms are indispensable — that you may safely neglect the registries, but must in no wise neglect the rifles — that you must love and cherish your arms, and prepare to use them, and rely upon them alone for the righting of all your wrongs.

"Yes, in proportion as you have procured arms and mastered their use, just so far have you advanced on the road to liberty — and not one inch farther. I thank God that I have seen the day when this truth is ackowledged, and when Old and Young Ireland together are preparing to act upon it with zeal. Brighter days are coming to us: this noble weapon glittering above us, this majestic banner, are of good omen to us.

"Ah! the gleaming pike-head rises through our darkness like a morning star. This magnificent Irish tri-color, with its Orange, White, and Green, dawns upon us more gloriously than ever Sunburst flashed over the field of Benburb, or blazed through the battle-haze of Clontarf. My friends, I hope

to see that flag one day waving, as our national banner, over a forest of Irish pikes; and I conclude in the words of one of our dead patriots, which holds a noble moral: —

"A Nation's Flag! a Nation's Flag
If wickedly unrolled,
May foes in adverse battle drag
Its every fold from fold;
But, in the cause of Liberty,
Guard it 'gainst Earth and Hell —
Guard it till Death or Victory —
Look you you guard it well
No Saint or King has tomb so proud
As he whose Flag becomes his shroud."

CHAPTER XXIX.

PREPARATION. — DISAFFECTED SOLDIERS — A CASTLE-PLOT FOILED.

The rifle brown and sabre bright,
Can freely speak and nobly write. — DAVIS.

IMMEDIATELY after his return from Paris, Meagher set himself assiduously to the congenial task of perfecting the arming and equipping of his comrades of the Grattan Club. He was president of this organization, which was principally composed of educated, well-to-do young men, who could afford to arm themselves with the most effective weapons attainable. Accordingly, while their less prosperous associates were fain to rely on an eight-foot pike to work out their country's salvation, they resolved that when the day for action came, they would be found on an equality with their enemies, and every man be armed with a serviceable rifle and its accompanying equipments.

To such members of the club as could not afford the cost of this outfit, Meagher supplied the requisite articles out of his private resources. I learned this fact from Thomas Devin Reilly, under the following circumstances.

Mr. Reilly, having learned that my two comrades, Bob. Ward and Dan. Magrath, were saddlers, engaged them to manufacture belts and cartridge-

boxes, from patterns of the regulation kind which he supplied. The articles, as they were finished, were stored at Reilly's residence, "Mosipher Lodge," near Rathmines, until called for by those for whose use they were ultimately intended. It was on the occasion of one of my visits to his home that, in the course of conversation, he informed me of Meagher's generous patriotism in thus coming to the assistance of the brave fellows whom he felt confident of soon leading to battle for Irish freedom. The act was wise as well as generous, and though Mr. Reilly's revelation of the secret enhanced my admiration for his friend, I was prepared for any act of self-sacrifice by the latter; for Meagher was not one to set bounds to his patriotism, or to economize his property in a cause to which he had devoted his life.

DISAFFECTED IRISH SOLDIERS.

But, while Mitchel's matter-of-fact arguments in favor of a revival of the Irish hardware manufacture, had set scores of anvils ringing in the dingy lanes of Dublin; while Duffy and O'Brien were preparing the public mind for the organization of an "Irish National Guard;" while Reilly and Meagher were quietly and efficiently equipping their patriotic battalions at home, and O'Gorman and his asssociate deputies studying French exercises in Paris; while the "Students" were founding an *Ecole Polytechnique*, and crowding the shooting-galleries nightly for practical experiments in the science of gunnery, and while, here and there, in lofts and cellars, some ambitious club-men risked transportation to learn the rudiments of military instruction under the tutelage of a discharged soldier, or deserter; not one of them all thought of turning to practical purposes the spirit of disaffection which notoriously permeated the hearts of their countrymen in the English army, and which was almost daily manifested in the garrison of Dublin — as well as in those of the provincial towns, from Cork to Belfast, — in ways that could not be misunderstood.

It was a most unaccountable oversight on the part of men bent on "Revolution," to neglect such an opportunity of strengthening the national forces, and demoralizing those of the enemy.

From circumstances which came to my own knowledge at the time, I am of the opinion that, had a well-arranged plan of organization been put in operation in the spring of 1848, among the Irish soldiers then in Dublin, at least one-third of the garrison, (or five thousand men,) could be secured for the cause of Fatherland and Liberty. This was the estimate of some of the soldiers themselves, based on their knowledge of the number of Irish-

men in every separate regiment in the city, and of the general feeling prevalent among them.

Thus in the Royal Barracks were the 75th and the 85th Regiments of Infantry; numerically these were the strongest in Dublin — the former mustering seven hundred and fifty and the latter six hundred and fifty men. In the 75th were three hundred and fifty Irishmen, and in the 85th three hundred. Of these more than five hundred were calculated on to take sides with the people *in the event of an insurrection commencing in the national capital.*

Again, in the Pigeon-House Fort were a little over two hundred men, of whom but about fifty were Irishmen. In pointing out the strength of the place, — (situated at the extremity of a long causeway running into the harbor,) — one of the garrison showed that, "while five thousand assailants from *without* could not take it — if unprovided with heavy artillery, — a comparative few from *within*, could spike the guns, and throw open the gate to a well-conducted night attack." It was thoughtful, calculating soldiers like this class that were to be dreaded by the government, for they were likely to prove far more dangerous than their excitable, unreflective countrymen — who gave vent to their patriotic feelings in "cheers for Repeal," or in bloody encounters in street or tavern, with their red-coated Saxon antagonists.

Of course, no organization for revolutionary purposes could be attempted in the army — unless it was strictly *secret* in its nature. But, in those days, Irish leaders — moderates and extremists alike — as if by common understanding (or universal infatuation,) seemed to entertain repugnance to having recourse to any organization of a secret tendency. Hence it followed as a natural consequence, that the meetings of the Confederate clubs, and even those of the Council of the Confederation, were left unguarded against the treachery of government spies — who regularly reported their proceedings to the Castle.

It might be thought, that, — when the leaders were pointing out the glorious achievements of the revolutionists in the continental cities, — as examples to be emulated by their compatriots in Dublin — they might have reflected on the well-known fact, that in *every instance*, the success of the continental Revolutionists was due — not to the unpremeditated uprising of an exasperated populace, but to the men who, for years, were preparing in secret for such a contingency, and were ready to avail themselves of it promptly when it at last arrived.

Any student of French history, from the Revolution of 1830 to that of

last would see that during those eighteen years the secret revolutionary societies of Paris were incessantly engaged in plotting how to undo the blunder that made Louis Philippe king—and so cheated the nation out of the liberty bought by the blood of her best and bravest. They made many false attempts—but their day of triumph came.

A CASTLE PLOT FOILED.

But, though the Confederate leaders—by preaching and practice—repudiated secret methods of attaining their ends, their antagonists were not so scrupulous. With them—"the end justified the means." On that principle the agents of British rule in Ireland had acted from Strongbow to Clarendon. The latter had good cause for alarm in the rapidity with which the citizens of Dublin,—in the absence of any prohibitory law,—were arming: and, although the bill then before parliament would, in a few days, give them the requisite power to deal with the subject "legally and constitutionally," he resolved to anticipate its passage,—and the *possible* action of the Revolutionists,—by a stroke of policy that, if successfully accomplished, would give him a place in history beside Cromwell.

His plan contemplated a sudden and simultaneous raid on the homes of every known disaffected man in Dublin, and the seizure of all arms found therein.

It was a bold conception to emanate from the brain of a statesman whose genius was heretofore supposed to be mainly devoted to the cultivation of "prime cabbages and other green crops." Had the attempt been made to put it in execution according to the original programme, it might have been partially successful—after some isolated attempts at resistance; or, on the other hand, it might have precipitated a general uprising in the capital.

The following history of this plot, and the causes which led to its failure in embryo, is now, for the first time made public.

JAMES MURPHY, a native of Tallow, county of Waterford, was one of the Dublin garrison, who, in 1848, was more loyal to his country than to his queen. I first met him while walking with my comrade Dan. Magrath, one evening by Beggar's Bush Barracks. On our exchanging a passing salutation, the similarity of our accent to his own, led the soldier to remark—

"Boys, ye must be from near the same part of Munster as myself—I was born in Tallow—[*"Cuid an-Bhrighde!"*]

We told him our birth-place was within seven miles of his—namely, Cappoquin. It did not take long till we found our political sentiments were as much alike as our "brogue," and thenceforward we met often—at our

lodgings, or in the Phœnix Park (near which Murphy's regiment was stationed — in the Royal Barracks).

From him we learned much interesting information concerning the state of the political feeling among the Irish soldiers in Dublin; who, in the absence of any help at organization from without, had been at work quietly among themselves — making calculations of their reliable forces in view of certain hoped-for eventualities.

In the early part of May Murphy came one afternoon to our lodgings with the information, which he had just received, through his sergeant, that a general search for arms was to be made throughout Dublin, on a night close at hand, but not yet named. A detail of soldiers had been ordered from every regiment in Dublin, whose duty would be to take positions at designated street-crossings, and prevent all ingress or egress, to or from the blockaded quarter — while the police were to search the suspected houses and capture all arms found therein. He added that himself was to be one of those detailed from the Royal Barracks, and that — if it was decided to make a fight on the occasion — the guns commanding the barrack-gate would be "spiked" before they left the yard.

He brought me the information that I might convey it to the proper quarter, and such measures be taken as would be deemed advisable under the circumstances.

After arranging to meet my informant on the next evening in the Park, I hastened to the *Nation* office to communicate the news to Mr. Duffy, in the first place. Not finding him in, I went to the office of the *United Irishman* to see either Mr. Mitchel or Mr. Reilly; but both had left for the former's home in Rathmines, a short time previously. Thither I followed, and found them at dinner. Mr. Reilly came out, and on my giving him the information he beckoned to Mitchel, to whom I repeated the story, and asked — "what was to be done?"

After pondering over it for a few minutes, he advised that the clubs should be informed of the contemplated raid without delay, with the advice from him to take such steps as they liked best in the matter, — either to place their arms in security, or use them on the raiders. He expressed the opinion that, when the projectors of the plot found, through their spies, that the clubs were apprized of it — they would abandon it altogether, rather than risk a failure — or fight.

The result showed the correctness of Mr. Mitchel's surmise; for when I communicated the information — with his instructions — to the committee of the Swift Club, (omitting, of course, the source from which I derived the news,) and it was announced to the assembled members, a party whom I

did not know, doubtingly, asked — who told me? I replied that "he had all that was necessary he should know on the subject; that I believed my informant, and that it was for the club to act as they thought fit in the matter."

I believe my interlocutor was a Castle spy, who, unconsciously, served the cause he was hired to betray, by conveying the discovery of the plot to its concoctors. At all events, there was no raid; and most of the arms were concealed for a time.

CHAPTER XXX.

BY THE SHANNON AND THE SUIR.

In tempting wealth and trying woe,
In struggling with a mob's dictation;
In bearing back a foreign foe,
In training up a troubled nation:
Still hold to Truth, abound in Love,
Refusing every base compliance—
Your Praise within, your Prize above,
And live and die in SELF-RELIANCE.—DAVIS.

In all probability Clarendon's idea of a midnight raid on the Dublin Confederates was stimulated by a disgraceful occurrence which transpired in the city of Limerick towards the close of April.

On the 29th of that month, a *soiree* in honor of the "Prosecuted Patriots" was given by the Limerick Sarsfield Club. O'Brien, Mitchel and Meagher — the guests of the occasion — attended. During the progress of the festivities, a mob, said to be composed of "Old Irelanders," collected outside the building, and broke the windows with stones. O'Brien, who went to the door to remonstrate with the assailants, was struck in the face by one of the missiles before he was recognized by the misguided dupes of whatever sneaking rascal incited them to their murderous mission. When they saw who the victim was, they were loud and vehement in their protestations of sorrow, declaring that they meditated no injury to him. They selected an escort of twenty to accompany him to his house — whither he retired from the *soiree*

Who the inciter of this outrage was, was never *positively* known to the public — the party most strongly suspected having vehemently denied any connection with it, in a letter written immediately after the occurrence.

When the news of O'Brien's reception among his constituents reached London, the press was jubilant over the event, and declared that England's opportunity had arrived. From this, most probably, it was, that the Satrap of Dublin Castle took his cue. But he lacked the resolution to play the part of the midnight burglar — that of the jury-packer being more congenial to his taste — as being safer.

In the meantime O'Brien was waited upon by the citizens of Limerick of all parties, who expressed their sympathy and respect, and when leaving the city on his return to Dublin, he was followed by the cheers and blessings of the populace. During the ensuing fortnight addresses from all parts of Ireland kept pouring in upon him, and served to compensate him for the malevolence of his English revilers.

The visit to Limerick was intended to be the first of a series which O'Brien and Meagher contemplated making through the cities and towns of the South, for the better oganization of the national forces therein. Their programme was subsequently modified, so that, while Mr. O'Brien remained in Dublin, pending his trial for sedition, Charles Gavan Duffy accompanied Meagher on his tour of inspection to his native "Valley of the Suir." The citizens of Waterford had arranged to give an entertainment in honor of the "Prosecuted Patriots" on the evening of Sunday, May 7th, and, at an early hour of the morning of that day, every vehicle attainable in the city was in requisition to convey the enthusiastic nationalists up to Carrick — where they expected to meet the patriot leaders, and escort them thence to Waterford. Messrs. Meagher and Duffy arrived in Carrick about 11 A. M., and proceeded to Mass, after which they went to the hotel, where an address was presented to them by the Rev. Patrick Byrne, C. C.*

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*For many years past, Vicar-General and Parish Priest of Lismore.

FATHER BYRNE was then one of the most popular young priests in Ireland. A fortnight before this meeting in Carrick, he addressed the following spirited letter to the editor of the *Dublin Evening Post*:

"CARRICK-ON-SUIR, April 21st, 1848.

"SIR, — Allow me, through your journal — which so richly deserves the gratitude of the 'paternal government' — to say, in reply to Lord John Russell's menace of opposition till death to the Repeal of the Legislative

From the windows of the hotel both gentlemen addressed an immense concourse of people, whom the news of their coming had attracted from both sides of the Suir — from the slopes of Sliabh-na-Mon on the Tipperary side — and the valleys of the Commerahs on that of Waterford. From end to end of the Island, no better fighting material could be found than was in Carrick on that day; and amongst them all, townsmen, or peasants, Meagher had no more resolute or devoted adherents than his recent electioneering opponents — the indomitable "Carrick Boatmen."

The route from Carrick to Waterford was over the bridge to Carrick-Beg, and thence by the Waterford side of the Suir, through Portlaw. It was a continuous triumphal march — every mile of which swelled the cheering escort. At Portlaw the enthusiasm was indescribable; there the demonstration of the country-people attained its greatest strength, the place being about equi-distant from Carrick and Waterford.

Half way between Portlaw and the city, the procession was met by the congregated trades of Waterford with their bands and banners, and for the

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Union, that, whether he will or not, we must and shall have an independent legislature. And I beg leave, through you, to give him the reason; a convincing one you will admit.

"The priests of Ireland are determined to stand by and with the people, come what may; and should the insane Whig policy drive them to the adoption of those means which the Milanese so successfully tried, like their sainted and glorious Archbishop, the Irish priest shall be found amid the fight, invoking heaven's blessing upon it. May God avert such a crisis! But should it come, may the wrongs of seven centuries nerve the arm of every Irishman. 'Tis better to have the truth plainly told to the English Government, that they may be wise in time, and grant that which alone can satisfy the Irish nation, and continue her one of the brightest gems in Victoria's crown.

"Allow me, also, through you, to inform the Premier that on yesterday was held a meeting of the priests of the dioceses (Waterford and Lismore,) presided over by our revered bishop. An address, praying her Majesty to grant the Repeal, was unanimously adopted. In the excellent speech of his lordship, we were exhorted to go with the people in everything their good would demand, without a violation of the precepts of our holy religion — a counsel we'll cheerfully follow.

"I have the honor to remain, your obedient servant,

"P. Byrne, R. C. C."

remaining four miles, the road was covered by a dense moving mass—constituting a veritable "Monster Meeting," the like of which had not assembled in Waterford since that of June, 1843.

The united procession entered the city by the old Cork mail-coach road, down the Yellow Road, Summer-Hill, Bridge street, and along the Quay. On passing that part of the Quay opposite which Her Majesty's ship-of-war "Dragon" was moored, Meagher caused the procession to halt, and said that he "would select that place whence to remind his hearers that their country was not in their own hands—that it was held by force," and he concluded by calling for "Three cheers for the Green above the Red"—to send it home to the government, as he knew they would hear of it.

The *soirée*, which was given in the Town Hall, that evening, was attended by over five hundred of the most distinguished (and now UNITED) Repealers of the city, including several Catholic clergymen from the city and the adjoining parishes. Of these latter gentlemen, the one who spoke most enthusiastically of all the orators of the evening, was Mr. Costello's seconder at the Waterford election, and Meagher's most aggressive opponent—on *that* occasion. His adhesion to the extreme national party in this crisis of his country's destiny, testified to the sincerity of his convictions, and afforded one of the most remarkable instances of the great changes which current events were producing in the minds of even the most prejudiced men of his class.

Mr. Meagher and Mr. Duffy addressed the meeting in stirring speeches. Both dwelt particularly on the urgent necessity of the people procuring arms at once. Their remarks were carefully noted by two government reporters specially detailed for that purpose.

On the day following the Waterford demonstration, Messrs. Meagher and Duffy attended a meeting of the United Repealers of Kilkenny and were most warmly received. Here also, both gentlemen forcibly dwelt on the paramount duty of every true man arming, so as to be prepared for any contingency. From Kilkenny they returned to Dublin, in which city the trials of O'Brien and Meagher for sedition were set down for the beginning of the ensuing week.

CHAPTER XXXI.

ARREST OF JOHN MITCHEL FOR TREASON-FELONY.—COMMENCEMENT OF SMITH O'BRIEN'S TRIAL.—SCENES IN DUBLIN.

Ye who despoil the sons of toil saw ye this sight to-day,
When stalwart trade in long brigade beyond a king's array,
Marched in the blessed light of heaven, beneath the open sky?
Strong in the might of SACRED RIGHT, that none dare ask them why.

C. G. DUFFY.

Monday, May 15th, was the day appointed for the trial of William Smith O'Brien. The people looked forward to it with keen interest, but without any manifestation of excitement, for they felt that unless the jury was notoriously packed, it would not return a verdict for the Government,—and a disagreement would be tantamount to an acquittal in its effect on the popular cause.

This equanimity was, however, suddenly dispelled, and the popular heart roused to excitement when, on Saturday evening, the report that John Mitchel was arrested and lodged in Newgate, spread simultaneously all over the city.

As the Treason-Felony Act had been specially framed for John Mitchel's destruction, his arrest had been anticipated at any moment since the Queen's signature had been affixed to the bill. Still, now that the expected blow had fallen, its effect was not the less acutely felt.

Newgate was the "Bastile" of Dublin, and a presentment, akin to conviction, was felt by many of Mitchel's most earnest disciples, that, if he was to come forth a free man from its gloomy, murder-stained precincts, the accursed pile should first share the fate of its Parisian prototype. Animated by this feeling, they, on that night, removed their arms from the secret receptacles in which they were so recently stored, and, before morning they had their newly-burnished pikes mounted, and all other requisite preparations made to respond promptly when the eagerly-expected "WORD" was passed.

What manner of men these Confederates were, may be learned from the

following impartial account of their public appearance — as an escort to the "Prosecuted Patriots," — given by the papers of the day: —

THE MUSTER OF THE CLUBS.

MONDAY, MAY 15TH, 1848.

(From the *Freeman.*)

"This day being appointed for the trial of William Smith O'Brien, the city was astir from an early hour. The fact of Mr. Mitchel's unexpected arrest tended much to quicken the excitement which filled the trading community, at least, of this metropolis.

"From an early hour the club-rooms, from which it had been resolved to send members to attend the prosecuted gentlemen to the courts, were filled with eager occupants. As we passed through the leading streets, we could not help remarking, by his staid gait and respectable appearance, every individual member, however isolated, wending his way to the trysting-place.

"As the clubs formed in their respective rooms, they marched three abreast, in military style, keeping the step with remarkable accuracy. The centre of meeting was Westland Row. Here, in Mr. Murphy's, next to Gilbert's Hotel, were Messrs. Smith O'Brien and T. F. Meagher, (the latter of whom had previously arrived at the head of the Swift Club). As each club defiled before the house, the cheering was of the most enthusiastic nature.

"When the heads of the columns had formed, the members made a *detour*, and fell into close file, passing along Westland Low up to Lower Merrion street, which presented a better notion than we had hitherto possessed of the great strength and respectability of those who composed the clubs.

"Sixteen clubs in all, (of which we we were only able to take a rapid sketch,) under, early as it was, a scorching sun, defiled before the lodgings of Mr. O'Brien, in Westland Row.

"It being now a quarter to ten o'clock, the procession formed. The Davis Club was the first to arrive on the ground. It was headed by Thomas D'Arcy M'Gee, and counted about five hundred fine young men, evidently respectable.

"It may be well here to observe of all clubs, comprising at a fair calculation at least ten thousand persons, there did not appear present one who, in point of correct and manly bearing, as well as respectability of exterior, would not present to the stranger a creditable specimen of the young men of our city; in fact, to quote the words of an intelligent Englishman, who

was an anxious and deeply interested spectator of the procession, 'This was no Irish rabble.' Each and every man forming that immense escort looked and acted as if impressed with the seriousness of the duty he came to perform, and conscious of an individual responsibility in upholding his dignity as an Irish citizen.

"Next followed the Swift Club, numbering six hundred and twenty members, headed by Richard O'Gorman, Esq., Jun. This club walked, as did the preceding club, three abreast, and drew up in front of the pathway, occupying part of Leinster street and Lower Merrion street.

"The Grattan Club next approached, headed by T. F. Meagher; its numbers were considerably augmented by the coalition of another club, and it could not have numbered less than eight hundred members.

"The St. Patrick's Club approached next, headed, in the absence of its president (Mr. John Mitchel,) by his brother, W. H. Mitchel, Esq.

"The Doctor Doyle Club was next, led by Mr. Halpin and Mr. Watson.

"The Curran Club, headed by J. B. Dillon, Esq.

"These bodies numbered from four hundred to five hundred, respectively —a splendid body of young men.

"The Student's Club, with which was associated the Mercantile Assistants' Club, followed, headed by R. D. Williams, Esq., and Kevin I. O'Doherty, Esq.

"The Fitzgerald Club, from Harold's-cross, a new club, numbering about one hundred men.

"Then followed the Hamilton Rowen Club, the Clonskeagh, the Williamstown, and other new clubs — forming in all as fine a body of young men, of as manly bearring and respectable appearance, as were ever seen met to vindicate the justice of any cause, or to celebrate its triumph.

"The Ranelagh, Sandymount, Irishtown, and Sheare's Clubs, all new clubs, arriving late, had to fall in with some of the older clubs. Altogether there were sixteen clubs.

"Along Great Brunswick street, through which the clubs marched to their rendezvous, along Westland Row, (where Mr. Smith O'Brien resides,) through Upper and Lower Merrion streets and Leinster street, the *trottoir*, and even the midway were densely crowded with people; groups were crowded at every window — every balcony and standing-place had its space filled with anxious spectators. From an early hour in the morning the lodgings of Mr. Smith O'Brien were crowded with numbers of his friends, who called to present him with assurances of their regard and sympathy.

"When Mr. O'Brien, accompanied by Mr. Meagher and several of their

friends appeared on the street, word was passed to the head of the procession, and the leading files were put in motion, proceeding up

NASSAU STREET.

"Here the scene presented a most imposing aspect. From the narrowness of the street, the procession and the crowds accompanying it filled up the entire way. The windows and balconies of the houses were filledt with ladies, who responded to the hearty cheers from below by waving handkerchiefs, &c. The railings of the College park — up which numbers had climbed — afforded a view of the procession as it passed.

"As the head of the procession turned into Grafton street, additional crowds joined it from the various neighboring localities; and numerous as he assemblage was before, it appeared nearly doubled at this point — the doors and windows of the houses presenting the same exhilirating demonstrations from groups of the fair sex, crowded at every point where a view could be obtained. The crowd became still more dense as the cortege approached

COLLEGE GREEN.

"This was, perhaps, one of the most interesting phases in the entire procession. Whilst the attendant crowd, and the occupants of the windows and balconies, cheered loudly as the procession passed the Irish House of Parliament, the members of the clubs evinced no outward signs of the feelings of deep love and hope which the sight of their senate-house caused to burn within them, save by uncovering as they passed. No ebulition of party spirit was manifested as the procession defiled past the statue of King William — not a sneer nor a groan — no hooting — no yelling; and save when a cheer was raised now and then as new accessions were added to the procession, nothing was heard but the tramp onward in measured time of men, whose bearing and appearance would be a credit to the metropolis of any nation. It would be but to repeat what we have already stated, were we to describe the scene as the illustrious accused and his escor passed onward through Dame street.

"We may observe that he walked with the Rev. Mr. Meehan, Mr. Comyn of Woodstock, Joseph Henry Dunne, and Sir Simon Bradstreet. The other gentlemen of the committee of the Loyal National Repeal Association and the Confederation Council followed in order. The clubs, as we have stated, were headed by their presidents respectively.

THE QUAYS AND BRIDGES.

"On arriving at Essex Bridge, and looking backwrad the *coupdœil* was tm

posing in the extreme. The Royal Exchange, with its dark columns, formed the background of a vista through which moved one dense tide of human beings, the effect being rendered still more impressive by the silence which pervaded the immense multitude. The balustrades and lamp-irons on the bridges were mounted by clusters of spectators. The windows of the warehouses and private residences at this point presented an unusually gay spectacle, and as the procession passed the bridge, and wheeled round the quay towards the courts, one mighty cheer burst forth, which was taken up and re-echoed to the very gates of the Four Courts, announcing to those inside awaiting the commencement of the proceedings the arrival of Smith O'Brien to take his trial before a jury of his countrymen for sedition. As the procession approached the gates, the leading files passed on and formed in line along the pathway at the river side, the rear falling into two lines, through which Mr. O'Brien, accompanied by his friends, the members of the Association Committee, and the leading Confederates, passed amidst enthusiastic cheering, and attended by many a fervent and loudly-uttered wish that he might come forth free and triumphant.

"The clubs, on leaving Messrs. O'Brien and Meagher at the courts, re-formed, and proceeded to visit John Mitchel in Newgate. When the word was given, the dense mass of people who crammed the quay opened, as if by magic, and through this lane the clubs passed in living mass and close column. They first proceeded up.

CHURCH STREET,

which, although it was packed from side to side, did not present one single instance of obstruction. They then turned into

NORTH KING STREET AND HALSTON STREET.

"The long line passed by the Little Green, the people cheering vociferously as they first caught sight of the rear of

NEWGATE.

"The applause was kept up until the head of the column reached the front of the prison in

GREEN STREET.

"On the steps of the prison stood six police in two files, with a reserve of a similar number in the entrance to the 'Hatch.'

"Mrs. Mitchel, the young and exceedingly interesting lady of the inmate of the prison, was leaving the prison with Mr. Reilly as the procession turned into Green street. The street and steps of the prison were instantly blocked up.

"As the first club fronted the gaol, a deafening cheer was raised, all the inmates of the opposite houses joining in the chorus, waving, at the same time, hats and handkerchiefs. During this moving scene, Mrs. Mitchel bore herself like a heroine, and as she moved her hand in thankfulness the applause was stunning. Mr. Reilly remained uncovered during the proceedings, and received more than one hearty cheer.

"As the St. Patrick's Club came up in front of the gaol, the excitement became more intense. A tall, powerful-looking gentlemanly individual, stood out from the front rank, and exclaimed in a sonorous voice, which was heard afar over the vast crowd:—'*This is The Felon's Club!*' The club instantaneously uncovered and marched past in funeral pace.

"The whole scene was wonderfully affecting. All passed on in dead silence until the last line, when a cheer, sustained with marvellous power of lung, rang from out the crowd which encompassed the gaol. So hearty was this shout of thunder—so much in earnest seemed the aspect of the multitude—that the police recoiled; and, as was said by a by-stander, 'If the people wished to break the peace there were enough there to eat up the gaol.'

"But all passed off in the utmost peacefulness, and the clubs passed up Bolton street and Capel street to the quays, falling off to their respective club-rooms, and finally dispersing. An immense crowd, however, remained around the courts."

As a participator in the demonstration so graphically described, I can bear personal testimony to the general fidelity of the reporter's pencil. With regard, however, to the scene in front of Newgate, when Mrs. Mitchel appeared on the steps with Mr. Reilly, I can add a little information relative to an incident which possibly escaped the professional gentleman's observation, owing to his position at the moment it transpired.

"The leading files of the Swift Club had just arrived opposite the entrance to Newgate, when the club's vice-president, Thomas Devin Reilly, came forth from the prison, leading a slight, and very fair young lady with a sweetly pensive face and light-auburn hair. At the sight of the two the club halted, and some one having observed—"That's Mrs. Mitchel!" all heads were uncovered and a cheer rang out, which was taken up by the entire column, and reverberated from the surrounding houses. Both Mrs. Mitchel and Mr. Reilly gracefully acknowledged the salutation, the lady's blue eyes flashing with prideful excitement, while those of her impulsive escort were glistening with the moisture that sprang from an overflowing heart.

Again, and again, the cheers were repeated—to the evident gratification

raised. Mitchel and his escort having entered the vehicle—the horses were driven at a gallop towards the Courts, with mounted policemen in front, rear, and on both sides of the conveyance.

The crowd was momentarily taken by surprise at the suddenness of the onset: but quickly recovering they dashed wildly after the carriage, and came up with it as it was dashing into "Petticoat Lane." Here a strong force of police was posted—as if in anticipation of such a movement by the people.—and no sooner had the vehicle and its mounted escort entered the lane, than they formed across the narrow passage, in double ranks—to bar the further progress of the living torrent. But the people's blood was up then and they pressed on.

Devin Reily and his friends happened to be among the foremost to bear down on the barred thoroughfare—and he was promptly collared by a stalwart six-footer—who was as promptly levelled as if shot, by a blow between the eyes from "Slashing Bob. Ward!"

With a shout of triumph and defiance, the crowd swept like a mountain-flood through the gap thus formed:—over the prostrate policeman's body they tramped—his comrades, leaving him to his fate, and mindful only of saving themselves—gave way before the resistless stream; and, with faces pale with fright, turned to walls on either side, and felt the bounding mass sweep on behind them, expecting momentarily to be overwhelmed beneath its angry surges. But Bob. Ward's well-timed blow was the *only* one actually struck on that occasion.

How the gallant fellow would have prided in it, had it been—what for a few moments seemed within the bounds of probability—"*The first blow of* THE REVOLUTION!"

That wild rush down the lane can no more be described in its details than could the passage of a tornado. The chaotic tumult on every side was so bewildering, and the time of its occurrence so brief, that neither eye nor ear could take cognizance of the separate elements blended confusedly in sight and sound. A lightning-like glimpse at startled, impassioned faces filling open windows in advance of me; or other forms dropping, or leaning, from second stories, or rushing from the doors with some hastily-snatched weapon in hand; the carriage and its galloping escort a few yards ahead; and in the distance—bounding the view in front—a black mass of resolute watchful men lining the quays;—this was what I saw.

The rumbling of wheels and clatter of galloping hoofs over the stony street; the hoarse shouts of angry men; the clamor of excited women and children—their shrill cry of "MITCHEL! MITCHEL!"—"Now boys we have him!"

That is all I remember hearing, as with feet scarcely touching the ground—I was borne along in the head-long rush—my brain in a whirl of excitement—through which, like a flash, came the thought that, in another minute, this rushing, living torrent would dash into the human sea in our front, communicating thereunto its own impetuous activity and resolute purpose—and then——

A bitter imprecation gave vent to my feelings, as I saw one of the mounted escort grasp the reins from the driver's hands, and suddenly wheel to the right and into an open gate leading to the rear of the Four Courts, and within fifty yards of the expectant thousands on the quay. The quickly closed gate told the flushed and panting crowd, that their half-formed hope was vanished for the time-being; and they joined the eager assemblage in front of the Courts to explain the cause of their exitement, and find heart-felt sympathy in their disappointment.

On our return over the same route a few minutes later, we found the people earnestly discussing the startling occurrence. One hale old man, addressing a group of attentive listeners, observed that, since "Emmet's Rebellion," it was the only time in which he had seen the law defied in broad daylight in Dublin—and its supporters trampled under foot. In further commenting on the fact, he added,—"There certainly is a great change coming over the people—and, dear knows, *'tis time for it.*"

The greatest and most practical of Ireland's revolutionary leaders, Theobald Wolfe Tone, in expressing his admiration of the enthusiasm manifested by the Parisians in the cause of Liberty and their Native Land, said—"We must move Heaven and earth to create such enthusiasm in Ireland."

In Revolutionary times, the exhibition of such enthusiasm as that of the "mob" in Petticoat Lane, is a healthy sign of the body politic, and no leader, who aspires to emulate Tone, should under-estimate its value as an element of popular strength—or fail to take prompt advantage of its outburst at an opportune moment.

But little consideration was given the occurrence related above at the time it transpired—owing, principally, to the public attention being concentrated on the State Prosecutions. My principal reason for referring to it at present, is to show that the unorganized element of the Dublin workmen, were as eager to respond to a call on their patriotism in a life-and-death struggle for Ireland, as their more carefully prepared fellow-citizens of the Confederate Clubs.

John Mitchel's transfer from Newgate to the Four Courts was for the purpose of attending the reduction of his jury list at the crown office. The business completed, he was brought back to prison in the common police-

van, escorted by a large body of horse and foot police. The return was, however, made by a different route than that taken to the Courts, for obvious reasons.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE STATE PROSECUTIONS. — O'BRIEN AND MEAGHER DISCHARGED. — "CONSTITUTIONAL" GOVERNMENT A FAILURE.

THE trial of Smith O'Brien for sedition occupied but a single day. The speeches for the prosecution and the examination of witnesses took up about two-thirds of the time. Then the judge and jury retired for a brief period, and on their return Mr. Isaac Butt, Q. C., rose to address the jury for the defence. He delivered what the reporters styled — "an able and eloquent address," at the conclusion of which Sergeant Warren replied on behalf of the crown — stating the law of the case to the jury. Then the Chief Justice, in a speech of an hour's duration, endeavored to impress the jury with a sense of their responsibilities, and at half-past six o'clock that body retired for deliberation, but failing to come to an agreement, were locked up for the night.

On the court opening next morning the jury were called in, and the foreman stating that there was no possibility of their agreeing on a verdict, they were discharged — as was also the traverser.

THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER'S trial commenced on Tuesday, May 16th. The proceedings incident thereto, including the preliminary escort of the clubs, differed but little from those that took place at the trial of his compatriot. Mr. Butt defended him with his usual ability, and the jury could not be induced to agree on a verdict; they had retired at a quarter to four o'clock, and at five minutes past five the Chief Justice sent for them, but in reply to his query if they had agreed, he was informed by the foreman that they "had not, nor was there any chance of their agreeing — for there were two gentlemen who said they would not agree with the others."

They were accordingly locked up for the night.

On the following morning the jury were again brought into court, and having answered to their names,

The Registrar asked, "Gentlemen, have you agreed to your verdict?"

Foreman — "We have not."

Chief Justice — "Are you likely to agree, gentlemen?"

Foreman — "We are not, my lord."

Chief Justice — "Then I discharge you."

At this moment one of the jurymen — an auctioneer named Thomas Ferrall — in his anxiety to relieve himself and his fellows, of the true blue stripe, from the suspicion of disloyalty — "let the cat out of the bag," by exclaiming, in an aggrieved tone —

"We are eleven to one, my lord, and *that one is a Roman Catholic.*" (Considerable sensation followed Mr. Ferrall's revelation).

The incautious "tell-tale" was, however, slightly mistaken; for, in addition to that contumacious "*Roman Catholic,*" there was an honest Protestant who also dissented from the majority — and said so at the time.

Mr. Meagher, accompanied by Mr. O'Brien, his friends and counsel, then left the court, and resumed his place in the procession of Confederates which had escorted him from the Council-rooms, in D'Olier street, that morning — the cheering multitude crossed over the bridge and marched by the opposite quays to their starting-point opposite the Council-rooms. Here they drew up in compact lines and were addressed from the windows by Messrs. Meagher and O'Brien.

Both gentlemen congratulated their fellow-countrymen on the triumphs they had just won, and Mr. O'Brien announced that in a few days arrangements would be made for holding an open-air aggregate meeting of the workingmen of Dublin, to protest against any attempt on the part of the government to pack the jury before whom John Mitchel was to be tried for treason-felony.

On the evening of Meagher's trial, at about nine o'clock, the clubs assembled in their full strength on D'Olier street, for the special purpose of making a demonstration in front of Newgate in honor of John Mitchel, and also, to celebrate the victory in the law-courts by a parade through the principal streets of the city. It was, in my opinion, the most imposing exhibition of disciplined strength yet made, at that exciting period, in the Irish metropolis.

The clubs formed in column of fours, and in that order, marched along the quays to the Four Courts, and thence to Newgate prison, on passing which, each club gave three cheers for — "THE FELON," which were repeated along the whole line with startling effect.

From the prison the column marched in silence on their selected route, finally crossing the bridge from Sackville street to D'Olier street, where an

immense concourse had assembled, through the midst of which the clubs marched, and took up their station in the Council-room — when they were addressed by Meagher in a jubilant speech.

The clubs then marched to Smith O'Brien's residence in Westland Row, and cheered him enthusiastically. Thence they passed on through Merrion Square, Merrion Row, and Stephen's Green to Leeson street — fluttering the aristocratic loyalists and Castle toadies of those localities — until, arriving at the residence of Mr. Butt, they deployed into line, and gave the popular advocate a hearty greeting — showing how they appreciated his efforts in defence of their trusted leaders. After leaving Mr. Butt's the Clubs took up their line of march through Stephen's Green, Grafton street, and Westmoreland street — into Sackville street, where they disbanded.

The Castle authorities seemed to attach special significance to this nocturnal parade of the popular forces. Whether they fancied the possibility of its being a prelude to the opening of the anticipated revolutionary drama or were urged into action by the fears of the ultra-loyalists — who were horrified at this irruption of the commonality into their exclusive precincts — may be an open question. But, at all events, there can be no doubt that Lord Clarendon felt called upon to intervene in such manifestations of popular sentiment. Accordingly, he issued a "Proclamation" — forbidding such assemblages in future — on penalty of dire consequences to whoever did not heed the warning. Smith O'Brien promptly took up the Vice-regal gauntlet, and issued a counter proclamation exhorting the citizens to uphold their rights, and daring their enemies to interfere in their threatened arbitrary fashion.

Thousands of this document were printed, and, wherever Clarendon's "manifesto" was posted throughout the city — its antidote was seen in its immediate proximity. Evidently *some* party must back down — or there was "fun," at no great distance ahead.

Impressed with this conviction, my comrades and self were on the look out for its first appearance. Our praiseworthy undertaking was singularly favored by Fortune — for, on the night following the appearance of Smith O'Brien's proclamation, as we strolled over Carlisle Bridge, on our way to D'Olier street, we were confronted by a strong body of police in the act of forming across the latter thoroughfare. Quickening our pace, we passed into the street — before the blockading line had reached the sidewalk — and there halted, awaiting developments. We had not long to wait, for three men were coming down D'Olier street: — two of whom we recognized as Dr. John Gray, proprietor of the *Freeman's Journal* — and his brother, Wilson Gray, Esq. The Doctor, accosting Ward, enquired the meaning of this

obstruction of the public street? "Bob."—who entertained the most supreme contempt for the dapper ex-"Repeal Martyr's" "fence-straddling" proclivities—professed his inability to solve the conundrum, and, maliciously, referred his interlocutor to the "obstructionists" for the required information.

With the proud strut of a pugnacious bantam, and a dignity becoming the future Lord Mayor of Dublin, the little doctor attempted to brush through the confronting ranks. But a rude push, accompanied by a peremptory—"Stand back there!"—brought him to a sudden halt, and suffused his smooth, rosy cheeks with the deeper flush of passionate indignation.

"What!" he exclaimed. "is the meaning of this outrage? Has it come to this, that a citizen of Dublin can't walk the streets of his native city?"

"*It just has, then!*" was the cool and insulting reply. "So stand back, at your peril!"

But our hero's blood was up, and as he seemed inclined to give the upholder of "Law and Order" a further "piece of his mind," he was incontinently arrested, together with his two companions, and marched off to the Head Police Office in College street—followed by the amused crowd that had, meanwhile, collected at the barrier. As, however, the curiosity-hunters were denied admission to Mr. Porter's reception room, we retired.

When on our way home through Capel street, we called at the rooms of the Curran Club, where Ward gave the members a graphic description of Dr. Gray's rencounter with "Clarendon's bullies," it was received with cheers—one enthusiast shouting—

"There goes the '*last plank of the Constitution!*' Doctor!"

This phrase had reference to a declaration recently made by the cautious Editor of the *Freeman*—that he would "stand on the platform of the Constitution until the last plank was swept from under him,"—and then——

When Lord Clarendon ordered the police to blockade the approaches to the Council-rooms of the Irish Confederation, he was well aware that no muster of the clubs in the vicinity was contemplated for that night, consequently he anticipated no danger of a collision with the citizens *then*. But, as the open-air meeting of the citizens was announced to take place on the Sunday following, he calculated that, by this show of determination to enforce his proclamation against the clubs marching in procession—the latter might be induced to heed the warning and forego their expressed intention to maintain their rights.

It was a veritable "game of bluff" with the wily and unscrupulous occupant of the Castle. He *might* succeed in forcing his opponents to throw up their hand—and, if so, their cause was doomed—as surely as was

O'Connell's after the "Clontarf back-down." But, if such were his calculations, they were based on a mistaken estimate of the people's resolution.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE TEST OF MANHOOD

"Tis the Green — oh, the Green is the color of the true,
And we'll back it 'gainst the orange, and we'll raise it o'er the blue.

JOHN EDWARD PIGOT ("Fermoy.")

SUNDAY, May 21st, was the day appointed by the council for the holding of the aggregate meeting. The clubs had received orders to assemble at noon, at their several halls, and march from thence by the most direct route to the place of meeting — (which was at Bellview — in the suburbs of the city, where Mr. Ennis, an extensive manufacturer, had given the large area within his premises for the purpose).

At no previous time — since the date of the French Revolution, — did the Confederates see more cause to anticipate a collision with the government authorities than on that morning. All the political occurrences of the past week, and more especially the issuing of the rival "proclamations," and the subsequent threatening display of the police force on the streets, tended to that direction. All classes of the population — both friends and foes — the peaceably disposed and those belligerently inclined — though animated by different feelings of anxiety, or hope, seemed to concur in the opinion that, if the clubs carried out their avowed determination to march, as heretofore, through the streets — a fight was inevitable. Under these circumstances, it must be acknowledged, that, in facing the contingency — and what, in their opinion, was the *certainty* — of an ambushed attack from a treacherous and vindictive foe — and, — in obedience to the orders of their trusted leaders — doing so *unarmed* — the Dublin club-men exhibited a very high degree of disciplined moral courage; and, judging from what transpired under my personal observation on that occasion — the leaders proved essentially worthy of the implicit confidence reposed in their judgment and resolution.

The Swift Club and its President, Richard O'Gorman, Jun., were specially destined on that day to represent their compatriots in standing the test of manhood, and most nobly did they pass through the ordeal.

At an early hour on that bright May morning, Edward Roach, color-bearer of the club, flung the "Green Flag" — bearing the motto —

"MOURIR POUR LA PATRIE,"

from the window of No. 31 Queen street. The signal of defiance soon attracted an excited crowd to the vicinity, and long before the time appointed for the muster of the club, Queen street was black with people — from end to end. Judging from the flashing eyes and determined appearance of the mass, as I approached the club-room I felt confident that, if it came to blows, the regular organization would not have to fight it out alone, and (what was still more assuring,) that their volunteer allies would not — like them — engage in the *melee* empty-handed.

Before entering the building I learned that a large body of police — constituting nearly one-third of the entire force of the city — had just taken up a position on Black Hall place — on the club's proposed line of march — and within a few hundred yards of the Royal Barracks. I could see that the news intensified the excitement of the crowd, and that many of the most determined-looking hastily left.

I found the club-room fast filling with the regular members, and soon after my entrance, the cheering in the street announced the arrival of Richard O'Gorman. Somewhat to our surprise, we saw that he was accompanied by the Most Rev. Doctor Yore, one of the most distinguished Catholic clergymen in Dublin. The good priest, — animated by love of the people, and an earnest desire to prevent a possibility of bloodshed — which he evidently feared would result from the club's marching in procession in defiance of the Lord Lieutenant's proclamation, and his police in position on the route — was pathetically appealing to Mr. O'Gorman to abandon the idea of attending the meeting with his followers in procession, but rather to advise them to go there individually.

But O'Gorman declined to accede to his request. He told him that "the club would not be deterred from exercising their undoubted right by any fear of what the authorities might contemplate doing to prevent them — that, if blood was shed, let those who caused it bear the responsibility of the crime, and take the consequences."

The President then issued his orders to the men to form and take up their position on the sidewalk. His directions were promptly obeyed, and the men, in column of fours, filed down stairs and into the street. They were received in respectful silence by the waiting crowd — who had received instructions to that effect.

Here again, Dr. Yore made a final appeal to Mr. O'Gorman to recede

from his determination. I cannot recall his touching arguments, but O'Gorman's reply I well remember. It was in these words:—"Dr. Yore, I appreciate the motives which actuate you in making this request, but I cannot comply with it:—for the Council of the Irish Confederation has decided that the clubs shall march to the meeting—and *this club will march there!*"

Just at this moment Mr. O'Gorman was approached by a Police Inspector, who addressed him some words in a low tone of voice, so that, though standing within a few yard of the two, I could not catch their import. But Mr. O'Gorman's reply rang distinctly over the attentive multitude:—

"Whatever communication you wish to make to me, sir, I request that it be made so that all concerned shall hear it."

"Well, then!" said the Inspector, in a conciliatory tone, "I simply request, that you will promise on behalf of your friends here, that they will pass on to the place of meeting in an orderly manner, and not do anything that may tend to a violation of the peace!"

O'Gorman, in a dignified manner, replied:—

"Sir, my friends here are intelligent, self-respecting citizens who know their duty, and require no advice as to how to perform it."

"That's all I require, Mr. O'Gorman—all is right now," said the officer—and he bowed politely and retired.

I never learned that officer's name; but whoever he was, or whatever his actuating motives were, he kept his implied pledge;—for, when, in a few minutes afterwards, the club marched past four hundred policemen drawn up in line on an open space, flanking the line of march—and where, if disposed to take advantage of their position for attack, they had the Confederates at a decided disadvantage, they gave not the least sign of hostility, but looked on stolidly as the tramping column swept by in silence, and as if in utter indifference to their presence in such close proximity. Still, I have no doubt, that many a man—at both sides—breathed somewhat easier when that "*march past in review*" was over.

Without any other incident worth recording, all the clubs arrived on time at the place of meeting.

At that moment the culminating point of their power was attained, albeit they were not *aware* of the fact. That it should be so fated was owing to no fault of the trusting rank and file of this glorious confederacy of earnest, self-sacrificing patriots.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE MEETING.—CAUSE AND EFFECT.—SCRAPS OF HISTORY.

FACTS are chiels that winna' ding, an' dow na be disputed.—BURNS.

THE great aggregate meeting was held for the purpose of taking such steps as would ensure John Mitchel a fair trial, in his contest with the English government—which was to be decided during the coming week. The almost total exclusion of Catholics from the juries that tried O'Brien and Meagher, gave the public a foretaste of what was to be expected in the case of the more dangerous offender—for whose destruction a new political offence was created by special act of Parliament. All sections of Repealers met in public meeting to protest against the system of packing juries; to pass "resolutions" couched in language suited to the audience, and vaguely hint at the *possible* consequences that may follow should their warnings be unheeded.

While this line of action was what might be expected from men who still looked to "constitutional" methods for regenerating Ireland, it was hardly that, which those most closely identified with the principles inculcated by John Mitchel, expected to see taken by his colleagues on the occasion in question. Up to the hour when the meeting opened, these men confidently believed that,—cost what it may—John Mitchel would never be permitted to leave Dublin a victim of English fraud, or English force. They believed also,—*nor had they reason to think otherwise*—that all their most trusted leaders held to this determination,—(for such of them as did not avow it, in unmistakable language—left it to be so inferred—by their silence.)

Therefore, it is not a matter of surprise that many of those who attended the meeting came away with but a vague comprehension of the purport of the resolutions passed thereat, and likewise, of the ultimate action which those who prepared the resolutions meant to take.

THE MEETING CALLED TO ORDER.

On the motion of Thomas F. Meagher, Esq., the chair was taken by

JOHN B. DILLON, ESQ.

After some observations from the chairman, delivered in his usual grav-

ity of tone, and calculated rather to prevent, than to excite, any exhibition of enthusiasm in the attentive audience, the following resolution was proposed by

MR. RICHARD O'GORMAN, JUN.

"*Resolved*, — That while we are unwilling to identify this Confederation with all the opinions of John Mitchel, we recognize in him a fearless and devoted fellow-soldier in the war which we are now waging against English oppression.

"That, as such, we demand for him a fair trial before a fairly-selected jury; and if that demand be not complied with, and this champion of Irish liberty be convicted by a jury selected for that purpose, we pledge ourselves to use all means, not inconsistent with morality, to bring to punishment all parties concerned in the perpetration of so foul a wrong."

Mr. Crean, in an able speech, seconded the resolution.

MR. T. F. MEAGHER'S SPEECH ON JOHN MITCHEL.

Mr. T. F. Meagher proposed the next resolution. He spoke as follows:—

"If any citizen of Dublin came here this day with a view of hearing me deliver a speech, he has come with an anxiety which cannot be gratified. (Laughter). It may be, perhaps, too presumptious for me to suppose that any one came here for this purpose, and I trust that a better motive has influenced your movement on this day. I trust that it is not to gratify an idle curiosity, but that it is to manifest an unequivocal sympathy with John Mitchel that you have assembled here in such numbers, exhibiting in the face of the police proclamation so determined an aspect. (Cheers).

"In the opinions which have been expressed by the gentleman who preceded me, I need not say that I most cordially concur. I would wish, indeed, that the expression of such sentiments as yours — that the utterance of great passions — would have the effect that we desire — that of warning the government to treat this true citizen, who is now in prison, as one whose patriotism has sanctified his person. (Cheers).

"I believe that a conviction in his case will shake the foundations of the English power in this country to their very centre — will lodge in that power the cancerous elements of disloyalty, and that, whether it be within an immediate, or within a remote time, that element will manifest itself in a terrible retribution upon the government that now, conscious of its military power, dares to violate what is styled the sanctuary of the constitution.

"I need not say this — that you look upon John Mitchel as the personification of Irish liberty. (Loud cheering). I do most willingly accord to

him the merit of that attitude which the Irish people have assumed at the present moment. (Hear, hear). I am the more willing to do so, because there may be in the minds of some, a feeling that there is a rivalship existing between him and a few members of the Irish Confederation, I, who have remained in the Confederation, and have taken up something like a prominent position in that body, most willingly accord to him the merit of having freed the soul of this nation from all the mists, and doubts, and prejudices, which clung around it, and cramped its energies and passions, and caused that soul to spring up, and to believe only in one way to Irish liberty. (Cheers). I do, then, proclaim him to be the imprisoned apostle of the new gospel, (loud cheers); and as I believe in what Mr. O'Gorman has said — and if it be a superstition, I glory in the superstition — as I believe that his enthusiasm has descended from Heaven, so from the same source will descend into that prison a power which will burst the bars and bolts, and give freedom to the prisoner. (Loud cheers).

"Time at last sets all things even;
And if you do but wait the hour,
There never yet was human power
Which could evade, if unforgiven,
The patient watch and vigil long
Of those who treasure up a wrong."

"The following resolution has been placed in my hands, and I have the honor to move it:—

"*Resolved*, — That trial by jury for the trial of prisoners obnoxious to the authorities, instituted in this country, abolishes the right of trial by jury *in toto*, as far as such prisoners are concerned, and adds the crowning proof to the many formerly afforded us, that neither the lives nor properties of Irishmen are safe under an administration which could sanction such a proceeding."

Mr. M'Gee seconded the resolution in an eloquent speech, and was followed by John Martin, who briefly remarked that "the object of the meeting was to declare their determination to use all the exertions in their power to get a fair trial for Mr. Mitchel, and the resolution says that the packing of a jury is an assassination. Do you," said Mr. Martin, "consider it is such!"

"Yes, yes!"

"Are you determined to hold by that opinion?"

"Yes, yes!"

"Then I will trouble you no further. I have no more to say."

The meeting having closed, the clubs marched back to their respective club-rooms, unmolested, with the exception of the Grattan Club (Meagher's,) which the authorities attempted to impede on their route; but Meagher, and a section of his men, burst through the obstructionists, and were followed, with but little delay, by the rest of their comrades—and so ended that eventful day for the Irish cause—leaving an undefinable feeling of uncertainty behind it, such as the club-men had not hitherto experienced.

It was the ominous "shadow of coming events."

From what quarter was that bodeful shadow cast? It came not from the direction of "the Castle." It did not emanate either from open or secret enemies, or lukewarm friends of the Irish cause. It came from the Council-rooms of the Confederation. The following passages from Sir Charles Gavan Duffy's "Four Years of Irish History," will serve to elucidate the story

In reference to the crisis which Mitchel's approaching trial was sure to bring, he says:—

"In the Council there was deep anxiety and alarm. They felt that the Government could not afford to be defeated again, and defeated by a man who had so often predicted this disaster. Whatever angry power and malignant skill could do to obtain a verdict was certain to be done. The question was how could it be averted? To inflame opinion till it grew red hot against the base practice of jury-packing might alarm the class of jurors upon whom the Castle counted. A great open-air meeting of Confederates was summoned for this purpose, and the general body of citizens called a meeting in the Royal Exchange with a similar object.

"It was necessary to consider, at the same time, what was to be done in case of a conviction. A small minority of the Council thought preparations ought immediately to be made for a rescue. If the Government could carry off a man who had so completely identified himself with the revolution it would greatly dishearten the people. It was determined to ascertain the wishes of the clubs, and their state of preparation."*

"Meagher and O'Gorman made a personal inspection of the Dublin clubs with a view to determine whether, as far as they were concerned a rescue was feasible." * * * *

"O'Brien and Dillon were convinced before this survey of the clubs that a rescue could not be undertaken without ruin to the cause. * * *

* "Four Years of Irish History," pages 594-5.

Dillon moved a resolution to this effect in the Council, and after a frank statement of the case it encountered no serious opposition."

NOTE. — The annexed extracts from the *Minute Book* of the Irish Confederation, are quoted on pages 598-9 of the book referred to: —

"May 18. — Mr. Dillon moved a resolution that any outbreak or violation of the peace on the occasion of Mr. Mitchel's trial would be mischievous if not fatal to the national cause, and earnestly called on the citizens to refrain. A copy of this resolution, on the motion of O'Brien, was sent to all the clubs in Dublin."

"Friday, May 19. — Mr. Gavan Duffy moved that no procession of the clubs should take place that evening, but that a public meeting should be summoned for Sunday at 3 o'clock to protest against the practice of jury-packing. Mr. O'Brien opposed a meeting in the existing state of the city, but it was ordered to be held."

"May 20. — Letter from Mr. O'Brien read, advising that no public meeting should take place until after Mr. Mitchel's trial. At a public meeting language, he feared, would be used which would injure the Confederation without saving Mr. Mitchel. If an attempt to excite an outbreak should be made by rash and reckless men, or by emissaries of the Government, the Council would be deemed to have encouraged it if they invited the assemblage of a large multitude in the metropolis. As he was not prepared to take the responsibility of such a proceeding, and had remonstrated against the meeting in vain, he would leave town for a few days."

The *dates* of the foregoing entries in the *Minute Book* are important; Mr. Dillon's resolution — copies of which were ordered to be sent to all the Dublin clubs — was passed on May 18 — three days *before* the date of the proposed open-air meeting: but the first intimation the Swift Club, (and, I presume, all the others,) had of its purport, was on the night of May 23, — two days *after* the meeting.

It was on the latter night that Mr. Meagher, (who, with Mr. O'Gorman, had been deputed by the Council to notify the clubs of the hopelessness of an insurrection at that juncture,) — undertook to impress this distasteful conviction on the men who, two days previously, had so defiantly braved the consequences that O'Brien — whose personal courage and purity of motives none could question — recoiled from witnessing.

He fulfilled his disagreeable mission effectually — even if he failed to convince his astonished and sorely disappointed audience of the wisdom of the Council's policy.

In after years, Meagher expressed regret for his action on that occasion. And well he might see cause to regret it, for never, in all his eventful

career, did he feel called upon for such an exhibition of lofty moral courage and devoted self-sacrifice at the call of duty, as when he undertook to dash down the hopes and chill the hearts of those trusting enthusiasts — whose life-blood would be freely shed in following him to the rescue of John Mitchel.

What was facing "Marye's Heights" to this?

Did the club-men blame him for the course he adopted? No! for they felt convinced in their souls, that the more "prudent" members of the Council — knowing full well his influence with the people, and that he, singly, could lead the masses into insurrection in spite of their united opposition — had thrown the responsibility for the result of an outbreak on him — when he, by yielding to their appeal, could prevent a probable national calamity.

These club-men would not, against their own convictions, imperil the success of the national cause because of their personal admiration for John Mitchel. But they looked upon his liberty as being so closely connected with that of Ireland that the achievement of the one object would insure that of the other — and to attain both they deemed the boldest policy the wisest — under existing circumstances. These enthusiasts did not base their success on tangible material forces alone; they had faith in the God-given impulses which inspired their souls to dare achievements above the comprehension of men of more reflective minds — and colder blood.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

CONSTITUTIONAL CONSPIRATORS.

They smote us with the sorcerer's oath, and with the murderer's knife.—DUFFY.

THOUGH, for some yet unexplained reason, the Dublin clubs were, for days after its adoption, kept in ignorance of the Council's "resolution" to keep the peace in the event of John Mitchel being convicted by a packed jury, the Castle authorities were *not*.

Through one of their paid spies — a member of the Council, — whose

identity was not revealed till long after,* they were regularly informed of all that transpired at its meetings. Therefore, Lord Clarendon well knew that neither his armed butchers, or subsidized perjurers had more to fear from the notoriously disaffected party who constituted the imposing display of physical force on the Sunday preceding Mitchel's trial, than if it was a pack of muzzled wolf-hounds straining at the leash. While as to the resounding warnings emanating from the "indignant citizens," who met in the Royal Exchange under the presidency of their Lord Mayor, — he regarded them with as much complaisant indifference as he would the bleatings of a flock of sheep led by its antiquated bell-wether.

It was true that, according to the "Treason-Felony Act" — lately passed to enable him to maintain his jeopardized position in Ireland, there could be no possible doubt entertained of Mitchel's having violated the "law" — both before and after the passage of the said statute. There was every probability even, that, so far from attempting to deny his guilt when on trial, the contumacious offender would glory in the act, and, in open court, defy and scoff at him, Lord Clarendon, Her Majesty's Viceregent, and dare him to do his worst. But then, neither the "law" nor the "facts" could be relied upon for a conviction in view of the well-founded belief that the disloyalty of the accused was shared in by an overwhelming majority of his fellow-countrymen, who had good reason to consider "British law" and "British tyranny" synonymous terms, when dealing with political offenders.

Therefore, if he would wreak his vengeance on this arch-conspirator. against foreign rule, and strike a wholesome terror into the hearts of his associates, it was absolutely necessary that none but a well authenticated enemy of John Mitchel's principles should be found upon the jury empanelled to try him.

The Sheriff, an officer appointed by the Government, and who had the selection of the panel from which the jury was to be taken, was duly notified of what was expected from him.

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* This scoundrel was, with good reason, believed to be no other than "Balfe," one of Clarendon's vilest tools, who, under the title of "Peter O'Carroll," contributed ultra-revolutionary articles to some of the popular journals, and, at the same time, supplied the Castle organs with some of their most scurrilous anonymous libels on the national leaders. When his work in Ireland was done, he had his reward commensurate with his valuable services to Her Majesty's Government. He was sent to Van Dieman's Land, where he received a large tract of land, together with the well-paid positions of Deputy-Assistant Comptroller of Convicts, and Justice of the Peace. He also was editor and proprietor of the government "organ," the "Hobart-town Advertizer," and as such, continued, in the colony, the career he had commenced in Ireland. He has joined his "master" long since.

1st. It was essentially necessary that NO ROMAN CATHOLIC should serve on the jury.

Now, it was notorious that many of the bitterest political enemies of John Mitchel, and the most subservient toadies to English supremacy in Dublin at the time, were Roman Catholics. Some of these slaves — members of the City Council — subsequently vaunted their infamy by passing, in their official capacity, a vote of thanks to this same Lord Clarendon for his services in maintaining British rule in Ireland, and his wise and *merciful* manner in dealing with the disturbers of law and order in the past crisis. But the wily old suborner would take no chances in this case, and so his orders to exclude all the members of the suspected creed were peremptory.

The accommodating Sheriff was equal to the call on his resources for trickery, as will be seen from the annexed account of his business methods.

1st. The list of qualified jurors in Dublin at that time contained in all, four thousand five hundred and seventy names; of which number two thousand nine hundred and thirty-five were Catholics, and one thousand six hundred and thirty-five were Protestants of various denominations.

2nd. Out of this list the Sheriff selected one hundred and fifty persons to serve as jurors at the Commission, and amongst those one hundred and fifty there were only twenty-eight Catholics.

(Thus, on the juror's book, there were nearly TWO Catholics to ONE Protestant. On the panel selected from that book there was not ONE Catholic for every FOUR Protestants.)

3rd. Again, amongst the *first eighty* there were only *eight* Catholics — the other *twenty* being distributed among the last *seventy* names.

4th. As if to "make assurance doubly sure" among the first *twenty-eight* names there appeared but *one* Catholic.

It is hardly necessary to say that when the Crown-Solicitor made his objections to all but those on whose services he could rely, there was not a single Catholic or Protestant of doubtful "loyalty" left on John Mitchel's jury.

As the names of these chosen "babes of grace" deserve all the publicity that can be accorded them in connection with this history, they are appended here.

John Whitty,	Halwood Clarke,
William Fletcher,	Richard Yoakely,
Robert Thomas,	Edward Rothwell,
William Horatio Nelson,	Jason Sherwood,
Frederic Rambaut,	Thomas Bridgeford,
William Mansfield,	John Collier.

Not an individual of Celtic extraction among them. So much to the credit of the "old stock." "The list of their names," — as Mr. Duffy pointed out — "reads like the mus'er-roll of one of Cromwell's regiments." Well worthy were they of their murderous prototypes. They did their allotted work as effectively — and as remorselessly. May their respective rewards be commensurate to all eternity.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE "FELON."

"He pointed out the path to each
O'er tyrant's necks and thrones to reach
To Nationhood — then, in the breach
He took the foremost stand;
But ye, for whom he'd gladly bleed,
Abandoned him in all his need,
And struck no blow that would have free'd
Him — and your native land."

MEMORIES OF THE DAY. — A CONTRAST.

THE 27TH OF MAY constitutes a memorable date in Irish revolutionary annals. In 1798, it heralded the opening of the campaign which, in little more than a week, cleared Wexford of King George's butchers from Mount Leinster to Cahore, and from Croghan-Kinsella to Sliabhcoilte.

On that blessed Whitsunday morning the Spirit of Liberty descended on Oulart Hill, and fired the hearts of her humble votaries assembled thereon under the command of their courageous priest — Father John Murphy — of immortal memory. Only the day before these men, priest and flock, were, to all appearance, little better than crouching slaves passively submitting to all the outrages which their barbarous persecutors choose to inflict, until, driven to desperation by the culminating atrocity — the burning of the chapel of Boolavogue — they were suddenly transformed into God-inspired freemen, determined to avenge their violated homes and desecrated altars, and on lifting up their trampled country to the position she was accorded by the Creator.

Imbued with this unanimity of spirit, they were no longer a mere

mob. Though they were but rudely armed, and had no leaders versed in even the rudiments of military science, yet if, as in the work immediately before them, "discipline" consisted in having every man cognizant of his leader's purpose, and of feeling both able and determined to execute his commands to the letter; if it meant that each individual in that "Rebel" muster was animated by the common resolve to find the most direct road for his weapon to his enemy's heart—then those men on Oulart Hill were not altogether "undisciplined"—as their vaunting enemies found to their cost on that 27th of May, 1798.

> "We are heirs of their rivers, their sea, and their land,—
> Our sky and our mountains as grand.
> We are heirs—Oh! we're NOT—of their heart and their hand;
> AS TRUAGH GAN OIDHIR 'N-A BH FARRADH!"*

Bitter was the reflection that found utterance in the foregoing heart-scalding exclamation—and bitter the occasion that evoked it.

Half a century had flown by since that memorable Whitsunday on Oulart Hill. Half a century of sorrow and suffering for Ireland; of periodic famines, and fevers; of wholesale evictions, and comprehensive coercion acts; of police massacres and judicial murders; of poor-house bastiles, and floating charnal-houses; of begging petitions, and parliamentary agitations; and, (save the tragical episode of 1803.) of what men with red blood in their veins might well designate—"national catalepsy."

The scene, too, is changed. From that pike-bristling eminence overlooking the flowery valley of the Slaney, I would recall the student of Irish history on this 27th of May, 1848, to the heart of the Irish metropolis. Before us frowns a sombre pile, dingy and repulsive, with grated windows, and loop-holed walls. This is Newgate—Dublin's "Bastile."

On every side its approaches are jealously guarded by triple lines of armed men—police, infantry, carbineers and lancers—all with vengeful exultation in their looks, and murder in their hearts. Outside this cordon, dense masses of the populace throng the streets and the adjacent quays—like their countrymen on that fated hill with lowering brows and compressed lips,—but alas! without the armed hands, the determined looks, or the united resolve which characterized those countrymen *when confronting their foes—fifty years before.*

And yet those downcast citizens of Dublin were neither cowardly nor

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*"'Tis pity there's no heir to their company!"

altogether unprepared to assert their claim to manhood; though, three months previously, they were considered to be the least fitted for fighting of any civic population in Europe—outside Great Britain. Nor was this to be wondered at—though they came from a fighting old race; for, from their childhood, most of them had been as accustomed to look with awe upon that incarnation of "law and order"—the city policeman—as the veriest Cockney that drew breath in the atmosphere of flunkeyism and fog. Most of them had heard or read of "Lord Edward's" gallant life-and-death-struggle with the Castle assassins in Thomas street; some of them could even show the enquiring stranger the house in which it took place. They could also point out the locality of Robert Emmet's arsenal, and guide the reverential worshipper at Liberty's shrine to the spot near Catherine's Church, where the dogs lapped the young patriot-martyr's blood.

But as for drawing trigger or lifting pike themselves,—except, perhaps, in the misty future,—these worthy citizens had no more notion, three months previously, than the poor peasants had of sweeping Wexford three months before that day on Oulart Hill. And yet, at the very moment when they stood around that jail—irresolute, gloomy and hopeless—these men had more weapons within reach, and more strong and willing arms to wield them, than either Lord Edward or Emmet could command within the bounds of Dublin. And this change in public sentiment had been wrought, and these arms procured, chiefly through the teaching and example of one earnest, resolute man; he, who at this present moment, stood inside those grim walls—the manacled victim of England's ruffian laws.

One week ago these scowling men, who now ground their teeth in idle impotency, would have enthusiastically dashed, pike in hand, through those armed lines to his rescue. What has wrought the change that has suddenly paralized them? But there is no need to repeat here the story—suffice it to say—it was not fear of the enemy. Further on, the people shall be vindicated by the one—who above all others, was best qualified by personal acquaintance with the facts to do them justice.

Let us now take a glance at the last act of the drama then being represented inside Newgate's walls. It cannot be too often brought before the gaze of Irishmen, or men with a particle of Irish blood in their veins, or Irish feeling in their hearts.

The verdict had been given *as directed*—on the previous evening; it only remained to go through the formality of passing sentence.

"Amid a dead silence in the crowded court a voice from the bench vociferated—'Jailor put forward JOHN MITCHEL.'"

"A grating of bolts—a rustling of chains—were heard. The door at

the back of the dock opened, and, between two turnkeys, Mitchel entered.

"Ascending to the front of the dock, he looked calmly around, saluted some of his friends, and then directed his eyes to the court.

"After some preliminary forms, the clerk of the crown asked 'if Mr. Mitchel had anything to say why judgment should not be passed upon him?'"

JOHN MITCHEL'S SPEECH IN THE DOCK.

"I HAVE," he answered, and after a momentary look at judges, jury-box and sheriff, he slowly continued:—

"I HAVE TO SAY THAT I HAVE BEEN TRIED BY A PACKED JURY — BY THE JURY OF A PARTIZAN SHERIFF — BY A JURY NOT EMPANELLED ACCORDING TO THE LAW OF ENGLAND. I HAVE BEEN FOUND GUILTY BY A PACKED JURY, OBTAINED BY A JUGGLE — A JURY NOT EMPANELLED BY A SHERIFF, BUT BY A JUGGLER. THAT IS THE REASON WHY I OBJECT TO THE SENTENCE BEING PASSED UPON ME."

(The sentence *was* passed, however. Baron Lefroy, after a lengthy lecture on the enormity of the prisoner's crime, winding up his canting homily by stating that — "taking into consideration that this is the first conviction under the act — though the offence has been as clearly proved as any offence of the kind could be — the sentence of the Court is — *that you be transported beyond the seas for the term of* FOURTEEN YEARS.")

When the murmurs of indignation, which the severity of the sentence called forth, had been suppressed by the sheriff—

Mr. Mitchel, in a clear, firm, and manly voice, then spoke as follows, amidst a solemn hush of breathless expectation:—

"The law has now done its part, and the Queen of England, her Crown and Government in Ireland, are now secure, pursuant to Act of Parliament. I have done my part also. Three months ago I promised Lord Clarendon, and his government in this country, that I would provoke him into his Courts of Justice — as places of this kind are called — and that I would force him publicly and notoriously to pack a jury against me to convict me, or else that I would walk out a free man from this dock, to meet him in another field. My Lord, I knew I was setting my life on that cast; but I warned him that in either event the victory would be with me, and

the victory is with me. Neither the jury, nor the judges, nor any other man in this court, presumes to imagine that it is a criminal who stands in this dock. I have kept my word. I have shown what the law is made of in Ireland. I have shown that Her Majesty's government sustains itself in Ireland by packed juries, by partizan judges, by perjured sheriffs"——

(Here he was interrupted by Judge Lefroy, and again continued)—

"I have acted all through this business from the first, under a strong sense of duty. I do not repent anything I have done; and I believe that the course which I have opened is only commenced. The Roman who saw his hand burning to ashes before the tyrant promised that three hundred should follow out his enterprise. Can I not promise for one, for two, for three, aye for hundreds?"

Here he pointed to his friends Reilly, Meagher and Martin

A burst of wild enthusiasm followed, several of those in the immediate vicinity of the dock crying, with arms outstretched—"Yes, Mitchel, for thousands," and "Promise for me."

The words were repeated in rapid succession; they rang from the members of the bar, from the body of the court, and from the occupants of the galleries, until it seemed as if the whole auditory, inspired by the heroism of the man, vied to see who would be the first to give him a pledge that his sacrifice would not be in vain.

Baron Lefroy, frightened at this manifestation of popular feeling, excitedly screamed out—

"Officer! officer! remove Mr. Mitchel."

"Two turnkeys thereupon laid hold of the prisoner, and proceeded to force him through the door-way in the rear. Then the excitement became indescribable. Mitchel's friends and members of counsel rushed over tables and benches to bid farewell to the gallant-hearted man who alone stood unmoved and undaunted, the chief actor in a scene which generations yet unborn will carry the recollection of in their heart of hearts. The sheriff seemed petrified. The judges, gathering their petticoats about them, fled, in panic and terror, from the bench. The Police Inspectors shouted "Seize that man! seize that man!" and Meagher and Doheny were pounced upon, with some other of the more demonstrative sympathizers of the "Felon," who meanwhile disappeared on the way to his underground cell; the bolts grated, the door slammed, and the scene closed."

The judges returned to the bench pale and agitated, with convulsed faces and shrunken hearts, and, after the excitement had calmed down, the parties arrested were released.

On that evening, at four o'clock, the convict-van drew up at the front entrance to Newgate, and was immediately surrounded by two squadrons of dragoons and a body of mounted police, who, with drawn sabres, formed four deep around the vehicle. In a few minutes the prison gates were opened and Mr. Mitchel, with a firm step and unnerved demeanor, came forth, escorted by some prison officials. His hand and right leg were heavily manacled and fastened to each other by a ponderous iron chain. He cast a quiet glance around, at the guard with their drawn swords and malevolent looks, and at the crowd of anguished, grief-stricken faces, motionless and bloodless as statues, in the rear. He was then assisted into the van, the door was banged to, and the cavalcade set forward at a gallop, dashing through the crowd of frenzied, powerless, spectators — and one ruffian shouting, exultingly, in my hearing, as he waved his sabre over his head —

"We have him at last, by G—d!"

"May the devil have you!" was the spontaneous response from a hundred vengeful hearts.

The *Sheerwater* steamer was lying in readiness off the North-wall, and thither the van and its escort proceeded at a rapid pace through the intervening streets, followed by the mingled lamentations and maledictions of the populace. Some hundreds of those who crowded around Newgate to catch one more glimpse of their devoted patriot, set off by shorter routes towards the embarking point, — clinging to the forlorn hope that, perhaps, at the last moment, some fortuitous turn of affairs might afford an opportunity for a rescue. But though they gained their position before the police closed the bridges across the customhouse-docks, it was only to have the mournful satisfaction of seeing John Mitchel step from the land of his birth and love on board the boat that conveyed him to the dark-hulled vessel from which a column of smoke was ascending dense and black — as the cloud that then overshadowed the hopes which his glowing spirit had enkindled.

The immediate fruits of the victory on Oulart Hill were subsequently lost, in reverses against which the heroic courage of unskilled and poorly-armed peasants could not cope. But the fame of those devoted martyrs of liberty — like the cause for which they died — is immortal. That cause sank in their blood, for the time; but, as, two generations later, the flag that typified it, was, once more, uplifted by John Mitchel — an incentive to friends and defiance to foes; so the doctrines he inculcated, and the example he

set in the "Felon's Dock," shall never be forgotten while on this broad earth there breathes one true scion of the Irish race.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

IMMEDIATE EFFECT OF MITCHEL'S TRANSPORTATION — MEAGHER'S VINDICATION OF THE CLUBS.

We have beat and borne, though we saw him for
From his home by the tyrant's crew. — DAVIS.

THOUGH the majority of the Dublin Confederates were sorely disappointed at the action of the Council in restraining them from attempting a rescue; and, though they felt mortified at the false position in which their inaction at that crisis placed them before their fellow-countrymen throughout the island, yet they were not the less determined to persevere to the end in the course which their banished leader had pointed out as the only true way to the goal of their ambition — National Independence. In accordance with this resolution they proceeded with redoubled energy to extend their club organizations, and with such success, that, within the next six weeks, their numerical strength within the city limits was more than doubled, and their progress in arming the enrolled members was equally encouraging.

Throughout the Provinces, and more especially in Munster, the deportation of John Mitchel had a more marked effect than even in the Metropolis. It made the name of the patriot-martyr a synonym of Liberty in thousands of homesteads where he was scarcely heard of before his trial. It did more to heartily unite the hitherto partially-reconciled elements of the old Repeal organization than all the efforts of their most popular orators had been able to accomplish. It silenced (for a time) the out-spoken opposition, or whispered suspicions of some sneaking "wolves in sheep's clothing," who habitually had denounced O'Brien, Mitchel, and their friends as "paid spies sent out by the Castle to entrap the unwary;" and, most encouraging sign of all, it roused the fighting element to the urgent necessity for organizing and arming — which resulted in a wide-spread ramification of clubs from various revolutionary centres, and in the manufacture of pikes by day and

night. — in sentinel-guarded forges throughout the sphere of these club-men's influence.

In the meantime, a most onerous duty devolved on the Council of the Confederation. The most conspicuous members thereof felt themselves placed in a critical position. By their past offences against the government they were amenable to Mitchel's fate at any moment it suited the Castle authorities to select fresh victims. It behooved them, therefore, to be cautious, and not, unnecessarily, provoke the enemy to force them to a conflict for which they felt unprepared. They accordingly, came to the resolution that there should be no more public street-parades of the clubs unless specially ordered by the Council. They likewise thought it advisable to reorganize the Council itself. It was too unwieldy for practical work — involving necessary secrecy, and they wished to reduce it to a convenient number of men — both determined and trustworthy.

This plan would also enable them to get rid of some parties who were suspected of being government spies. (They were convinced there was, at least, *one* such amongst them, but could not positively identify the traitor).

The new Council was to be limited to twenty-one, and was to be voted for by the existing body, and not, as on former occasions, by the Confederation at large. The voting was by ballot, and the following were elected. The number of votes each received are appended to their names, and afford a fair criterion of their relative popularity with the Confederation at large, as well as with their associates on the old Council:

	VOTES.		VOTES.		VOTES.
Thos. Francis Meagher,	31	P. J. Smith,	25	M. J. Barry,	18
Father John Kenyon,	31	John Martin,	25	R. D. Williams,	18
Wm. S. O'Brien,	30	Michael Doheny,	25	John Byrne,	15
Charles Gavan Duffy,	30	Dr. Kane,	23	B. Dowling,	14
John Dillon,	30	James Cantwell,	21	Michael Cream,	14
Richard O'Gorman,	30	Denny Lane,	19	John Rainor,	12
Frank Morgan,	29				

John Barry and Daniel Griffin, who were elected without their consent, never acted on the Council.

One of the first measures taken by the newly elected Council was the calling of a public meeting for the purpose of justifying the course adopted in reference to John Mitchel. The meeting was held in the Music Hall, early in June, and was attended by such of the clubmen as could find room in the building, — though, in accordance with the orders of the Council, they did not march in procession as heretofore.

As Meagher was the chief instrument of the Council in restraining the clubs from attempting Mitchel's rescue, so on him it principally devolved to justify the necessity of the policy then pursued. His speech on the occasion was one of the most touchingly eloquent he ever delivered. Never did he so move the sensibilities of his hearers; but. whether he was as successful in convincing their reason, as to the wisdom of the course he defended, I am not prepared to assert with confidence. Judging from my own impressions, at the time, *he did not*, — though not one present more thoroughly sympathized with him, in his grief for the sacrifice of his beloved compatriot, or more admired his generous self-sacrifice in assuming the chief responsibility for the course — which, I verily believed, he was impelled to by others — against his own feelings and convictions.

In a few incisive sentences he addressed himself directly to the subject which permeated every heart in the assembly, — and gave expression to the feelings that swayed them all.

"We are no longer masters of our lives. They belong to our country, — to liberty, — to vengeance. Upon the walls of Newgate a fettered hand has inscribed this destiny.

"We shall be the martyrs or the rulers of a revolution.

"Once again they shall have to pack their jury-box; once again exhibit to the world the frauds and mockeries, the tricks and perjuries, upon which their power is based."

Referring to the feelings of disappointment, humiliation and depression consequent on the unexpected decision of the Council in the emergency forced upon them, he proceeded to explain the motives which led to their decision, and to accept his full share of the responsibility: —

"In those feelings of depression and shame I deeply share; and from the mistrust with which some of you, at least, may regard the members of the late Council, I shall not hold myself exempt. If they are to blame, so am I. Between the hearts of the people and the bayonets of the government, I took my stand, with the members of the Council, and warned back the precipitate devotion which scoffed at prudence as a crime. I am here to answer for that act. If you believe it to have been the act of a dastard, treat me with no delicacy, — treat me with no respect. Vindicate your courage in the impeachment of the coward. The necessities and perils of the cause forbid the interchange of courtesies. Civilities are out of place in the whirl and tumult of the tempest.

"The address of the Council to the people of Ireland — the address signed by William Smith O'Brien — bears witness to your determination. It states that thousands of Confederates had pledged themselves that John Mitchel

should not leave these shores but through their blood. We were bound to make this statement — bound in justice to you — bound in honor to the country. Whatever odium may flow from that scene of victorious defiance, in which the government played its part without a stammer or a check, none falls on you. You would have fought, had we not seized your hands, and bound them.

"Let no foul tongue, then, spit its sarcasm upon the people. They were ready for the sacrifice; and had the word been given, the stars would burn this night above a thousand crimsoned graves. The guilt is ours; — let the sarcasms fall upon our heads.

"We told you in the Clubs, four days previous to the trial, the reasons that compelled us to oppose the project of a rescue. The concentration of ten thousand troops upon the city — the incomplete organization of the people — the insufficiency of food, in case of a sustained resistance — the uncertainty as to how far the country districts were prepared to support us — these were the chief reasons that forced us into an antagonism with your generosity, your devotion, your intrepidity. Night after night we visited the Clubs, to know your sentiments, your determination; — and to the course we instructed you to adopt, you gave, at length, a reluctant sanction.

"Now, I do not think it would be candid in me to conceal the fact, that the day subsequent to the arrest of John Mitchel, I gave expression to sentiments having a tendency quite opposite to the advice I have mentioned.

"At a meeting of the 'Grattan Club' I said that the Confederation ought to come to the resolution to resist by force the transportation of John Mitchel; and if the worst befel us, the ship that carried him away should sail upon a sea of blood. I said this, and I shall not now conceal it. I said this, and I shall not shrink from the reproach of having acted otherwise. Upon consideration, I became convinced they were sentiments which, if acted upon, would associate my name with the ruin of the cause. I felt it my duty, therefore to retract them; — not to disown, but to condemn them; not to shrink from the responsibility which the avowal of them might entail, but to avert the disaster which the enforcement of them would ensure.

"You have now heard all I have to say on that point; and with a conscience happy in the thought that it has concealed nothing, I shall exultingly look forward to an event — the shadow of which already encompasses us — for the vindication of my conduct, and the attestation of my truth.

"Call me '*Coward!*' — call me '*Renegade!*' I will accept these titles as

the penalties which a fidelity to my convictions has imposed. It will be so for a short time only. To the end I see the path I have been ordained to walk: and upon the grave which closes that path, I can read no coward's epitaph."

It is unnecessary to observe that not one of the sympathetic hearts he addressed ever harbored a thought derogatory to Meagher's courage or loyalty; his confidence in himself was not greater than was their devotion to, and trust in him.

In another portion of this noble speech, he paid the following affecting tribute to the man whose name was then a household-word throughout the land — for whose liberty he sacrificed his own: —

MEAGHER ON MITCHEL.

"There is a black ship upon the southern seas this night. Far from his own, old land — far from the sea, and soil, and sky, which, standing here, he used to claim for you with all the pride of a true Irish prince — far from that circle of fresh young hearts, in whose light and joyousness, and warmth, his own drank in each evening new life and vigor — far from that young wife, in those heart the kind hand of heaven has kindled a gentle heroism, sustained by which she looks with serenity and pride upon her widowed home, and in the children that girdle her with beauty, beholds the inheritors of a name which, to their last breath. will secure for them the love, the honor, the blessing of their country — far from these scenes and joys — clothed and fettered as a felon — he is borne to an island where the rich, and brilliant, and rapacious power, of which he was the foe, has doomed him to a dark existence.

"That sentence shall be reversed — reversed by the decree of a free nation, arrayed in arms and in glory. Till then, in the love of the country, let the wife and children of the illustrious exile be shielded from adversity. True, when he stood before the judge, and with the voice and bearing of a Roman, told him that three hundred were prepared to follow him — true it is that at that moment he spoke not of his home and children — he thought only of his country — and to the honor of her sons bequeathed the cause for which he was doomed to suffer.

"But in that one thought all other thoughts were embraced. Circled by the arms and banners of a free people, he saw his home secure — his wife joyous — his children prosperous. This was the thought which forbade his heart to blench when he left these shores — this the thought which calls up this night, as he sleeps within that prison ship, dreams full of light

and rapturous joy — this the thought which will lighten the drudgery, and reconcile his proud heart to the odious conditions of his exile.

"Think! oh, think of that exile — the hopes, the longings, which will grow each day more anxious and impatient. Think! oh, think! of how, with throbbing heart and kindling eye, he will look out across the waters that imprison him, searching in the eastern sky for the flag which will announce to him his liberty, and the triumph of sedition.*

"Think! oh, think! of that day when thousands and tens of thousands will rush to the water's edge, as a distant gun proclaims his return — mark the ship as it dashes through the waves and nears the shore — behold him standing there upon the deck — the same calm, intrepid, noble heart — his clear, quick eye runs along the shore, and fills with the light which flashes from the bayonets of the people — a moment's pause! and then, amid the roar of cannon, the fluttering of a thousand flags, the pealing of cathedral bells, the cheers of millions, the triumphant felon sets his foot once more upon his native soil — hailed, and blessed, and welcomed as the first citizen of our free and sovereign state."

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*In every particular — save that most important one of locality, this prophetic description affords a vivid picture of the actual occurrences attendant on Mitchel's arrival in America, on November 29th, 1853. As Meagher stood by his side as the vessel steamed up New York Harbor, and heard the cannon thunder their salvos of "Welcome!" from Brooklyn Heights; his memory must have exultingly recalled that night of gloom and bitter humiliation — when his hopeful anticipation of the "FELON'S" glorious future destiny almost succeeded in lifting the cloud from the hearts of his sorrowing and exasperated countrymen in the Music Hall, Dublin.

I, who participated in both scenes, could not disassociate them in my reflections; as I felt the joy of our day of triumph enhanced by contrast with that night of darkest misery and despondency when I last saw Mitchel in our native land.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

MEETING THE EXIGENCY. — EARNEST WORK. — JUNE, 1848.

Gather ALL men to our band,
To take our own again. — DAVIS.

EVEN before the rĕorganization of the Council had been effected, a few of the leading Confederates had come to the conclusion that, if they hoped to cope successfully with the government conspirators, it was high time for them to avail themselves of every element of success within their reach, and to supplement their policy of "open and advised speaking" — by *secret action*. In a word, they, as practical revolutionists, commenced a "*formal conspiracy.*"

As the first authoritative public announcement of this important step in the history of the '48 movement was given by one of its initiators, Mr. Duffy, in his "Four Years of Irish History," I shall here confine myself solely to his account of the transaction: —

"An immediate conference of the leaders of the two sections of the Confederates was agreed upon, and then for the first time commenced a formal conspiracy. In a country where the will of the nation is accomplished as soon as it is ascertained, conspiracy and insurrection are base and wicked. But were they base or wicked in a country where the will of the people, having been ascertained beyond all controversy, on a subject of the highest importance to their honor and interest, is counted for nothing?

"At the conference Kenyon, Martin, and Reilly represented one section — Dillon, Duffy, and a gentleman still living the other. Then and there, for the first time, measures were taken to obtain money, arms, and officers from abroad, to make a diversion in England, and to procure the cŏoperation of the Irish residents there, and to prepare particular local men to expect the event.*

"It was deemed inadvisable to extend the area of responsibility, and it was agreed to communicate to certain of our chief associates the fact that precautions were taken, without naming the agents or specifying the details.

* "Four years of Irish History." Page 608.

O'Brien was at Cahermoyle, and we refrained from asking him to share these hazardous enterprises. Danger we knew he disregarded, as far as it involved personal consequences; but he was nervously anxious about the safety of his class, and we foresaw that if he consented to decisive measures, he would prepare them by deliberation so long, and consultations so frequent, that they would be quite fatal to promptness of action. It was a secret relief to men who loved him, and made full allowance for the peculiar difficulty of his position, that they could take this risk wholly on themselves. Enough was said, when he returned to Dublin, to keep good faith; not enough to create responsibility. One Confederate, who was a close friend of Dillon's, and another intimately allied in opinion and affection with Martin and Mitchel, were sent as agents to America.*

"Some weeks later a Confederate, of Mixed French and Irish descent, was dispatched to Paris on the same errand.

"Neither of the agents sent to the United States was accustomed to address public meetings, and it was agreed that either Father Kenyon or Meagher should make a tour in the States, and publicly solicit funds from Irish and American sympathisers. Father Kenyon had, at this time, a contention with his bishop respecting some of his published opinions: if it could be settled satisfactorily he would be more useful at home; if it could not, he promised to undertake this mission.† Meagher was ready for the duty, on condition that he should be at liberty to return to Ireland before the harvest was ripe."

Overtures for Re-union. — The National League.

While these preparations for active revolutionary work were being made by the leading Confederates, John O'Connell — either impelled by the logic of events which tended to unite all earnest Repealers in a supreme effort for the recovery of their national right of self-government — or determined to thwart by duplicity a movement which he felt powerless to prevent by open opposition — made overtures for reconciliation to Smith O'Brien in a letter written three days after Mitchel's transportation. The following extract from this letter will serve to explain its purport: —

"I would readily consent that the old foundation — that dating from

*The latter of the two gentlemen referred to was Mr. William Mitchel, John Mitchel's brother.

† Father Kenyon DID come to a "satisfactory understanding" with his bishop at the time, and thenceforth took but little part in the revolutionary movement.

April, 1840, (more than eight years ago,) should be the only one to be maintained, and that no species of test save an honorable understanding of acquiescence in its principles, should exist. I would also consent to any form of words you might propose to exclude place-begging, and also to any minor changes you might think necessary. All I ask is that direct incentives to war be avoided; and this simply for the safety of the Association."

During the negociations which followed betwen the Council of the Confederation and the Committee of the Repeal Association, a letter of Smith O'Brien's, dated "Cahermoyle, June 1st," was read, which clearly expresses the views of his associates in the Confederation at large on the proposed union. He said :—

"I should deeply regret the proposed union if I could persuade myself that it would tend to check the bold course of policy which has been adopted, after full deliberation, by the Irish Confederation. These apprehensions have, however, been removed on discovering that the progress of events has produced a much nearer approximation of feeling and of opinion than was believed to exist between the Confederates and the members of the Repeal Association. Both parties now admit that we stand upon the 'last plank' of the constitution. No one denies that Ireland is now ruled solely by military power. The Union is now undeniably maintained, not by bonds of affection and interest, but by a system of force, fraud. and corruption. Even our marts of commerce and our seats of learning are occupied by a foreign soldiery. Events, events, not arguments, have cancelled the famous 'peace resolutions.' Our controversy will soon narrow itself into the single question, now often uttered with impatience—'*When shall the Irish nation strike?*' Upon this question we ought to invite the deliberation of men who are cautious as well as resolute. In the language of one of your youthful poets—

* * * * 'Your worst transgression
Were to strike, and strike in vain.'

"The advocates of what is called 'moral force' tell us—and I believe them—that, if ever it should become necessary to vindicate the trampled rights of their country by an appeal to arms, they will be found amongst the foremost in the field. Shall we refuse to enter into confederacy with these men, for the purpose of considering how we can best concentrate the national energies in support of the national cause?"

"After a conference of several days, the conditions of reunion were finally settled, and the delegates undertook to obtain the sanction of their

respective societies to them. The Committee of the Repeal Association and the Council of the Confederation accepted the terms, and ordered that public meetings should be called to confirm them."*

The movement for reunion was received with much satisfaction by the country. In the course of a week four bishops and over two hundred priests had given their adhesion to the principles of the League, and everything looked favorable to its speedy success, when a new obstacle was interposed by John O'Connell: — he "required a fortnight for further consideration, and to ascertain the opinion of the country." It was granted him by the Confederates — who devoted the time to the organization of new clubs, as clubs were to be kept separate from the League, — but, when the time had expired, the marplot announced that he "would not join the league but retire for a time from public life." So he soon afterwards betook himself to the continent — having first shut up Conciliation Hall.

If John O'Connell's characteristic act of duplicity was intended to effectually check and demoralize the new movement, it fulfilled his anticipations, for, it not only spread doubt and confusion where mutual confidence and hearty coöperation were essential elements of success, but it afforded the government the desired opportunity of striking while their enemy was engaged in effecting a "change of front," under critical and disadvantageous circumstances.

The Council of the Confederation performed its part of the agreement. They called a public meeting at which the organization was formally dissolved for the purpose of merging into the Irish League; but, before the new Association held its ratification meeting, the Castle authorities took such measures as made its first meeting its last.

The Protestant Repeal Association.

Almost contemporaneous with the Irish League, the "Protestant Repeal Association" sprang into existence. As its name implies, it was composed of Protestants of national leanings, loyal to the Crown and Constitution, but in favor of Irishmen making laws for Ireland. Samuel Ferguson, the poet, was the most distinguished member of this organization. It had a numerous following in Dublin, and a flourishing branch in Belfast, and might eventually have grown to be a powerful auxiliary to the national party, in eradicating religious animosities from the people's hearts, had it been per-

* "Four years of Irish History." Page 616.

mitted time to take root in the newly tilled soil. But, like the League, its career was cut short by the "Habeas Corpus Suspension Act."

THE NATIONAL PRESS.—THE IRISH FELON, AND IRISH TRIBUNE.

For a fortnight after Mitchel's transportation and the suppression of his paper, "*The United Irishman*," the duty of maintaining the reputation of the Irish national press was left solely to the NATION. And right nobly and courageously was that duty fulfilled, and the national flag kept flying defiantly in the face of the enemy, until the great journal shared the fate of its gallant cotemporary and was crushed, (for a time,) by the Castle banditti.

John Martin and Thomas Devin Reilly had determined to issue a successor to the "*United Irishman*," but, before their arrangements were perfected, the leading members of the Student's Club stepped promptly into the breach with a new revolutionary organ called "*The Irish Tribune*"—with Richard D'Alton Williams, and Kevin Izod O'Doherty as responsible publishers. Dr. Antisell, John Savage, John De Courcy Young and Walter T. Meyler, were among its shareholders and contributors. Michael Doheny and Stephen J. Meany, also wrote for it; and William Carleton, the Irish novelist, contributed the first chapter of what was intended to be a serial story —called "*Suil Balor*"—or "The Evil Eye;" but, his name being placed on the Literary Pension List, most opportunely, by the government, he, discreetly withdrew from his rebellious associations, and awaited less distracting times for the publication of his completed story.

The first number of the "Irish Tribune" appeared on June 10th, and on June 24th "The Irish Felon"—successor to "The United Irishman," was issued. John Martin was its responsible publisher. As his most efficient associates, political and literary, Thomas Devin Reilly, James Fenton Lalor, and Joseph Brenan wrote most of its editorials: while Martin MacDermott. J. De Jean Frazer and "Eva" contributed to its poetical departments. Most of the original contributions were signed by the writers. Meagher contributed one article on the "Queen's Visit to Ireland."

Of those new "propagandists of revolutionary doctrines," it may be said that—

"Brief, brave, and glorious was their young career."

Five weeks of their incessant assaults was as much as the Government could afford to stand, and so, at the end of that period, the audacious publishers were provided with quarters in Newgate—pending their trial for "Treason-Felony."

CHAPTER XXXX.

CASTLE TACTICS.—MARKED FOR VENGEANCE.

"And though we to the dungeon go—
Where patriots dwelt before;
Yet—in the cell, or on the sod,
We're Paddies evermore!"
—OLD SONG.

THE Revolutionary Committee which succeeded the Council of the Confederation, had determined, if possible, to postpone aggressive action pending the ripening of the harvest. But the Government was not disposed to let them choose their own time. If a popular rising was to, eventually, take place, the Castle authorities resolved that the national leaders, at all events, should be debarred from participating therein, and accordingly it was determined to place the most dangerous among them in safe-keeping without further delay.

The publishers of the national journals were selected as the first victims. In the first week of July, when but two numbers of the *Irish Felon* had been issued, a warrant was issued for the arrest of its registered proprietor, John Martin. The detectives searched the office of the paper, and the residence of Mr. Reilly, but in vain. Hearing he was wanted, Mr. Martin, by the advice of his friends, determined to keep out of the Government's clutches until the "Special Commission" (then in session in Dublin, and liable to make short work of him) had adjourned. I happened to meet him while he was on his way to his temporary hiding-place, and after a brief conversation, he bade me "good-bye" with the hope that "we would meet again." (It was over thirteen years before that hope was realized.) Within a week after our parting he surrendered; six weeks later he was brought to trial before a "duly selected" jury—and found guilty as a matter of course. He was sentenced to ten years' transportation, and so ended his career as a revolutionary propagandist.

A GRATEFUL TRIBUTE TO JOHN MARTIN'S MEMORY.

After McManus, O'Donoghue, Meagher and Mitchel had, successively, effected their escape from Van Dieman's Land, and obtained freemen's welcome

in these United States, and while the indefatigable Patrick J. Smith was again on his way to the Antipodes, with the avowed determination of rescuing the exiles still in the enemy's clutches, the Government were induced to exhibit their magnanimity (?) by liberating the men they could not much longer hold in bondage; but, having still the power of prohibiting their return to Ireland, they exerted it, and in so doing, exposed their hypocrisy and spiteful meanness to the contempt of the world.

For the succeeding two years, Messrs. O'Brien, O'Dougherty and Martin sojourned on the European Continent — principally in Paris.

It was during his residence in the French Capital that an incident — in which I was deeply interested — occurred, through which Mr. Martin exhibited a trait of his noble, chivalrous nature, and the particulars of which, in justice to his memory, I shall here record.

Through their officials in Parliament, the British Government had boasted of their magnanimity in liberating *all* their political prisoners, and they might, for a while, have succeeded in deceiving the civilized world into accepting their statement as true, but for John Martin, who, in a letter to John Francis Maguire, M. P., flatly contradicted the assertion, and not only exposed their mendacious hypocrisy, but forced them to *do* — what they boasted having already done — through shame of the public opinion whose favor they surreptitiously sought to gain.

In this letter Mr. Martin asserted that, to his personal knowledge, there still remained toiling in the wilds of Australia and in the hulks of Bermuda, *ten* more men who were transported on a charge of being concerned in an armed attack on the police barrack of Cappoquin in the Autumn of 1849. These men being of the working class, and having no influential friends in Ireland, the Government presumed that they would be left to pine in their captivity unnoticed and uncared for. But little they knew the nobility of soul which actuated the Irish leaders in those days. The glorious rallying-cry of freedom — "LIBERTY, EQUALITY AND FRATERNITY!" — was, with them, no mere lip-shibboleth. It was the expression of their heart's creed — to be preached in deeds as well as words.

On the occasion of my first conversation with John Mitchel, after his arrival in New York, in November, 1853, he told me that one of these Cappoquin boys — John Walsh — then on his "ticket-of-leave" — travelled a considerable distance to Bothwell, to see himself and John Martin, and it was through him they learned the story of those practical admirers of their revolutionary teachings. John Martin did not forget this story of humble patriotism, and through his prompt and friendly action the brave fellows eventually regained their liberty.

While thanking him in the name of my fellow-townsmen, I assured Mr. Martin that his action on their behalf would be among the last of his good deeds to be forgotten in that village of tenacious memories by the Blackwater. To increase the circle of his grateful admirers, and to aid in keeping his "memory green," I record it here.

Arrest of Charles Gavan Duffy.

On the same evening that John Martin surrendered, Charles Gavan Duffy, editor and proprietor of the *Nation*, was taken into custody. The particulars of his arrest are thus recorded by himself:—

"On Saturday, July 8th, when I returned home for dinner, a party of detectives arrested me at my residence, and carried me in a close carriage to College Street police office. When I arrived there I learned that the Nation office had been seized at the same time, and a search made for compromising papers; and that, finding none, the police carried off the account-books and office memoranda. I was duly committed for trial, and sent to Newgate in custody of a large body of police. By this time an immense crowd had collected, and as we could only drive to the prison at a walking pace it constantly increased. It was so dense when we reached Capel Street that the carriage came to a standstill, and a fierce shout arose, "Take him out! Take him out!" A president of a club well known to me got on the steps and whispered, "Do you wish to be rescued?" I replied, "Certainly not!" I had the same problem to face in my own case which we had faced recently in Mitchel's, and I treated it in the same way. The crowd became very menacing, and the officer in command of the police appealed to me to quiet them. McGee and Dr. Callan, on my behalf, entreated them to desist, and warned them that the time for action had not come. After a parley which occupied half an hour a passage was at length cleared to the prison, and a minute after I found myself within its iron grasp."*

The charge of Treason-Felony against Mr. Duffy was grounded on certain articles which appeared in the *Nation* of that day (July 8) Among these articles was one entitled "Mr. Meagher and the Clubs," and also a letter addressed by Mr. Meagher to the Dublin Clubs, to which the article specified referred editorially.†

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*"Four Years of Irish History." Page 623-4.

†In connection with this address to the Clubs, Mr. Meagher, during the progress of Mr. Duffy's trial, addressed the following letter to Sir Colman O'Loghlan, one of the defendant's counsel:—

Before Mr. Duffy was brought to trial, the indictment on which he was arrested was strengthened by several supplementary charges — based on articles published in the *Nation* between the date of his committal to Newgate and the 29th of July, — when the paper was finally suppressed.

Mr. Duffy's imprisonment lasted ten months. During that period no Irish political prisoner was more persistently and vindictively maligned and persecuted by the meanest government that ever tyranised over his land and race. Five times he was brought to trial, and in every instance the jury — carefully selected as it was — failed to convict him. On the last trial they stood seven for acquittal and five for a modified verdict; not one would find him guilty as indicted. So at length the Government, — baffled and beaten — abandoned the contest — and their indomitable enemy walked forth a free man, dearer than ever to the land for which he suffered, and to the people whom it was his life's duty, by precept and example, to educate to nationhood.

ARREST OF MESSRS. O'DOHERTY AND WILLIAMS

Within two hours after the editors of the *Nation* and *Irish Felon* had been lodged in Newgate, Kevin Izod O'Doherty was arrested at his residence and on the next day, (Sunday, July 9th,) Richard D'Alton Williams was arrested at Dr. Antisell's house. On that evening both gentlemen, after being formally committed on a charge of "Treason Felony," were escorted to Newgate by a detachment of the city police. Their incarceration completed the list of journalistic victims — for the time being, and left the national press without a recognized head.

"RICHMOND BRIDEWELL, Dec. 10, 1848.

"MY DEAR SIR COLMAN:—I have been given to understand, that one of the articles in the indictment against my friend, Charles Gavan Duffy, happens to be a letter of mine addressed to the clubs of Dublin on the 7th of last July.

"Since you are engaged for the defence, I wish to state that I am the author of that letter, and that, moreover, it appeared in the NATION before Mr. Duffy, or any other person responsibly connected with his paper had seen it. I commenced writing it after the first edition of that paper had been put to press, and it was inserted in the second edition about 12 o'clock the night of the above-mentioned day. I think it my duty to make known this fact, so that no one but myself may be held accountable by the Government for the sentiments of the letter in question; and that so far as this one circumstance will have the effect, it may clearly appear that the imputation attached to my friend, of having instigated others to a certain course of action, is utterly unfounded. With great esteem, believe me, my dear Sir Colman, your faithful friend,

"THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER."

The Trial and Conviction of O'Doherty.

In October following, Messrs. O'Doherty and Williams were brought to trial. The former gentleman, after undergoing two trials — in which the juries could not agree — was tried a third time — before a more carefully selected set of suborned rascals — and found guilty. He was sentenced to transportation for ten years — six of which he underwent before he was released with his compatriots O'Brien and Martin. He spent some time in Ireland after obtaining his liberty, but subsequently returned to Australia — of which country he is an honored and prosperous citizen.

Williams Acquitted. — Testimony to his Genius and Worth.

Mr. Williams, though tried on the same charge, and for the same articles as O'Doherty, was acquitted. He was the only one of the men — specially marked for Government vengeance at the time — who was so lucky. His deliverence was looked upon by many as a special dispensation of providence, while some of his exuberant countrymen confidently asserted the opinion that "Shamrock" must have found his "Four-leaved namesake" — to baffle the powers of evil as he did. The most prevalent opinion, however, was, that his acquittal was due to his being the author of a poem entitled "The Sister of Charity," on the beauty, tenderness, and devotional feeling of which, his counsel, Samuel Ferguson, dwelt with such persuasive eloquence as to soften the hearts and touch the conscience of the jury. In the course of his address the poet-advocate bore this strong testimony to the high moral character and poetical ability of his client: —

"Gentlemen, I am not a member of that ancient and venerable church within whose pale my client seeks for salvation, and has found tranquility and contentment in affliction. But I would be unworthy the noble and generous Protestant faith which I profess, if I could withhold my admiration from the services which I am instructed he has rendered to the cause of religion and of charity, not only by his personal exertions in distributing the beneficence of one of the best and most useful charitable institutions existing in your city,* but also by his pen, in embodying the purest aspirations of religion in sublime and beautiful poetry.

"When I speak of the services he has rendered to religion by his poetry, allow me also to say that he has also rendered services to the cause

* The society of St. Vincent de Paul — of which Williams was a devoted and indefatigable agent in Dublin.

of patriotism and of humanity by it, and permit me to use the privilege of a long apprenticeship in those pursuits, and to say that in my own humble judgment, after our great bard Moore, the first living poet of Ireland, is this gentleman who now stands at the bar arraigned upon this charge."

This, coming from the distinguished author of "The Forging of the Anchor," is setting the seal to the popular verdict on the *Nation's* favorite poet.

Another poetical contemporary of Williams, as well as one of his most intimate friends — the late John Savage, — pays this tribute to his genius: —

"His genius was peculiarly and gloriously versatile. His writings under the well-known signature of 'Shamrock," are in every mood, and with equal success. In his patriotic odes a deep tone of elevated piety holds in, with beautiful effect, the struggles of an exuberant and well-stored fancy. His love poems are full of tenderness and feeling, and his 'Misadventures of a Medical Student,' are really unmatched and unmatchable for wit and drollery."

His Career in America.

Soon after his acquittal, Mr. Williams obtained his medical diploma, and practiced at his profession in Dublin for the two succeeding years. In the summer of 1851 he emigrated to America; and after a brief stay in New York, enjoying a happy re-union with his old compatriots, Savage, Brenan, Reilly, Dillon, Antisell, and O'Gorman, he went South — having obtained a position as Professor of *Belles Lettres* in Spring Hill College, Mobile. In 1856 he went to New Orleans, where he practised as a physician for some years, and, during that period, contributed some of his best poems to the local periodicals.

About the beginning of 1861 he went to reside at Thibodeaux — where he died in the following year, of consumption, and in the lonely little church yard of which place his remains were consigned to rest, — and, to all appearance, to the oblivion which envelopes the grave of the unknown exile dying far away from country and kin. The excitement and confusion which followed the tide of war then surging through Louisiana, seemed but destined to bury his grave and memory all the deeper. But such was not to be the poet's fate. On the contrary, as if by a strange interposition of Providence, — the battle-tide bore to the vicinity of that weed-covered grave some soldier-children of his own loved Innisfail — kindred spirits — who knew him through his songs, his patriotism and his humanity — who gloried in his fame, and cherished his memory.

These men were members of the 8th Regiment New Hampshire Volunteers, who, stimulated by the gallant Captain Thomas Connolly — erewhile Centre of the Manchester, N. H., Circle of the Fenian Brotherhood — determined to place a fitting monument on their minstrel's grave. Captain Connolly designed the monument — a plain marble shaft — and pedestal — wrote the inscription, collected the funds, and then went to New Orleans and gave his order and instructions to the sculptor. In a brief space the monument reached its destination, and was erected by the patriot soldiers with appropriate ceremonies.

It bears the following inscription: —

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF

RICHARD DALTON WILLIAMS,

THE IRISH PATRIOT AND POET,

WHO DIED JULY 5, 1862. AGED 40 YEARS.

THIS STONE WAS ERECTED BY HIS COUNTRYMEN SERVING IN COMPANIES C AND K, 8TH REGT., N. H. VOLUNTEERS,

AS A SLIGHT TESTIMONIAL OF THEIR ESTEEM FOR HIS UNSULLIED PATRIOTISM, AND HIS EXALTED DEVOTION

TO THE CAUSE OF IRISH FREEDOM.

It is much to be regretted that no complete collection of Richard Dalton Williams's poems has ever been published; for, while the greater portion of those contributed to the Irish national journals are still easily accessible to a competent editor, it is, unfortunately, not so with his many more mature compositions written during his American career. Scattered as they are through various newspapers and periodicals, several of these latter poems are known but to a comparative few of the author's literary cotemporaries, and are therefore in danger of being unidentified in the course of time, if not soon collected and duly credited.

CHAPTER XLI.

WATERFORD AND CASHEL.—WAITING FOR THE "WORD."—A BRIEF MEMOIR OF MICHAEL DOHENY.

Siubhal a-bhaile! Siubhal a-bhaile! through our parted island,
Many a friend and foe hast thou in valley and in highland.
But where'er the friends are false—when the foes distress thee,
Siubhal a-bhaile! here are ready weapons to redress thee.

GERALD GRIFFIN.

AT the time the national journalists were incarcerated in Newgate, most of the other Confederate leaders were absent from Dublin, each one working where he could do the most good. Smith O'Brien was at his home in Cahermoile. Meagher was on a tour of inspection of the Munster Clubs—giving them words of advice, encouragement, and hope, previous to his (contemplated) departure for America. Doheny was in Tipperary. McGee and Hollywood in Wicklow. Thomas Devin Reilly had gone to Monaghan to see his sick mother—the only member of his family who sympathized with his political principles. Each of these gentlemen—with the exception of O'Brien and Reilly—rendered himself so obnoxious to the government during his week's campaign as to be amenable to arrest on a charge of sedition.

Messrs. McGee and Hollywood's offence lay in their delivering seditious speeches at Roundwood, county of Wicklow, on Sunday, July 2nd. They were arrested on the 12th of that month, in Dublin, and remanded for trial at the ensuing county Wicklow assizes, on bail.

Meagher, after visiting Cork, hurried on to Cahermoyle, to consult with Smith O'Brien, but not finding him at home, left a letter for him, which was subsequently used as evidence against O'Brien in Clonmel. This letter, which was dated July 5th, 1848, concluded as follows:—

"Well, then, I come to tell you about the American trip. I am off for New York, (God willing,) on Saturday—

'O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea,
My thoughts as boundless and my soul as free.'

"What to do? To raise money, to invoke sympathy,—to &c., &c.,

amuse myself. You will be delighted with the Cork organization. Be so good as to mention at the *soiree* on Monday night the object and the fact of my departure, and believe me, ever your faithful friend,

"THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER."

(The events of the ensuing week caused him to abandon the intended visit to America).

On his return from Cahermoyle to the neighboring town of Rathkeale, Meagher addressed the inhabitants from the window of his hotel. For the speech then delivered a warrant for his arrest — on the charge of using seditious language — was issued. The result led to one of the most important of those "lost opportunities" which the Irish people afforded their leaders in this eventful year.

ARREST OF MEAGHER IN WATERFORD, AND DOHENY IN CASHEL.

On Wednesday, July 12th, Dublin was startled by the announcement that, on the previous day, Meagher had been arrested in Waterford and Doheny in Cashel, and that the populace rose *en masse*, and would have rescued both but for the urgent appeals of the prisoners themselves — who begged them to restrain their passionate ardor — as "*the time had not yet come.*" The following particulars of both affairs were given by the local correspondents of the *Freeman:* —

"ARREST OF T. F. MEAGHER, ESQ., AT WATERFORD.

"On Tuesday, about half-past two o'clock, Captain Gunn, accompanied by Constable Hughes, arrested Mr. Meagher, at his father's residence in the Mall, on a charge of having uttered seditious language at Rathkeale. Upon the news spreading, the chapel bells were rung, and the whole population turned out. The utmost excitement prevailed in every direction — nothing but a rescue was spoken of.

"Mr. Meagher being informed of this, went to the window, and endeavored to persuade the people against the project. After speaking some ten or fifteen minutes, he found it impossible to restrain their feelings, and retired almost in despair. After the lapse of an hour or so, during which time he was waited upon by numbers of his fellow-citizens of all classes, including several magistrates and clergymen, Mr. Meagher again appeared at the window. and a second time endeavored to calm the feelings of the people, and with some greater effect than at first. In the mean time, a military force,

consisting of a troop of the 4th Light Dragoons, and three companies of the 7th Fusileers arrived, and drew up in Beresford street, close to Mr. Meagher residence.

"The streets were still becoming more thronged with people from different directions, and Mr. Meagher, having sent in some of his most trusted followers — the men of Ballybricken — amongst the crowd, he succeeded in appeasing their irritation to a great extent. About this time Mr. Meagher was informed that messengers had been sent to Carrick-on-Suir, for the Clubs there organized, and that they would be in march upon the city in two or three hours, whereupon he at once dispatched two messengers with a written order countermanding the order.

"At half-past six a chaise and pair drew up opposite the door, and Mr. Meagher addressed the people in the most fervent and affectionate manner, counselling them not to act upon the rash dictates of the moment, and implored of them not to stain his soul, or wreck the cause in a sea of unavailing blood. This language, delivered in the most impassioned style, had an immense effect upon the crowd, who swore they would obey the instructions which Mr. Meagher had given them.

"He then proceeded to the chaise, accompanied by his cousin, Roger F. Sweetman of Blenheim Lodge, and Captain Gunn, the Chief of the Police. It was with the greatest difficulty he could pass through the crowd, thousands of his fellow-citizens pressing round him, grasping him by the hand, and embracing him with the utmost devotion.

"The dragoons then formed on either side of the carriage with drawn swords, followed and closed in by strong parties of the 7th Fusileers in foraging dress, each provided with sixty rounds of ball cartridge. This demonstration, however, did not in the least affect, but seemed to increase to a most violent extent the enthusiasm of the people. From this to the bridge the whole line of quay was one vast mass of human beings, the shops being closed, and all the windows thronged with ladies and gentlemen, who waved their handkerchiefs in the air, and saluted Mr. Meagher as he passed. It was a splendid exhibition of patriotism and devotion to the young citizen, and more resembled a triumphant procession than the arrest of "a felon."

"As they neared the bridge, the passion of the people seemed to break out again, vexation drove tears to their eyes, and again and again did they rush to the doors of the chaise, exclaiming — "*For God's sake sir, give us the word!*" "*For Heaven's sake give us the word!*" Mr. Meagher, however, still persisted in adhering to the advice which he had given them; and there would then come from the people a bitter cry — "You will regret it, sir —you will regret it" — and "it is all your own fault." But at this point

they seemed likely to act in spite of his remonstrances; for the traces and reins of the horses were cut to pieces, and their progress was delayed a full half hour. With the assistance, however, of the Rev. Mr. Tracy, who sat upon the box of the chaise, some order was restored, and the harness replaced. Mr. Meagher's faithful followers, the Ballybricken men, again exerted themselves to the utmost to see that his instructions were carried out; but notwithstanding all their efforts, stones now began to be thrown at the military, and Captain Gunn, who was slightly wounded over the right eye, was on the point of discharging his pistol when he was seized by Mr. Sweetman, and prevented from so doing.

"At the bridge the obstruction was again renewed, and it was with great difficulty they succeeded in forcing a passage. On reaching the opposite side they were again obstructed by a barricade formed by two immense balks of timber, beyond which the people were drawn up. Matters were here looking most serious, and the people seemed determined not to allow Mr. Meagher to pass the river, when, amid a shower of stones, he got out of the chaise, took off his hat, called upon the people to be faithful to the promise they had given him, and begged of them to remove the barrier. The Rev. Mr. Tracy also remonstrated with them, and after some time they removed the balks, and allowed the carriage to pass on to the gate at the Kilkenny side of the river. Here, however, an immense concourse had collected, who insisted upon the gate being shut, and actually succeeded in driving it home with large planks and beams of timber, by which means one party of the dragoons was divided from the other. In this isolated state, the people who had assembled on the New Ross and Kilkenny roads commenced flinging stones, while those on the other side of the gate crowded round the chaise, and implored Mr. Meagher for the last time to give the word and "let them out."

"Mr. Meagher, however, was not to be shaken in his determination, and seeing that a bloody riot was inevitable, on account of the dragoons in advance of the chaise, and on the other side of the gate, being so desperate, again got out of the chaise, and standing upon the roof of it, ordered the gate to be opened. Several members of the "Felon Club" at once proceeded to put his orders into execution, and, after some time succeeded in opening the passage, when, amid the most enthusiastic cheering, but most bitter regret, and disappointment, and vexation of the people, the chaise, escorted by the dragoons and officers of the 7th Fusileers, drove off at a rapid pace to overtake the Dublin mail. Owing, however, to the delays along the quays, it was not until they came near Ballyhale, a distance of seventeen

miles, that they came up to the coach, the dragoons escorting him up to this part.

"Mr. Meagher, accompanied by Captain Gunn and three other policemen, entered the mail. At one o'clock he reached the Carlow station, and proceeded by train to Dublin, where he arrived at half-past three o'clock."

The subsequent proceedings are thus narrated in the *Freeman*:—

"On arriving in town Mr. Meagher was brought to the College street station-house, where some conversation took place between him and Captain Gunn, and Mr. Fitzpatrick, the Inspector on duty, as to the propriety of allowing Mr. Meagher to go to a hotel. Captain Gunn was apprehensive that a rescue might be attempted by the Clubs; but Mr. Fitzpatrick assured him that he would not have the slightest hesitation in walking around the city with Mr. Meagher at that moment, if Mr. Meagher only gave his word that he would not abuse his confidence. Captain Gunn, however, still seemed to hesitate, and said that if Mr. Meagher would pledge his word to him, he would have no objection to letting him go to a hotel, but he would require the attendance of one or two policemen.

"Mr. Meagher replied that 'he had already pledged his word to Captain Gunn, in Waterford, that he would not take advantage of any courtesy which might be shown him; that he had kept that word solemnly in Waterford — when he might have broken it with success; that Captain Gunn himself was aware that but for his (Mr. Meagher's) exertions, he would have been seriously, if not fatally, wounded; that those circumstances should have rendered a second pledge unnecessary; that he would not give his word a second time; and that if Captain Gunn had not sufficient confidence in him, he would remain where he was, and require no indulgence.'

"Thereupon, Captain Gunn consented to Mr. Meagher's retiring to the Star and Garter Hotel, in D'Olier street."

It was only through the report of the above proceeding in the next morning's papers that Mr. Meagher's arrest became known throughout Dublin, and as the people were under the impression that he was arrested under the "Treason-Felony Act," the excitement was intense. At an early hour the hotel was thronged with gentlemen who hastened to tender their sympathy to Mr. Meagher — several clergymen being among the number, including one young priest — the Rev. Dr. Croke, at that time unknown to fame, but who, on that week, publicly commenced his career of consistent patriotism that, — apart from his position as one of the highest and most honored dignitaries of the Irish Church, — has caused his name to be revered and

beloved, wherever, over this wide earth, there congregates a company of the Irish race.*

About noon Mr. Meagher, accompanied by his friends, proceeded to the College street police office, where, after some delay — including an adjournment to perfect sureties, he entered into his own recognizances of £300, to appear at the next Limerick assizes, to answer the charge preferred against him, and Mr. Richard O'Gorman, senior, and Alderman Butler perfected their bail-bonds as sureties in the sum of £250 each.

The proceedings having terminated, Mr. Meagher left the office and was almost borne bodily to the hotel in the arms of the exulting multitude, which filled D'Olier street from end to end in one compact mass. Every available space was occupied, and even the lamp-posts and the projections of the houses opposite the hotel were taken possession of by the people.

Amid a storm of cheers Mr. Meagher presented himself at the window to address the impatient crowd. It was his last public speech in Dublin, and the last which I ever heard him deliver in Ireland; and, for that reason, it is more clearly impressed on my memory than many of his more important orations, to which I listened during that spirit-stirring spring and summer.

When silence was restored he spoke as follows:—

MEAGHER'S LAST PUBLIC SPEECH IN DUBLIN.

(JULY 12TH, 1848.)

"Fellow-countrymen, — I have only got a few words to say to you at present, because I don't wish you to put yourselves in the way of having

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*NOTE.—CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY, in his "Four Years of Irish History!" records this interesting incident of Dr. Croke's courageous patriotism at the period referred to in the text, i. e., the week after his own arrest:—

"A little later, as the prospect grew darker, two young priests, whom I had never seen before, visited me in Newgate to make a gallant proposal. As the national editors were in prison, and their successors threatened with arrest, they suggested that certain young priests, themselves to begin, should take the place of the imprisoned publicists and carry on their work. I told them that to my thinking there would soon be no longer any national press to conduct; we had arrived at a point where the Government must extinguish it, or abandon their other measures of suppression. I indicated, however, a place where the services of young priests would soon be in request, and be eminently useful.

"One of these young ecclesiastics was Dr. Barry, afterwards Principal of St. Patrick's College, Melbourne. The other was Dr. Croke, the present Archbishop of Cashel."

this peaceable meeting interrupted by force. I merely come forward to tell you the nature of the circumstance which has caused some excitement amongst you, and it is this: That I was arrested yesterday, and brought out of Waterford by a troop of the 4th Light Dragoons, and two or three companies of the 7th Fusileers. (Laughter.) It was thought in Waterford that I had been arrested on a charge of felony; but it is quite evident they have missed their shot this time. (Laughter and cheers).

"I have also to tell you, my friends, that but for my most passionate appeals to the people, I never would stand here to-day. (Great cheering). My fellow-citizens of Waterford had barricaded and shut the gates of their city — (tremendous and protracted cheers) — and it was at my urgent entreaty that the barricades were removed, and the gates opened; for I told them not to do anything rash — I told them that I was not yet in prison, and that they might regret any rash act which they were induced to commit under the excitement of the moment. I was right in giving that advice, and they were right in taking it; but I now tell you emphatically, that you may depend upon the men of Waterford. (Loud cheers).

"I go from this city at half-past eight o'clock this evening, to appear at the next assizes of Limerick to stand my trial — that is, if I like it, — (laughter,) — for making use of seditious language at Rathkeale the other night. I was speaking there a short time ago, and was not aware that there was any government reporter present; but I afterwards found that this duty was performed by two police constables, — (groans,) — with whom I was endeavoring to fraternize, but who, as the sequel proves, rejected my fair advances. (Loud laughter).

"Well, I go to Limerick without the slightest apprehension of any consequences whatever, (cheers); and what is more, I am determined that they shall not have me in Newgate. (Immense cheering). My oratory is at an end, at least for some time. The people will not lose me or my services, of whatever use they may be to them. (Loud cheers). Therefore, as I reserve myself for your cause, I call upon you to pluck up heart, and pursue your course with undiminished ardor. (Cheers). Never mind those arrests; you have true men amongst you still. (Hear, hear). Organize as you have been doing heretofore; keep that ground and maintain it. (Cheers). Never mind these threats of the suppression of the clubs; continue to enroll your members, and then if they shut up the rooms you have the names still on the cards. (Cheers).

"This is the advice I give you; and I am sure that, as under existing circumstances my advice was taken by the people, in this more gratifying

state of things, an advice less difficult to adopt will be followed by equal readiness. Courage!—a few more efforts, and we will have the day."

On the following Saturday Meagher appeared in Limerick Court-House, and gave bail to stand his trial there at the next assizes.

ARREST OF MICHAEL DOHENY IN CASHEL.—HIS FRIENDS TO THE RESCUE.

> Should woe or want oppress his friends—
> Though State and Fate proclaim dispair, he
> Against them all the "Pass" defends,
> And rights the wrongs of Tipperary.—DAVIS.

On the morning of the day on which Meagher was arrested in Waterford, his associate-patriot, Michael Doheny, was taken into custody in Cashel, their offences were similar, and,—by a strange coincidence,—so were the ebullitions of the popular feeling to which their arrests gave rise. It was as if the blow struck at their favorite leaders had produced an electric spark which simultaneously fired the hearts of the two best fighting counties in Ireland. As if further to carry out the parallel—in both instances—it was by the most strenuous exertions of the people's champions that the flame was extinguished which might otherwise have, in twenty-four hours, set every hill-top in Munster ablaze with the belfires of revolution. Three weeks afterwards, those leaders, aimless wanderers, would have sacrificed their lives to re-kindle the passionate enthusiasm and fiery determination which they *then* deemed it their highest duty to Ireland to allay, and stifle. But alas! the glorious opportunity was lost—and could not be retrieved for the time.

The particulars of Doheny's arrest are thus related by an eye-witness of the proceedings:—

'CASHEL, TUESDAY, JULY 11TH, 1848.

"Mr. Michael Doheny was arrested this morning, in his own house, by Mr. Joseph Cox, the sub-inspector of police, and taken before Mr. Ffrench, the stipendiary magistrate, charged, under the late act of Parliament, with sedition, uttered in a speech pronounced by him at Roscrea, in the North Riding. After a short examination, he was ordered to be committed to gaol.

"As soon as it was known that Mr. Doheny was being conveyed from the magistrate's office by a back way for the city gaol, the streets resounded with the heavy trampings of the mob as they ran to the rescue; and, whether for good or evil, to our credit or discredit, let what will be said, there

was a rescue. That Mr. Doheny is now in gaol, is his own fault; no man will deny it. Neither the magistrates nor the inspector can deny it; and he was rescued, too, before the mob were half-way to the scene. The people of one street did it — that in the vicinity of the gaol. The number of police to be sure, — (and it is but just to say it,) — that guarded the prisoner, was very small, but it mattered little — ten times the number would certainly have been torn piece-meal, I verily believe, but for the vice-presidents and wardens of our clubs. Never in all my life did I witness such determination.

"Mr. Doheny spoke several times from a window to no purpose. The prominent members of the clubs strove with all their might to open a passage to no purpose; everything was done to calm the populace, but nothing effected. The police were hurled about like so many foot-balls. They were ordered to load by their commander, but the Hon. Martin Ffrench, our worthy magistrate, countermanded the order. At last Mr. Doheny again essayed to speak; he implored the people by the love they bore him, by every thing they held dear, to let him go, and that he would soon return, for his offence was bailable, and that he had only to go to Roscrea, give bail, and then return. This, and this alone, pacified the people. They shouted 'We will, we will,' and quickly withdrew."

MEMOIR OF MICHAEL DOHENY.

MICHAEL DOHENY was born at Brookhill, near Fethard, in the county of Tipperary, on May 22, 1805. His father was of the class known as "small farmers," and from early boyhood until he achieved a competency by his industry, genius, and indomitable perseverance, Michael was inured to a life of penury and toil. His father was too poor to pay for his children's education in the neighboring town; but, like nearly all his class in those days, he was *not* too poor to accord the right of hospitality to the wandering beggar, the "piper," or the "poor scholar." It was from one of the latter, whom he had domiciled under his humble roof, that his son, Michael, received his first lessons in reading, writing, and arithmetic, but from the age of ten until he arrived at manhood he received no instruction whatever except what was derived from the perusal of the few books which came in his way, the contents of which he devoured with avidity. He had attained the age of twenty-one when, for the first time in his life, he went to school. His preceptor was a celebrated classical and mathematical scholar named Maher, who lived near Emly. With this man Michael Doheny remained for nine months, paying at the rate of five shillings a quarter for

his tuition; and these fifteen shillings was all the money ever expended on his education.

His thirst for knowledge and the force of his native intellect, however, soon made up for his lack of schooling, and he, eventually, became a proficient in the science of mathematics, as well as an excellent classical scholar. He was also well versed in the Irish language, which he both spoke and wrote fluently and correctly, and his knowledge of the history and literature of his native land was profound and extensive. A poet him-elf by nature, the music and poetry of his country had ever a fascination for him; and the many beautiful songs and ballads, both original and translated, which, in moments of relaxation from more serious work, he has given to the world, would, of themselves, entitle him to a high place in the estimation of every admirer of genuine Irish poetry.

For some years he followed the profession of tutor to several respectable families in the county Tipperary, all the time amassing more knowledge himself, and occasionally contributing articles to the Irish press.

Emphatically one of the people, he was a partaker of all their pastimes, trials, and sorrows. Possessed of a strong and athletic frame, he was ever welcome at every exhibition of rural strength or agility which took place for miles round his residence, and few amongst his stalwart compeers of Tipperary were found to outmatch him at foot-ball, hurling, race or stone-putting.

Though no one was more conversant with the miseries inflicted on the peasantry through the agency of British law; though, from his childhood, he had become familiar with evictions, domiciliary visits, and tithe distraints, which fed the holy hatred that he had imbibed with his mother's milk; though — as became one so thoroughly identified with his persecuted race — he occasionally lent the assistance of his counsel and his arm toward battling and counteracting the machinations of exterminators and tithe-raiders; yet, until he had attained his twenty-seventh year, he kept aloof from each and all of the various political organizations which sprang up periodically in Ireland. For he had no sympathy with agitations got up for the purpose of opening the doors of official patronage to the hitherto tabooed race of "respectable Catholics" — at the expense of their toiling co-religionists; he despised "ameliorations," and believed in his soul that nothing tending to the benefit of Ireland could emanate from the British Parliament. This revolutionary idea he inculcated on his compatriots long before John Mitchel promulgated it with such effect as to make it a fundamental article in the political creed of Irish nationalists.

It was not, therefore, until O'Connell started the first Repeal Associa-

tion, in 1831, that Michael Doheny affiliated himself with a public Irish organization. He then regarded a Repeal of the Union as nearly equivalent to an independent nationality. So strongly did the hope which the new movement inspired effect his honest and enthusiastic nature, that he determined to shape his future course in life so as to make it subordinate to the great end it had in view. It was chiefly on this account that he chose the bar as his profession.

He attended a course of lectures in Dublin, and from thence he proceeded to London, where he became a student in the Temple, supporting himself, in the meantime, by his pen.

On being admitted to the bar he returned to Ireland, where he soon after married Miss Jane O'Dwyer, a lady of one of the best families of the old Celtic stock, in Tipperary. He settled to practice his profession in Cashel, where he was previously well known, and where he soon became highly popular from the boldness and ability with which he defended the poor — in most instances without fee — against their local tyrants. As was to be expected, he incurred the hatred of the latter in a proportionate degree; but he gloried in the fact — and he flourished on their animosity. After the passage of the Municipal Reform Bill, he was appointed legal adviser to the borough of Cashel, and in that capacity he recovered considerable property belonging to the borough, which certain parties in the vicinity had, for a length of time, appropriated to their private use.

This legal victory, obtained as it was, over the representatives of the long dominant faction, added considerably to Doheny's fame as a lawyer, and he soon was in a fair way of achieving an independence through the exercise of his profession.

In the mean time, a circumstance occurred which confirmed to him as a *man* the golden opinions he had won as a *lawyer*. The cholera, for the first time, had broken out in Cashel, and its dreadful ravages spread such consternation and dismay throughout the community, that most of those whose circumstances permitted fled the plague-stricken town, leaving the onerous task of taking care of the poor to a few noble-hearted citizens, who constituted themselves into a "Board of Health," and who, night and day, were constant in their exertions to alleviate the sufferings of their indigent neighbors.

Foremost amongst those chivalrous philanthropists was Doheny. Such was his heroic courage and Christian charity that when the pestilence became so violent that even the very men hired to convey the sick to the hospital, and the dead to the grave, abandoned their duty and fled, terror-stricken

from the place, he, by himself, in many instances, was known to convey the victims of the disease on his shoulders to their destination.

No wonder that Michael Doheny was revered and beloved by the grateful, and warm-hearted people who witnessed his devotion to their wants in those perilous times.

When, deluded by Whig promises, O'Connell was induced to formally dissolve the first Repeal Association, Doheny, who had joined the organization with a sincere determination of fighting out the battle to the end — felt disheartened and disgusted at the collapse of his cherished hopes, and held aloof from the several political organizations which succeeded each other at intervals during the ensuing seven years; and it was not until O'Connell — having thoroughly tested the English Whigs, and finding them false in every instance, — flung party affiliations to the winds, and placing his sole reliance on the patriotism of the Irish people, founded, in 1840, the great Irish National Repeal Association, — that the earnest Tipperary man again "enlisted for the war."

For some time previous to his formal enrollment, Doheny had been in correspondence with Thomas Davis, then an active member of the association; and, as no man whose heart beat truly for Ireland, could come within the sphere of Davis's magic influence and not be won over to his views, it did not take long for such a congenial spirit as Doheny's to catch the sacred spark from that heavenly fire which was destined to illume the island. Davis, then, it was, who induced Doheny to join the new Repeal Association; and once he was connected with it, he set himself resolutely to inculcate its doctrines on his associates in town and country, by voice and pen, and with all the energies he could command.

The *Nation* had been started some time previously, and, — outside its three illustrious founders — Michael Doheny became one of its earliest and most valued contributors, and, two years later, when the writers connected with that great journal determined to rescue their country's literature from the abject condition in which it had so long lain, and, as a consequence of this resolution, that invaluable series of national works known as "The Library of Ireland," was projected, Doheny chose for the subject of his quota of the noble work, the "History of the American Revolution." It was a theme peculiarly attractive to his nature — the successful struggle of a liberty-loving people against an intolerable tyranny — the same vile power which was even then crushing the life-blood out of his own Motherland. How well he fulfilled his self-allotted labor of love can best be understood by a perusal of the work itself.

For a detailed account of Doheny's connection with the events of the

three years succeeding the publication of the Library of Ireland, I refer my readers to "The Felon's Track," in which work he has graphically depicted the history of that period, so fraught with physical suffering and ruined hopes, to the land and the people he loved so well. Suffice it to say here, that, in those trying times, no man bore himself more courageously, or labored more hopefully and persistently in his country's cause, than Michael Doheny.

And, furthermore, when that cause sank in gloom — for the time — and he, after running

"The Outlaw's dark career,"

found, with some of his compatriots — exiles in this glorious land — the freedom they were denied at home, not one amongst them all — previous to the arrival of JOHN O'MAHONY in New York — was so effective and so indefatigable in the work of creating and fostering the various societies of Irish revolutionists which were the precursors of the "FENIAN BROTHERHOOD." In that great organization, from its inception to his death he was the ablest and most effective associate, as he was the most intimate friend of its illustrious founder.

As if in compensation for his unswerving fidelity to the land of his birth and love, he was destined by Providence to feast his eyes on it once more before closing them for ever on earth. After thirteen years of exile he returned to Ireland to lay the remains of his fellow-rebel, TERENCE BELLEW MACMANUS, in his mother earth. His reception by his true-hearted countrymen was all that he could desire, or his friends feel proud of. And so, after fulfilling his sacred mission, and devoting a couple of months to revisiting the old familiar places in "Green Erin of the Streams," he hopefully re-crossed the Atlantic to labor for his dear Mother with renewed energy — as he fondly thought. Alas! in two months after landing, his great, warm heart was at rest. His death took place on the 1st of April, 1862. His body lies in Calvary Cemetery.

"GOD'S PEACE TO HIS SOUL."

CHAPTER XLII.

THE SLIEVENAMON MEETING.

(JULY 16, 1848.)

Weep the great Departed—the patriot-hearted!
With life they parted for Ireland's right;
To them give glory, though tyrants gory
Spread the false story, "they fled in fright."
O, 'twas small terror! we fell to error,
No chiefs there were or an ordered van;
Yet when came war's rattle we fled not battle,
Though like herdless cattle on Slievenamon!

(A '98 song—From the Irish. GEORGE SIGERSON translator.)

SITUATED equidistant between the towns of Clonmel and Carrick-on-Suir, and looming nearly two thousand four hundred feet above the glorious "Plain of Femhan," stands sublime and alone—like a giant sentinel—the mountain now known as Slievenamon—the anglicized form of the ancient Gaelic appellation of "*Sliabh-na-m Ban bh-Fionn*," i. e. the "Mountain of the Fair Women." With no Irish hill are there more ancient traditions connected—some of them extending beyond the dawn of authenticated history. But, to go no farther back than the third century of the Christian era, there is sufficient evidence, both historical and traditional, to prove that the stone seat on its summit, known by the name of *Suidhe Finn* (Suee-Finn,) i. e. "Finn's Seat"—or resting-place—was so called from the fact that Finn MacCumhall, chief of the Fiann of Eireann, was wont to make it his station while his warriors were engaged in the chase on the plain beneath. Certain it is, that, from no other of his favorite mountain-seats—from end to end of the island—could the warrior-hunter enjoy a prospect more sublime, extensive, varied, and beautiful.

It was the same, in all its natural features, that Cromwell gazed upon, fourteen centuries later, when he exclaimed:—

"*That is a country worth fighting for:*"

No Irishman—with fighting blood pulsing through his heart—will dis-

sent from the assertion — were it even made by the arch-hell-hound himself, instead of one of his most blood-thirsty whelps.

At all events, not one such man could be found among the fifty thousand who witnessed the prospect from the brow of that classic hill on Sunday, July 16th, 1848.

For that was the place and the time selected by Meagher and Doheny on which, in the face of friend and foe to give their response to Clarendon and his subordinate scoundrels. Surely, no more appropriate spot could be found from which to recall memories of the past, or enkindle hopes for the future of their land.

From an early hour on that beautiful Sabbath morning unusual excitement was exhibited in Carrick and the surrounding district; for "Carrick Green" was the appointed rendezvous where the clubs of the town and its vicinity were to form, preparatory to their march on Slievenamon.

Long before the time of meeting, crowds flocked into the town from the counties of Waterford, Kilkenny and even Wexford, while the roads to the mountain were blocked with people enthusiastically wending their way towards the appointed rallying spot. Though, as the sun rose higher above the eastern horizon, the heat became intense; and though the ascent to the mountain-top was very steep, it mattered little to the light-hearted, sinewy-limbed way-farers. From the north and west — extending from the banks of the Anner through the whole length of the "Golden Vale," and beyond the Limerick border, other thousands came to swell the concourse.

Since daylight the military and police stationed in Carrick were under arms in their respective barracks, under the orders of Mr. Gore, the Resident Magistrate. But heedless of them or their possible action, the Clubs drew up on the "Green" under their respective presidents. and promptly, at the time appointed, set out on their march for the hill, amid the wildest exclamations of delight and defiance from the townspeople of both sexes — who were physically unfitted for the arduous task of breasting the lofty mountain. The upper portion of the hill was black with the assembled multitude already arrived at the goal of their ambition, when a cheer, which extended from base to summit, and reverberated from all sides of the grand old mountain, heralded the approach of Michael Doheny, in the uniform of the '82 Club, at the head of 6,000 men from middle Tipperary.

At 2 P. M., when the full numbers had assembled, it was computed that 50,000 men stood around their leaders within hearing distance of "*Suidhe Finn.*"

Mr. James O'Donnell occupied the chair, and Mr. Doheny then addressed the meeting in a thrilling and most eloquent speech of over an hour's dur-

ation. He dwelt most emphatically on the urgent necessity of the people providing themselves with arms by every available means — even though every foot of ground in Tipperary was "proclaimed" — "*Where there was a will there was a way!*" He spoke on the utility of the club organization, and hoped that it soon embrace the whole people from one end of the country to the other. He particularly recommended temperance — as essential to success; advised the people to be orderly and calm, firm and true, and not fear the result of the impending conflict. He concluded amid a storm of enthusiastic cheers.

MEAGHER'S SPEECH ON SLIEVENAMON.

The *Limerick Examiner* published the annexed report of Meagher's speech: —

"Mr. Meagher next appeared in the tribune, wearing a green cap with gold band and a splendid tricolor sash. He was received with unbounded enthusiasm. When the applause subsided, he said: —

'Men of Tipperary, I feel that I am not equal to this occasion, and to your expectation. For the last few days I have undergone so much fatigue that I despair of giving expression to my sentiments in language that will command this audience, reaching its utmost limits, and in thoughts which the cause demands, and my hopes inspire.

'You have heard a true son of Irish soil, whose rugged virtues partake of the character of the country. You have heard him say that I am to stand my trial next assizes, which will be "the day after the fair." (Laughter). If there is any one here to communicate the proceedings of this meeting to the government, I trust that they will find out that they have made a great mistake in arresting me. (hear, hear, and loud cheers, and "You shall never follow Mitchel.") I am here not only to repent of nothing, but to dare them to do something worse.

'When I threw myself into this movement, when I was scarcely yet of age, I did not do so to gain an honorable name for any purpose of profit or emolument. I felt that I lived in a land of slavery, and that if God gave me intellect, it ought to be employed for the country. It was with this feeling I joined the cause of Ireland at a moment when every nation wished to see her flag unfurled on these hills. (Tremendous cheering).

'"Forty-three" passed away, but its vows have not passed away. I wish I had the eloquence of him who then stirred up the country. O'Connell, like all great men, had his faults — but he had his virtues — and he had victories. This I will say, that he preached a cause that we are bound

Ito see out. He used to say—"I may not see what I have labored for. am an old man—my arm is withered—no epitaph of victory may mark my grave—but I see a young generation with redder blood in their veins, and they will do the work." (Cheers). Therefore it is that I ambition to decorate these hills with the flag of my country.

'A scourge came from God which ought to have stirred you up into greater action. The potato was smiten; but your fields waved with golden grain. It was not for you. To your lips it was forbidden fruit. The ships came and bore it away, and when the price rose it came back, but not for the victims whose lips grew pale, and quivered, and opened no more. (Sensation). Did I say that they opened no more? Yes, they did open in Heaven, to accuse your rulers. Those lips, beautiful and fresh with the light of God—(sensation)—supplicated His throne, and He has blessed our cause. (Cheers). The fact is plain, that this land, which is yours by nature, and by God's gift, is not yours by the law of the land. —There were bayonets, therefore, between the people and their rightful food.

'Are ye content that the harvest of this land which you see, and to which your labor has imparted fruitfulness, should again be reaped for the stranger? (Loud cries of no, no). Walking in this glorious scenery, Cromwell said:—"Is not this a land worth fighting for?" (Loud cheers, and cries of we would fight and die for it). There always appeared to me a cloud on its brightest scenery, because it did not belong to its inhabitants—because our flag was not here. The flag of England waves over all your institutions.

'The famine came and then their coercion laws. (Hear, hear). Then a gallant man, young and brave, with a young wife and young children, who, if they were not made of heroic clay, would have caught him to their breasts before he went forth to preach the glorious gospel, that "the life of a peasant is worth the life of a lord." (Loud and continued cheers). That gospel went through the country, and you said it was the true one. (Cries of "so it is.") Because he preached this they took him, threw him into a prison, and banished him from his own native land. (Cries of "we'll bring him back.")

'There is a stain on the nation while he remains in Bermuda. He does not sleep—his feverish chafed spirit knows no rest.—He is listening day by day to the sound of the waves, thinking that in those sounds will come his liberty and yours. (Applause). Because he does not rest, you ought not to rest. He stood up before his judges, and he said, "You have done your duty—I have done mine." Like the Roman youth, who, standing before the

tyrant, put his hand into the fire till it was burned, and said — 'there are three hundred to follow my example.' I will promise for one, two, three, aye, for three hundred." (Tremendous cheering). He uttered that prophecy, and he is not deceived. Others have stepped into the breach, and Newgate will hereafter be dedicated in our history as the temple of liberty.

'Will you permit the country to be deprived of these men? (Loud cries of "never," and tremendous cheering). I stand here upon the lofty summit of a country which, if we do not win for ourselves, we must win for those who come after us. (Hear, hear). As my friend said to-day,— "You will mount higher than this, and face a more burning sun." (Cries of "aye, the top of the cannon.") No man came here to-day that is not determined to brave the worst the foe can do. I have not come here for speech-making, but to teach you the duties you owe yourselves and the prisoners.'

"Some other speakers then addressed the meeting, which finally separated about seven o'clock,"

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE CLUBS. — DUBLIN, DROGHEDA, CORK AND WATERFORD PROCLAIMED. — THE HABEAS CORPUS ACT SUSPENDED.

The genuine passion of the people, which in a great crisis is as real and terrible as elemental fire, was found in the clubs alone. Nearly all that was formidable to England or hopeful to Ireland, was concentrated in them.

CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY.

On the morning after Meagher's departure from Dublin to Limerick, I met Devin Reilly, (who had hastened back from Monaghan on learning the arrest of the national editors). After our first greeting, I asked him what he "thought of the state of affairs now?"

"Faith!" he replied, "I did not think they would all have been laid by the heels so soon."

"Oh!" said I, "I did not refer to them, but to the boys of Waterford and Cashel. Had you been there what would you do?"

"You may be sure I would *not* have stopped them, my boy! — but 'taken them while in the humor.'"

"Well I knew it! — I'm sorry you missed the chance, for such opportunities don't often come to us!"

"That's true; but brace up your heart; this state of things can't last much longer; the Government won't stay its hand now — until they force a crisis."

It was even as he had foreseen. The next move of the Castle authorities was directed to the disarming and suppression of the Clubs. They had been urged to take this step for some weeks past by the conservative press and the landlord garrison; but hesitated until the Slievenamon meeting warned them that, if they were to act at all, they must act promptly.

Accordingly, three days after Tipperary had spoken, Clarendon issued a proclamation ordering all persons who lived in proclaimed districts, and were not specially licensed, to give up their arms and ammunition within four days, on penalty of a year's imprisonment with hard labor.

All Tipperary, and several other well-known disaffected districts, had been "proclaimed" long before this ukase was issued; but now, in order to strike at the Clubs in their strongholds, Dublin, Cork, Waterford and Drogheda, were immediately proclaimed.

Meagher, for Waterford, promptly responded to the "stand and deliver" order of the Castle brigand. No sooner was the "Lion and Unicorn" notification posted in his native city than he issued a counter proclamation with the "Harp on the Green," calling upon the people to disregard the Castle; to stand to their arms; continue their Club organization, and wait resolutely and calmly for the orders of their chosen leaders. This proclamation was posted on, or beside, every copy of that stuck up by Her Majesty's knights of the paste-pot, in the "*Urbs Intacta*." I saw several of them in "cheek-by-jowl" proximity ten days later.

Both Charles Gavan Duffy, and John Martin, from their cells in Newgate, wrote articles for their respective papers, signed with their initials, advising the people to keep their arms. The editor of the *Nation* said emphatically: —

"For myself, if the people are robbed of their arms — if the Clubs are broken up — if all the organization and discipline won with such toil are flung away in an hour — if the spirit of the country, so universally evoked, be again permitted to die out — if these things can happen after the terrible lessons we have before us, written in the blood and tears of the nation, I, for one, will not curse the packed jury that sends me far from such a spectacle."

John Martin's manly advice on this occasion constituted the principal article in the indictment on which he was convicted.

But the Clubs did not wait for the advice of their imprisoned leaders, nor for the action of the government which led thereto. Clearly anticipating what was sure to occur soon, they, — on Sunday, July 16th, — on the very hour that the Slievenamon meeting was being held — held special meetings in their several halls, for the purpose, first, of ascertaining their numerical strength, the quantity and quality of arms on hand, and the opinion of the members as to the advisability of meeting the Government's expected assault by a general uprising in Dublin; and, secondly, to elect delegates to represent them at a meeting — to be held on the next evening — and at which it was expected a supreme Executive Committee would be elected.

The meeting of the Swift Club on this most important occasion, was presided over by Mr. John Smith, the venerable '98 veteran. In the discussion which took place, it was developed that the members were overwhelmingly in favor of fighting on the first attempt of the Government to disarm them. Nearly all the members were armed with either rifles or pikes — in the proportion of about one of the former to two of the latter. But, in the event of a fight, more than half the Club would be supplied with fire-arms, for, when the project of seizing on the contents of the gun-shops was referred to, one of the members — a gun-smith, and, perhaps, the most extensive dealer in fire-arms then in Dublin, announced, that, when the hour of action came, his stock in trade, with his life, was at the service of Ireland; that he had an inventory of the several classes of weapons, which — with a requisite portion of proper ammunition — he would turn over to the officers of the Club — taking a receipt for the same, and trusting to be paid the price thereof by an Irish National Government — if the cause was successful — and he survived the contest.

Two delegates were then elected, and instructed to vote on behalf of the Club — *for fighting* — when called on.

The first meeting of the Club delegates was held at the Council-Rooms on Monday evening, July 17th. Smith O'Brien was present. But, save a return of the reports, as to the state of preparedness of the several Clubs, no business was then transacted. On the 20th — when Dublin was proclaimed, — another meeting of the delegates was held, at which it was supposed some definite plan of action, suited to the emergency, would be adopted. It was the most important meeting — *in its consequences to the Irish cause* — held in Dublin during that year. When the question of what was to be done in response to the Government proclamation came up for discussion, Joseph Brennan, — one of the most gifted, earnest and enthusiastic young

men in Ireland, moved, on behalf of the St. Patrick's Club, of which he was a delegate, "*That the Clubs anticipate the Government attack, and* STRIKE AT ONCE—*before the search for arms had commenced.*" The motion being duly seconded, John Dillon moved an amendment to the effect—"*That the people should be recommended to* CONCEAL THEIR ARMS,—*and give a passive resistance to the proclamation.*" Smith O'Brien supported John Dillon, and a most animated debate ensued, in the course of which it was argued by some one in favor of a waiting policy, that "the people were not yet sufficiently prepared for a conflict."

In reply to this "waiter on Providence," "Bob. Ward," in a tone of passionate scorn, exclaimed:—

"Not yet sufficiently prepared! There are some people who will *never* be prepared—*fellows who,—if the Almighty rained down rifles ready loaded from Heaven,—would ask Him to send down angels to pick them up and fire them.*"

Smith O'Brien gazed with astonishment at the indignant *extempore* orator, but no one attempted to reply to his caustic, and very original definition of the excuse-making do-nothings.

Dillon's motion was, eventually, carried by a small majority, after which the convention adjourned for two days.

The decision arrived at at the meeting above recorded, settled the question as to any future combined action of the Dublin Clubs. The individual members, in obedience to orders, concealed their arms, but they never received orders to take them up again; for, within a week, the Habeas Corpus Act was suspended, and the leaders to avoid immediate arrest, had to abandon the capital for the country districts. It is useless to speculate *now* on what might have occurred had a different line of action been adopted at that meeting, and I do not propose dealing with the subject—further than to give expression to the thought—often since forced upon me—that, had the brave, chivalrous, and devoted John Dillon, imagined, that before the coming week was over, he would be confronting England's soldiers, on a barricade, in command of a few hundred half-armed peasants—to whom he was, until then, a perfect stranger—he would have preferred to take his stand, as he might have done, at the dead of ten thousand organized and intelligent comrades in the streets of Dublin.

But to return to the history of this eventful week—the last I spent (at that period) in the national capital.

A public meeting was held the night after the Castle proclamation was issued At this meeting Smith O'Brien reported the result of his tour of inspection in the South. It was highly encouraging. Among the statements it con-

tained was the important fact that, in Cork he met ten thousand organized Confederates, and as many more able-bodied men who promised to act with them. He also stated that throughout the country districts the national feeling was deep and wide-spread.

At the adjourned meeting of the Club delegates held on Saturday, July 22d. John Dillon in the chair, an executive council of five was chosen, which, thenceforth, was to have supreme control of the revolutionary movement. The members elected were John Dillon, Thomas F. Meagher, Richard O'Gorman, Thomas Darcy McGee, and Thomas Devin Reilly. Mr. O'Brien, who was not present at the meeting, was, by his own desire, omitted from the list, as his special duties would take him next morning to Wexford, to continue his inspection of the South.*

The newly-elected executive was never convened. O'Gorman left Dublin for Limerick immediately after the adjournment of the meeting, his mission being to take charge of the movement in Thomond, wherein was situated the patrimonial tribe-lands of his ancestral clan.

He had left the city but a few hours, when the news came that, on the same day, Lord John Russell had carried through the House of Commons, without the least opposition, a bill to suspend the Habeas Corpus Act in Ireland, and that it would be passed by the House of Lords and become law on the following Monday.

This action on the Government's part, might have been anticipated at any moment since the arrests of the editors, but that "Liberal" Irish Members of Parliament, elected for the most part by the popular vote, should be so utterly devoid of national spirit, and so basely subservient to their country's oppressors — as to let this blow in the dark be struck at their motherland without an attempt to parry it, or a single cry of warning — this depth of treachery the people were not prepared for. Yet it is a fact that, not only was no opposition offered to, or warning given of this nefarious act, but that some Irish Members, who, — both before and since — posed as "patriots"(?) actually voted for the passage of the bill.

It was through a private dispatch received at the office of the *Freeman's Journal* that the news became known in Dublin in time to give the popular leaders then in the city, a brief warning of what was impending over them and their compatriots. A few of these leaders, including three members of the Executive Council, — Meagher, Dillon, and McGee — met at the Council-Room in D'Olier street.

The result of their deliberation is recorded in the annexed extract from a

*Four Years of Irish History, page 639.

personal narrative by Meagher, entitled —"*A Memoir of Forty-Eight*," — which originally appeared in the *Dublin Nation*, while the writer was still a state-prisoner in Australia.

CHAPTER XLIV.

"TAKING THE FIELD."

(FROM "MEAGHER'S MEMOIRS OF FORTY-EIGHT.")

"When we reached the Council-Rooms we found ——— and McGee there, and, after a short conversation with them, it was arranged that the former should leave in the evening for Paris, put himself immediately into communication with the most influential Irishmen residing in that city, and leave nothing undone to procure a military intervention, in the event of the insurrection we contemplated taking place.

"In a few hours he sailed from Kingstown; and I have lately heard, from a trusted source, that the duties he undertook were performed by him with great ardor, intelligence and success; that, in fact, owing to his earnest representations, the armed intervention of the French government would have taken place, had we made a good beginning, and shown ourselves worthy of so honorable an assistance.

"As for McGee, he volunteered to start the same evening for Belfast, cross over to Glasgow, and lie concealed there until he heard from Dillon. Should he receive any favorable information, he was to summon the Irish population of that city to rise and attack whatever troops were intrusted with its defence. In case of these troops being overpowered, he should seize two or three of the largest merchant steamers lying in the Clyde; with pistols to their heads, compel the engineers and sailors to work them out; steer round the north coast of Ireland; and at the head of two thousand men, or more, if he could get them, make a descent on Sligo; fight his way across the Shannon and join us in Tipperary.*

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*NOTE.—Viewing this project in after years—in the light of his well-earned military experience, how Meagher must have smiled at its absurdity? For, even admitting that the first part of the proposed scheme was feasible,—and that a landing could be made at

"This project may now appear a monstrously absurd one. At the time, however, many circumstances concurred to give it a rational, sober, practicable character. Adventurous, bold, and dangerous in the highest degree, it certainly was, to the individual who proposed and ventured to conduct it. But, once taken in hand by our countrymen in Glasgow, no doubt could have been entertained of its accomplishment. Not alone, that the Irish there numbered several thousands; not alone that Chartism was on the watch there, and panting for an outbreak; but the city was almost wholly defenceless; the troops of the line had been drafted off to other places; and, as a substitute an awkward militia force had been hastily patched up, and strapped together.

"The project, however, — whether it was good or bad — did not originate exclusively with McGee. In proposing it to us, he was acting in obedience to the wishes of three Delegates who had arrived in Dublin the previous evening, and had been instructed by a large body of Irishmen, resident in Glasgow, to lay the project in question before the chief men of the Clubs, and urge them to sanction, encourage, and direct it.

"That evening, McGee started for Belfast; and, next day, crossed over to Scotland; where, I have since learned, from a Catholic clergyman of high integrity and intellect, he went through the difficult and perilous business he had undertaken, with singular energy, tact and firmness; and for several days stood fully prepared to carry out the views just stated had Dillon or I sent him word to do so.

"Why we failed to communicate with him will be easily learned from the sequel of this letter.

"Yet, upon a moment's reflection, I think it may be more satisfactory for me to state at once, that in consequence of no decisive blow having been struck in Tipperary, we felt we could not be justified in bringing our friend, and the men under him, into collision with the Government. He was to take the field in the event of our establishing a good footing in the

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Sligo — the idea that a body of men, partially armed, wholly undisciplined, and led by a stranger both to his command, and to the country through which lay his line of march, — and, more over, one unacquainted with even the rudiments of military knowledge — could undertake to traverse three counties and pass the Shannon, (barred as the route was by the strategic line of railway connecting Dublin, Athlone and Galway — and the intermediate garrisons,) was so utterly Quixotic, that it is incomprehensible how any man — bent on conducting a national insurrection — could entertain it for a moment: That our Irish leaders, admittedly, did so, was such an evidence of their military incapacity as would, of itself, sufficiently account for the failure of '48, were there no other (unforeseen) impediments to be encountered.

South; and this not having been accomplished, it would have been treacherous on our part to have written a line directing him to explode the conspiracy he had organized.

"Having parted with ——— and McGee, Dillon and I went up stairs to the room used for private committees, took down the large map of Ireland which hung there, and folding it up with the intention of bringing it with us to the country, returned to the room in which Halpin and his assistants were at work.

"We desired the former to let Duffy, Martin, and the other Confederates in Newgate, know of our going to the country, and our resolution of commencing the insurrection, if possible, in Kilkenny.

"*We further desired him to communicate, in the course of the evening, with the officers of Clubs; inform them of our intentions; and desire them to be in readiness to rise, and barricade the streets, when the news of our being in the field should reach them; and when, as an inevitable result, three or four regiments from the Dublin garrison had been drawn off to reinforce the troops of the southern districts.*"

[I have italicized the foregoing paragraph in Mr. Meagher's narrative, for the purpose of directing my readers' particular attention to the important statement made therein — and, because I intend to show, in the next chapter of this work, that not only were the Clubs *not* notified on the evening in question of the instructions left by the members of the Executive Council for their guidance, but that, — *two days afterwards* — in answer to a direct question — Mr. Halpin denied positively having received any instructions whatsoever for the guidance of the Clubs, from the gentlemen in question before their departure from Dublin.]

"We had wished good-bye to Halpin, and were going out, when young R—— H—— and Smyth came up. We told them the arrangements we had made; intreated them to go round to the different clubs that evening — state openly to the members what we proposed doing — communicate to them our wishes; and exhort them to observe a calm, patient attitude, until the moment we designated for their coming into action had arrived.

"They promised faithfully to do so.

"We arrived at the Kingstown railway station just in time to catch the 5 o'clock train.

"The carriages were crowded, and the conversation very noisy about the Suspension Act. I retain a vivid picture of one gentleman in particular; a very stiff, cold, sober gentleman, with red whiskers and a gambouge complexion; who took occasion to remark, in quite a startling and fragmentary style, that 'the Government had done the thing — the desirable thing — at last —

time for them — should have been done long ago — country had gone halfway to the devil already — Whigs always infernally slow — had given those scoundrels too much rope — but they'd hang themselves — he'd swear it — that he would.'

"I nudged Dillon at the conclusion of these consoling observations. He threw a quiet, humorsome look at the loyal subject with the red whiskers and gambouge complexion, and burst out laughing. He was joined by some gentlemen, and two or three ladies, who recognized us, but little suspected, I should say, the errand we were on.

"At Kingstown we got upon the Atmosphere Railway, and rattled off to Dalkey. Half an hour after, we were at dinner in Druid Lodge, Killiney, where Mrs. Dillon was staying at the time.

"I should have mentioned, before this, that whilst Dillon and I were at the Council-Rooms in D'Olier street, Lawless went to the office of the Wexford coach, and engaged for us two inside seats, as far as Enniscorthy, in that night's mail, leaving word with the clerk that the gentlemen for whom he had engaged the seats were to be taken up at Loghlinstown; a little village seven miles from Dublin, and little more than two from Druid Lodge.

"The places were taken in the name of Charles Hart, with a view to conceal our departure from the police, who were on the alert; picking out, in every nook and corner, information relative to our movements.

"At half-past eight we left Druid Lodge for Loghlinstown. We did not enter the village, however; but drew up at the tree, opposite, I believe, to Sir George Cockburn's demesne.

"There, underneath that fine old tree, we remained for about twenty minutes, until the coach came up, and, whilst we were standing in silence under it, surrounded by the darkness, which the deepening twilight, mingling with the shadow of the leaves, threw round us, I could not but reflect, with something of a heavy heart, upon the troubled Future, within the confines of which I had set my foot, never to withdraw it.

"The evening, which was cold and wet, the gloom and stillness of the spot, naturally gave rise to sentiments of a melancholy nature. But, above all, a feeling, which, for many days, had more or less painfully pressed upon my mind, and which, in some of the most exciting scenes I had lately passed through, failed not to exercise a saddening influence upon my thoughts and language — the feeling that we were aiming far beyond our strength, and launching our young resources upon a sea of troubles, through which the Divine hand alone could guide and save them; this feeling, more than all, depressed me at the moment of which I speak, and I felt far from being happy.

"At that moment, I entertained no hope of success. I knew well the people were unprepared for a struggle; but, at the same time I felt convinced that the leading men of the Confederation were bound to go out, and offer to the country the sword and banner of Revolt, whatever consequences might result to themselves for doing so.

"The position we stood in; the language we had used; the promises we had made; the defiances we had uttered; our entire career, short as it was, seemed to require from us a step no less daring and defiant than that which the Government had taken.

"Besides, here was an audacious inroad upon the liberty of the subject! The utter abrogation of the sacred personal inviolability, guaranteed by sound old law, to all people linked by rags or golden cords to the Brunswick Crown! Was it not the choicest ground of quarrel, upon which a people, provoked and wronged like the Irish people had been for years and years, could fling down the gauge of battle.

"Was it not said, too, by the most peaceable of our Repealers, that, the moment the Constitution was invaded, they would sound the trumpet, and pitch their tents? Was it not said over and over again, by these sensitive, scrupulous, pious, poor men — by these meek, forbearing, mendicant Crusaders — that they would stand within the Constitution? On both feet within it? But that the very instant the soldier or the lawyer crossed it, they would unsheathe the sword of Gideon, and with a mighty voice, call upon the Lord of Hosts, and the Angel of Sennacherib!

"I hold that the leaders of the Confederation were bound to give these men an opportunity to redeem their pledges; bound to give the people, who honestly and earnestly desired to change their condition, an opportunity to attempt such a change, if it so happened that all they required was the opportunity to make the attempt; bound, at all events, and whatever might be the result to themselves, to mark, in the strongest and most conclusive manner, their detestation of an act which left a great community to be dealt with, just as the suspicions of a Police Magistrate, a Detective, or a Viceroy might suggest.

"And what is the befitting answer of a people to the Parliaments, the Cabinets, or Privy Councils, that deem it 'expedient' to brand the arms, and gag the utterance of a nation? There is but one way to reply to them, and that is, by the signal-fires of insurrection.

"Then again had we not gone out upon the Suspension Act, and written our protest against that measure upon the standard of Rebellion, the English officials would have been led to believe that the privileges of Irish citizens might be abused, not only with perfect impunity, but without one

manly symptom of resentment. We preferred risking our lives, rather than suffer this contemptuous impression to go abroad.

"Thoughts such as these crossed my mind—as hastily and irregularly as I have now written them—whilst we were waiting for the coach. In giving them to you, I have made no effort to mould them into anything like an accurate and graceful form. Yet, misshapen as they are, you may, perhaps, glean from them the motives that prompted me to an enterprise which I felt convinced would fail, and learn the views I took, at the last moment, of our position and its duties, the difficulties by which it was surrounded, and the sacrifices which it exacted.

"At nine o'clock the coach came up; and having wished Charles Hart, who had accompanied us from Druid Lodge, an affectionate farewell, Dillon and I took our places; the guard sung out 'All right!' and in a second or two, we were dashing away, in gallant style, along the road to Bray.

"We were the only inside passengers, and we had the good fortune not to be interrupted until we came to Enniscorthy.

"At Rudd's hotel we dismounted and ordered a car for Ballinkeele. It was little more than five o'clock, and the morning was bitterly cold. A clear, bright sun, however, was melting the thin frost which had fallen in the night, and changing into golden vapor the grey mist which arched the gentle current of the Slaney. Not a soul was stirring in the streets; the hotel itself was dismally quiet; the fowls in the stable-yard, and the gruff old dog, beside the soft warm ashes of the kitchen-fire, were all at rest.

"Whilst the car was getting ready, I sat down before the fire, and taking out the last number of the *Felon*, read for Dillon, the beautiful, noble appeal—written, as I have understood since, by James Finton Lalor—which ended with this question:—

"*Who will draw the first blood for Ireland? Who will win a wreath that shall be green forever?*"

"Passing out of the town, the first object which struck us was Vinegar Hill, with the old dismantled wind-mil, on the summit of it, sparkling in the morning light. You can easily imagine the topic upon which our conversation turned, as we passed by it.

"Alas! it is a bitter thought with me whilst I write these lines—more bitter, far, a thousand times, than the worst privations of prison-life—that, unlike those gallant Wexford men of '98, we have left behind us no famous field, within the length and breadth of our old country, which men could point to with proud sensation, and fair hands strew with garlands.

"After an hour's drive we arrived at Ballinkeele, and, having asked for Smith O'Brien, were shown by the servant to his room.

"We found him in bed. He did not seem much surprised at the news we told him, and asked us what we proposed to do? Dillon replied, there were three courses open to us. The first to permit ourselves to be arrested. The second, to escape. The third, to throw ourselves upon the country, and give the signal of insurrection.

"O'Brien's answer was just what we had expected. As to effecting an escape, he was decidedly opposed to it; whatever might occur, he would not leave the country; and as to permitting ourselves to be arrested, without first appealing to the people, and testing their disposition, he was of opinion we would seriously compromise our position before the public, were we to do so. The suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act was an event, he conceived, which should excite, as it would assuredly justify, every Irishman in taking up arms against the government — at all events he felt it to be our duty to make the experiment.

"I told him we had come to the same conclusion previous to our leaving Dublin, and were prepared to take the field with him that day.

"He then got up, and having sent for Mr. Maher, informed him of the news we had brought. It was arranged we should breakfast immediately, and leave Ballinkeele with as little delay as possible.

"At ten o'clock we were seated in Mr. Maher's carriage, and on our way to Enniscorthy. Whilst we drove along, different plans of operation were discussed of which the one I now state to you was, in the end, considered the best.

"From all we had heard, we were of opinion it would not be advisable to make our first stand in Wexford; very few Confederates having been enrolled from that county, and our political connection with it, consequently, being extremely slight. Indeed, there was scarcely a single man of influence in the county, with whom we could put ourselves in communication; and, without taking other circumstances of an unfavorable nature into consideration, it appeared to us, that, this being our first visit amongst them, it was too much to expect that the Wexford men would rally round us with the enthusiasm which the people, in other parts of the country, where we were better known, would be sure to exhibit. It was absolutely necessary to commence the insurrection with heart and vigor, and, at a glance, we saw, that, in Waterford, in Kilkenny, in Tipperary, we might calculate upon the manifestation of the warmest and boldest spirit.

"At first O'Brien was strongly in favor of going to New Ross. I was opposed to this, and argued against it, with no little anxiety; urging upon him the serious disadvantage it would be to us — in case the people of New Ross, responded to our appeal — to commence the fight in a town so help-

lessly exposed to the fire of the war-steamers then lying in the Barrow, and the number of which, in little more than two hours, would certainly be increased by a contingent from the larger ones which were anchored in the Suir, abreast of Waterford.

"The like objection prevailed against our selection of the latter place; and we finally determined upon making for Kilkenny. The same plan, in fact, which Dillon and I thought of, the day before, was agreed to by O'Brien.

"It seemed to him, as it had seemed to us, that Kilkenny was the very best place in which the insurrection could break out. Perfectly safe from all war-steamers, gun-boats, floating-batteries, standing on the frontiers of the three best fighting counties in Ireland, Waterford, Wexford and Tipperary — the peasantry of which could find no difficulty in pouring in to its relief; possessing from three to five thousand Confederates, the greater number of whom we understood to be armed; most of the streets being extremely narrow, and presenting, on this account, the greatest facility for the erection of barricades; the barracks lying outside the town, and the line of communication between the principal portions of the latter and the former, being intercepted by the old bridge over the Nore, which might be easily defended, or, at the worst, very speedily demolished; no place, it appeared to us, could be better adapted for the first scene of the revolution, than this, the ancient 'City of the Confederates.'

"In making this selection, there were one or two considerations, of temporary interest, which influenced us to some extent.

"The railway from Dublin was completed to Bagnalstown only, leaving fourteen miles of the ordinary coach road still open between the latter place and Kilkenny. The thick shrubberies and plantations; the high bramble fences, and at different intervals, the strong limestone walls which flank this road; the sharp twists and turns at certain points along it; the alternations of hill and hollow, which render a journey by it so broken and diversified; its uniform narrowness, and the steep embankments, which, in one or two places, spring up where its width measures scarcely sixteen feet; everything was in favor of its being converted, by an insurgent population, with almost certain security and ease, to the most successful enterprises.

"Along this road, as they left the station-house at Bagnalstown, and marched upon Kilkenny, whole regiments, draughted off from the Dublin and Newbridge garrisons, might have been surprised and cut to pieces had the country once been up.

"Then the Royal Agricultural Society was on the eve of holding its annual cattle show in Kilkenny; specimens of the choicest beef and mutton

had already arrived, and, in full clover, were awaiting the inspection of the highest nobles, and the wealthiest commoners of the land. Many, too, of these proud gentlemen had themselves arrived; and carriages might have been met, each hour, along the different avenues to the town, freighted with the rank, the gaiety and fashion of the surrounding country. In case of a sustained resistance, here was a creditable supply of hostages and provisions for the insurgents!

"With some hundred head of the primest cattle in the island, we could have managed admirably behind the barricades for three or four days; whilst with a couple of Earls, from half a dozen to a dozen Baronets, an odd Marquis, or, "the only Duke" himself, in custody, we might have found ourselves in an exellent position to dictate terms to the Government.

CHAPTER XLV.

"FOLLOWING THE LEADER."

"Follow thee' follow thee! Wha wadna' follow thee?
Long hast thou lo'ed an' trusted us fairly!"

UNDER the form of a "Personal Narrative," I deem it expedient to devote this chapter to a record of the occurrences which transpired under my own observation in Dublin during the two days immediately following that on which Meagher left the city, as well as to some interesting incidents of my experiences — while in the country — engaged in the exciting play of "Follow the Leader," during the remaining portion of that eventful week — the material for the authentic history of which can only be found in the collected narratives of a similar character, which participators in the scenes described have left on record.

On Sunday, July 23d, the news of the intended suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act became generally known throughout Dublin, and a rumor became current among prominent Club-men that their leaders had hastily left the city,

The intelligence created neither alarm nor astonishment; but all felt convinced that the long-expected "crisis" was, at last upon them, and quietly, and resolutely, awaited the "order" — which, they felt confident, would, at the proper moment, reach them from the Executive Committee.

This hopeful sentiment was encouraged and strengthened by the bold and confident tone of the *Nation* and *Felon* in their last week's issue. These papers — having gone to press on Friday night — had, of course, no reference to the Government's treacherous *coup d'etat*, but, without that incentive, they, in most unmistakable language, gave the people to understand that the time for preparation had gone by, and the time for action was at hand.

(It was the last opportunity afforded those gallant exponents of popular sentiment. — But they fell at their post — and with the "Green flag flying.")

On Monday, the public feeling became somewhat feverish, and the longing for some definite intelligence from the absent leaders grew more intense among the Club-men. In the early forenoon I was on my way to the Council-Rooms, in search of information from the Secretary, Mr. Thomas Matthew Halpin, when I was suddenly accosted, on the street, by my friend John Williams, who grasped my hand, and whispered, excitedly: — "I'm glad I've met you! — *The hour has come at last — the 'game's a-foot!' — they're 'up' in* TIPPERARY!"

"Thanks be to God!" was my fervent response — "I'll be up with them to-morrow! But," I added — "what orders have come to the clubs?"

He replied that he "had not, as yet heard of any!"

I thought that strange, under the critical circumstances, and so expressed myself. But Mr. Williams explained that the dispatch just received was necessarily brief, and hurried — that he 'had no doubt but some definite instructions for the guidance of the clubs would be communicated to their officers in the course of the day."

As, filled with the joyous — all-absorbing idea of going to fight near home — the future (possible) action of my Dublin associates had become a secondary consideration with me, I entered no further on the subject with him.

After our parting, I gave up the intention of proceeding to the Council-Rooms at that time — but hastened back to my lodgings, to announce the thrilling news to my comrades — and prepare them for the journey south on the morrow.

As we were to enter on the campaign in "light marching order," it didn't take long to make the requisite preparations. But, before attending to them, we purposed devoting the rest of the day to bidding "good-bye" to as many as possible of the dear friends we had made during our four months' sojourn in Dublin.

The first of these whom I wished to see was Devin Reilly. But it was not so much for the purpose of taking leave of him, as to consult with, and be guided by him as to my future course; for, besides being one of

my dearest and most trusted friends in the Organization, he was also a member of the Executive Council, and the only one of that body still remaining in Dublin. It was possible, therefore, that, as one of their most popular leaders, he might have been assigned to take command of the Clubs, in case an immediate "rising" in the metropolis constituted a part of the revolutionary programme;—in which event, I would forego my intention of leaving the city, and take my stand by his side.

Most fortunately, while on my way to Mr. Reilly's residence, in Rathmines—I met him, accidentally, in the city. I told him what I had heard from Mr. Williams, and asked him "what course he intended to take?"

He replied that "he, also, had heard the late important news, but that, prior to its receipt, he was about leaving the city to join the others in Tipperary," and that he "would depart on that evening."* He also said that he had intended seeing me before he left, to make arrangements for my joining them there. He then asked me "if I had ever been in Cashel, and knew where Doheny lived there?

On my answering both questions affirmatively, he instructed me to meet him at Doheny's house, with my two comrades, on the next evening—as he would, most probably, meet Smith O'Brien and his companions there, about that time. I assured him that we'd be there.

In the evening I called at the Council-Rooms to ascertain if any instructions for the clubs had been left there by the Executive Council. I also hoped to meet some friends there (in quest of similar information,)—to whom I wished to bid "good-bye." I did meet several of these—including two prominent officers of the Swift Club—Edward Keating and Michael Moran.

[EDWARD KEATING was one of the most active and intelligent of the working Confederates in Dublin, he was also one of the men who continued to work in the revolutionary cause in Ireland, while a hope remained—and long after the leaders of the '48 movement had been exiled over the earth. In 1850, he, too, was destined to leave Ireland—for America. On his arrival in New York he speedily became associated with the men of his race who still hoped—and were preparing—to strike a blow for the old land;

* When Dillon's confidential messenger reached me in Newgate, announcing the purpose and plan with which he and Meagher had joined O'Brien, I told John Martin, and we sent immediately for a few of our friends, among others T. B. McManus, Maurice Leyne, and Devin Reilly. We advised them to follow Dillon immediately. The same communication was made confidentially to a few Club-men; for if a stand were made it was of the last importance that reliable men should be at hand to serve and second the leaders.—CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY, in "Four Years of Irish History." Page 654.

he was elected to a lieutenancy in the old 9th — the first Irish Regiment raised in New York. By profession a silver-smith and engraver, and a skillful artist, his services were always in demand. He moved South some time previous to the war; and eventually his name became one of the most widely known throughout the Confederacy — it being found on most of the Confederate notes engraved in Columbia, S. C. After the war, he returned to New York.

MICHAEL MORAN was a most earnest and enthusiastic Republican, and a devoted disciple of John Mitchel. He was a natural-born orator, and, in the Swift Club, he passionately advocated the rescue of his favorite leader in opposition to Meagher's argument against the adoption of such a course. His was a sad fate. On the night following that on which I parted himself and his brother Joseph, at the Council-Rooms, both were arrested by a police force on the street. Michael resisted desperately, and in the fight which ensued, he disabled one of the police by a blow from a dagger. He was finally overpowered, and with some of his companions lodged in Newgate. Tried for the offence, he was sentenced to transportation for life — but he died in prison.]

In the presence of these Club-men I inquired of the Secretary, Mr. Halpin, "if, before their departure from the city, the members of the Executive Council had left any instructions for the guidance of the Clubs?"

He replied that "they had *not* — to his knowledge," and he reiterated the statement, emphatically, when I expressed surprise that the chosen officers of the Organization should, "in such an emergency, have left the city without a word of advice to the thousands of armed men who looked to them for guidance."

In the absence of any positive information to the contrary none of us could see cause for doubting Mr. Halpin's statement — however disappointed we all felt at what we considered a singular oversight on the part of our most trusted leaders.

[The Secretary of the Confederation at this time was Mr. Halpin, an intelligent and honest young man, but without vigor of will or decision of character, and he performed very inadequately the duty of communicating with the Clubs. The detectives considered his father-in-law and his wife persons with whom they might successfully tamper to ascertain where the books and papers of the Confederation were concealed. They did not succeed in corrupting them, but Mr. Halpin seems to have been disturbed and paralyzed by the attempt. The want of precise information threw the clubs

into complete confusion, and he set out in a day or two for Tipperary, leaving them without any efficient channel of information.—Charles Gavan Duffy's "*Four Years of Irish History.*" Page 653.

In an unpublished MSS. of John O'Mahony's, now in my possession—entitled: "PERSONAL NARRATIVE OF MY CONNECTION WITH THE ATTEMPTED RISING OF 1848," I find the following reference to Mr. Halpin and the Dublin Club-men:—

"Shortly after Meagher, Mr. Leyne and Halpin, (Secretary of the Confederation,) came. Halpin wanted instructions for the Dublin Club-men, who were completely at fault on account of the sudden disappearance of the leaders—who had left town without leaving a word of instructions for their guidance, or any means of communicating with their missing chiefs. Poor Club-men of Dublin! not a townland in Tipperary but was visited by some of them, in the vain search for an insurgent camp."

"Meagher sent Halpin off, telling him something about breaking up a railroad."]

Moreover, the statement seemed to receive corroboration from the fact that, when it was made, there was not a single leading Confederate left (at large) in Dublin—for Devin Reilly had—in accordance with the advice of his friends in Newgate, left for Tipperary that afternoon, and P. J. Smyth had taken the same direction on the day before, in consequence of his having received information that his immediate arrest was contemplated.*

Thus it was, that all that finely organized and armed intelligence of the capital, which had cost so much time and labor to bring to perfection, was permitted to lie idle; for, under the circumstances, the Club-men were driven to the conclusion that—for the present at all events—they were doomed to remain passive spectators of the drama, to take a leading part in which they had for months past, so hopefully striven to prepare themselves. They could not comprehend why their leaders—instead of calling on *them* to strike the long-wished for "first blow"—should prefer, suddenly and unannounced, to throw themselves on the unorganized peasantry—in a district where "arms-acts" had been uninterruittently in force, and where,

*Smyth, who had been left in charge of Dublin, but without specific instructions, and ordered to act according to circumstances, found that his immediate arrest was contemplated, and he resolved to make his way to Tipperary while it was still possible. On Sunday morning he and James Cantwell left for Thurles.—CHARLES G. DUFFY'S "Four Years of Irish History. Page 655.

even the possession of a percussion cap, or a pitch-fork with prongs of unusual length, was punished with twelve months' imprisonment. Under the influence of these bitter reflections — no wonder that these men, hitherto so brave and patiently hopeful, should become disheartened and bewildered, and feel, verily, as if they were left —

"Sheep without a shepherd — when the snow shuts out the sky."

Directly, or by implication, these Dublin Club-men have been charged — by open foes, or misinformed friends of the Irish cause — with having — as a body — acted an unworthy and pusillanimous part in this crisis of their country's cause; and it was not until the publication of Charles Gavan Duffy's able history of the period, that anything like an adequate vindication of their conduct had been attempted. From personal observation, and the closest political association at the time, with that noble band of brothers, I feel it a prideful duty — while dealing with the events of the period — to add my humble testimony to that of the illustrious writer and statesman, in doing justice to the exalted patriotism, courage, and self-sacrificing devotion of as fine a body of Irishmen — endowed with the best attributes of their race — as ever I met — or desire to meet.

After taking leave of such of our friends as we had time to communicate with, myself and comrades devoted the brief remainder of the night to placing our arms in a safe hiding-place until they should be required for use in the city. We ripped up a portion of the floor of our bed-room, and there stowed a well-oiled musket, two full-mounted pikes — and the handle of a third — the *blade* — being the one given to me by John Mitchel — I determined to take with me to Munster — where I could easily remount it, at short notice, — or, so I *then* felt satisfied I could, but, in this connection, my subsequent experience exemplified the Scottish bard's sage apothegm:—

"The best laid schemes o' mice and men,
Gang aft a-gley"

However, having wrapped up the cherished memento of our banished "Felon" carefully in a handkerchief, and placed a cork on the point, I found I could carry it without inconvenience, inside my vest — either walking or sitting in a railway carriage, and without running any risk of its presence being noticed by a casual observer.

On Tuesday morning, while on our way to the railway station, we again met Mr. Williams. He told me that orders had just been received to tear up the railway at Salins, and asked, "if I would not like to take a hand in the work? I told him I preferred going direct to where I could find more congenial employment, and would get there as quickly as possible —

while the way was yet open to me. He coincided with me, and we parted — he, to drum up volunteers to obstruct the railway; and we, to get at the safe side of the "gap." In another hour we were speeding on our way to our "Land of Promise!"

On our approaching Salins station, we curiously scanned the scene — of what we fancied would soon constitute an exciting episode of our country's history: but, in the brief glance we were enabled to take, we could only notice that there seemed to be no deep cutting on that portion of the line — the country in the vicinity being quite level; however, during the momentary stoppage at the station, we saw that the railway crossed the Grand Canal near-by; and that , from thence to Dublin, the two ran parallel and in close proximity to each other, hence we surmised that the "bridge" over the canal was to be the spot selected for destruction.

But we were debarred from exchanging opinions on the subject, by the fact, that we had, for a fellow-passenger in the same compartment, — a man, who, soon after the train started, informed us that he was a "police-recruit — stationed for the past six months at the Depot in Phœnix Park, and now on furlough going to visit his friends, in his native place, Fermoy."

This timely (volunteered) information warned us to avoid all reference to *our own* birth-place — (Cappoquin being only fifteen miles from Fermoy — and "Peelers" — however "green" — being *naturally* "suspicious customers.") But, as we found we were destined to have the company of our confiding neighbor as far as Cashel, we saw no harm in stating that that town was our destination; and, as he then remarked that, "he had never been in the place but once — when passing through it on his way to Dublin" — we felt that he was not likely to ask any awkward questions regarding the town or our connection therewith. And neither did he; yet, for all that, his presence amongst us, had, — unconsciously to him, — and fortuitously to us — a marked influence in shaping our adventures during the remainder of that eventful week:

> "Men are the sport of circumstances — when
> The circumstances seem the sport of men."

This is what occurred to place us on the list of fated mortals.

On the arrival of the train at Thurles, the travellers to Cashel found conveyance thereto on a four-horse "Bianconi car." Our party, (including the incipient Peeler,) were about paying their fares, when I bethought me to find out if the peculiarly-constructed seats of the vehicle would interfere with my mode of carrying the "*pike*." It was lucky I did so — for, on trial, I found it impossible to conceal the weapon and sit in a comfortable position. So I whispered my predicament to Dan., telling him I would walk to

Cashel, and meet him early next morning on the road near Doheny's house. I then, — in the hearing of the cause of my change of plans — announced that I had some relatives in Thurles on whom I wished to call, but that I would meet my companions at "Ryan's Hotel," in Cashel, in time for breakfast, next morning.

Waiting till the car started, I, — with no very charitable wishes for *one* of its passengers — set out on my twelve miles tramp. It was then nearly dusk in the eving, but the road was dry and good; and, as I had travelled over it before I knew the way. I had completed about two-thirds of the journey, when I heard, to my right, the sound of a railway train proceeding from Thurles to Dundrum station. I knew it was the afternoon train from Dublin, and felt convinced that it could have encountered no obstruction at Sallins — as I was led to expect it would. However, I was not much disconcerted, by the knowledge of this failure — although I felt somewhat disappointed at its occurrence.

In another half hour or so, I was overtaken by a party of men, coming briskly towards the town. They moderated their pace as they bade me "good night!" and, on my returning their salutation, they inquired where I had come from? When I told them "from Dublin," they asked when I left it, and how matters were progressing there? — one of them adding — "but sure yourself isn't a Dublin-boy; — you don't speak like 'em!" I assured him he was right in his conjecture, and told him where I belonged to. That satisfied them, and before asking for further information they informed me that they were members of the "Cormac MacCulinan Club" of Cashel; that they were after cutting down a lot of ash trees for pike-handles in a plantation some miles back — for that they expected to be called upon at any hour now. I, in turn, told them all I knew of the state of affairs in Dublin, and that I had business at Counsellor Doheny's. On our arrival in the town, two of them accompanied me to the house — saying they were personally well known to the Counsellor and Mrs. Doheny; that the former was not then at home, but was hourly expected, and that they would introduce me to the lady. This they accordingly did, and then courteously bade us "good-night!"

I explained my reasons for calling at her house to Mrs. Doheny, and informed her of the state of affairs in Dublin when I left it that forenoon — and of my surmise regarding the failure to obstruct the railway at Sallins. She, in turn, informed me that Mr. Reilly had not yet arrived — that it was possible he had gone first to Kilkenny, in hopes of joining Smith O'Brien there — that she believed her husband was, at that time, with the latter gentleman — and that she was expecting both of them to arrive in Cashel at

any moment. She added that, from information she received, she believed the "authorities" were expecting them too — but whether they would attempt to arrest them under the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, remained to be seen — and probably depended on whether the gentlemen came alone or accompanied by an armed escort — that either event was possible.

I then said that — I was confident Devin Reilly would soon arrive in Cashel — and possibly in company of Mr. Doheny and Mr. O'Brien; that, from what she told me, it was essential that they should get timely warning — should they arrive unaccompanied during the course of the night — so as to avoid the chance of being ambushed by the authorities under cover of darkness; that as they were most likely to come by the Kilkenny road, (which passed by her house,) I would take post in the field opposite, and watch through the night for their arrival.

Mrs. Doheny approved of the plan; and, leaving the "pike" in her charge for the night, I proceeded to my post of observation.

The position was well situated for my purpose, for the field — (which was that contiguous to "Mary's Abbey,") — sloped gently up from the road — a view of which it commanded for a considerable distance, in the direction of Kilkenny. It had, also, another advantage, — it was a newly-mown meadow — thickly studded with hay-cocks. Selecting the most available of these — one which immediately fronted the entrance to Doheny's house, and the venerable "Rock" — crowned with its grand tiara — commemorative of Erin's ancient glory — looming sublimely against the star-lit northern sky — I seated myself beside it in such a position as to be unobserved from any direction, while I had an unobstructed view to my front and right. There, alone with the stars — and my own thoughts — I passed my first night in the open air.

My meditations during this lonely vigil must remain unrecorded for the present. They took a wide range. They pierced the Past, into the pre-historic ages — as I gazed abstractedly on that majestic pile — which was a "sacred spot" in the eyes of my Pagan forefathers, for more than a thousand years before "Holy Patrick" invested it with a new halo of sanctity — when he baptised Munster's first Christian King — and blessed the "Spreading Tree of Gold" — and its fruitful branches — through succeeding ages.

Surely, these were subjects which, under the circumstances, might well occupy the thoughts of a young Irish enthusiast — imbued with the spirit of their past associations — during the fleeting hours of a short summer's night.

Yet the actual Present, and the vigilance it exacted — claimed its due share of attention, and kept me "wide-awake" — mentally and physically, until the "Morning-Star" — rising like a beacon-light above the crest of

Sliave-na-mon — heralded the dawn. Then, stretching my stiffened limbs, and rubbing my winking eye-lids — wearied from two night's sleeplessness — I wended my way to the road-side for the purpose of making my morning ablutions at a "well" which I knew to be in the vicinity of the ruined Abbey.

While engaged in this refreshing occupation, I heard the sound of wheels approaching from the direction of Kilkenny, and, in another minute, a side-car was a-breast of me on which I recognized my expected friend, Devin Reilly, and with him two other gentlemen, Thomas Matthew Halpin, and Maurice Richard Leyne. With the Secretary of the Confederation I had been on terms of intimacy for months previously, but Mr. Leyne, — being a recent recruit to the National ranks, — I only knew by sight and reputation until I was introduced to him that morning by Mr. Reilly.

After our first warm greeting, Reilly inquired how I came to be there alone, and at such an hour? I briefly explained matters. Halpin, who seemed very nervous, explained the cause of his anxiety to me — by stating that he had in his possession a letter for Smith O'Brien, just arrived from America, which, if found on his person by the authorities, might lead to serious consequences, and which he was, therefore, most desirous to deliver to Mr. O'Brien, so that it might be read and then destroyed, as he had little doubt but that its contents were of a compromising nature.

I tried to calm his excitement by the assurance that "if an attempt was made to arrest him in Cashel, with that letter in his possession, it would be promptly resisted, and that, then, he should 'fight like the devil' if he wished to escape hanging."

He didn't seem to be much relieved by my consolatory efforts, however, for he again reiterated that he "wished he was rid of the letter — and the responsibility its possession entailed on him!"

I could not thoroughly sympathize with his feelings then — when the events of an hour might commit us all to a conflict from which there was no retreating; but nevertheless, I respected his high moral courage and that devotion to duty which impelled him to encounter, unflinchingly, prospective dangers clearly visible to him, though unseen or unheeded by me.

Mr. Reilly asked me to show them the way to Doheny's house, and I accompanied them there, and, having introduced Mr. Reilly to Mrs. Doheny, I left to seek my companions — promising to return in an hour for instructions relative to our future movements.

While on my way to Ryan's Hotel, I met my two companions, and, after breakfasting, I returned with them to the vicinity of Doheny's house; I posted them as sentinels on the "Rock" while I entered the dwelling to

consult Devin Reilly — and get my "pike" from its noble-hearted caretaker.

Mr. Reilly told me that if, in a few hours, he did not meet O'Brien in Cashel, he would set out for Carrick in hopes of meeting him and Meagher in that town, or in its vicinity. He instructed me to proceed directly to Cappoquin — (not entering the town till after nightfall,) — to communicate with a trusty Confederate there — (Hugh W. Collender — with whom he knew I had kept up a correspondence during my sojourn in Dublin;) — instruct him to prepare our townsmen for a prompt rising — as soon as they got orders to that effect through either myself or any of my two comrades — and, having done so — proceed by the shortest route to Carrick — where we were to meet him on the next evening, and receive final instructions according to the plans adopted by the leaders.

I promised to carry out his instructions and we parted: — (to meet *not* on the next day — or in Carrick — but, eighteen months afterwards — in New York.)

We reached the vicinity of Cappoquin early in the evening, and, waiting till night-fall, I sent in Bob. Ward for Hugh Collender, and after repeating Devin Reilly's instructions to him, the three of us resumed our journey towards Carrick.

However, before we were two miles on our way I was so overcome by fatigue and want of sleep, that we were compelled to pass the night in a grove by the road-side — sleeping on the bare ground. It took us all the next day to traverse the range of the Cummeraghs, and it was quite dark when we arrived in the vicinity of Carrick.

CARRICK-ON-SUIR.

On our way down the road to Carrick-Beg, we met an intelligent countryman of whom we learned that Smith O'Brien, Meagher, and other leading Confederates had been in Carrick-on-Suir on the previous Tuesday, (July 25th;) that the day had been the most exciting ever seen in that town — the club-men of both town and country — with women, young girls, and boys — filling the streets, cheering and shouting that the "Day had come at last!" and calling on the leaders that "NOW was the time to begin if they wan'ed to fight while they had the PEOPLE ready and willing to follow them, in spite of open foes or half-hearted friends!"

Why the leaders did not take the people at their word, our informant did not understand; he only knew that they left Carrick the same evening — to the great disappointment of the people, and that, from all he could

since learn, no one knew what their future plans were, or where themselves were then to be found.

This man's statement was corroborated by old friends of Bob. Ward's, with whom we lodged that night. They gave us many graphic details of the proceedings in the streets, and at a stormy in-door meeting, where O'Brien and his Confederate Leaders met the local Club Officers, and other prominent town's-folk, to discuss the course to be adopted.

However, as the story of that eventful day has been much more lucidly told by two of the principal actors in the thrilling scenes — Thomas Francis Meagher and John O'Mahony, I prefer giving their account of what occurred to that which we heard from the less prominent participators in that memorable exhibition of popular feeling.

Looking from the window of the meeting-room, Meagher gazed upon a scene which remained for ever photographed on his memory, and of which he has left, in the following vivid picture, an indelible tribute to the fidelity, heroism, and passionate devotion to Ireland and Liberty, of the men and women of that typical town of "Gallant Tipperary!"

SCENE IN CARRICK — JULY 25, 1848.

By Thomas Francis Meagher.

"A torrent of human beings, rushing through lanes and narrow streets; surging and boiling against the white basements that hemmed it in; whirling in dizzy circles, and tossing up its dark waves, with sounds of wrath, vengeance, and defiance; clenched hands, darting high above the black and broken surface, and waving to and fro, with the wildest confusion, in the air; eyes, red with rage and desperation, starting and flashing upwards through the billows of the flood; long tresses of hair — disordered, drenched, and tangled — streaming in the roaring wind of voices, and, as in a shipwreck, rising and falling with the foam; wild, half-stifled, passionate, frantic prayers of hope; invocations in sobs, and thrilling wailings, and piercing cries, to the God of heaven, His Saints, and the Virgin Mary; challenges to the foe; curses on the Red Flag; scornful, exulting delirious defiance of Death; all wild as the winter gusts at sea, yet as black and fearful too; this is what I then beheld — these the sounds I heard — such the dream which passed before me!

"It was the Revolution, if we had accepted it.

"Why it was not accepted, I fear, I cannot with sufficient accuracy explain."

The annexed account of the political situation in Carrick and its vicinity, at that time, will, to some extent, enable the reader to comprehend the question which Mr. Meagher did not undertake to solve. It is extracted from a MSS. of John O'Mahony's, bequeathed by him to me, and never before published. The MSS. is entitled "Personal Narrative of My Connection With the Attempted Rising of 1848." It is, by far, the most accurate and minutely detailed account of the events which transpired in the Valley of the Suir, during the last week of July, 1848, which has hitherto been given to the public.

CHAPTER XLVI.

EXTRACT FROM JOHN O'MAHONY'S PERSONAL NARRATIVE.

What fate is thine, unhappy Isle,
That even the trusted few
Should pay thee back with hate and guile,
When most they should be true;
'T was not thy strength or spirit failed,
And those who bled for thee,
And loved thee truly, have not quailed,
ACUSHLA GAL MACHREE.

MICHAEL DOHENY.

"DURING the early months of '48, I did not take part in the political movements that agitated Ireland. Before Mitchel's trial I was slowly recovering from a severe illness, and could do little more than sympatize with the movements of the Young Ireland party — which I did with all my soul.

"Even after that event had aroused the South, I kept away from any public adhesion to the party. I wished to wait until the time for action had come, when I made up my mind to take to the Gaulty Mountains, and raise the old followers of my family along that range.

From this purpose I was dissuaded by the Rev. Mr. Power,* curate of

* Rev. Patrick Power was a native of Cappoquin, Co. Waterford, of which place he died Parish Priest. He was fourth brother in the sacred ministry of the Most Rev. John Power, late Bishop of Waterford. He was gifted with literary acquirements of a high order, and

the parish where I lived, (Ballyneill,) who wished to establish a club in his locality, of which he would have me take the direction. I did so, and with the Rev. gentleman's help, I soon succeeded in establishing a rather respectable body of men, and their arming was going on with vigor.

Out of this sprung other rural clubs, all in the same district, of which I had the management, and our ramifications were extending widely through the district of which Carrick was the centre.

"In Carrick there were several clubs established, all under the patronage of the Rev. Mr. Byrne, C. C., of that town, who was the great originator and chief promotor of the movement in that quarter.

Under his auspices a 'Central Board,' composed of the Presidents of the various clubs, was appointed to sit in Carrick, of which Dr. A. O'Ryan, of that town, was elected chairman.

"Of this 'Board of Directors' Father Byrne, through Dr. O'Ryan and others of its most influential members, held, though indirectly, the chief direction. I firmly believe that no serious measure was ever adopted by that body without his advice and sanction.

"Thus, in South Tipperary, at least, the originators of the movement were priests. They publicly told the people to form clubs, to make pikes, and many a one proclaimed from the altar that he would be with the people and lead them on the day of action.

"Thus they (these Young Ireland priests,) acquired an importance in the movement that they otherwise could not possess.

"The older priests opposed the movement a little at first, but such was the impetus given to the revolutionary organization by Mitchel's deportation, that their opposition was soon silenced. Silent they remained for a few weeks, and their younger and more sanguine brethren had a clear field for some weeks previous to the attempted rising.

"Had not the Young Ireland leaders calculated upon the cordial and active coöperation of those clerical revolutionists, they never should have attempted to raise the people after the fashion they did. As it was, they were the main hinge upon which the whole movement turned.

"While the 'Old Ireland' priests were thus standing upon their high

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was the author of the "Moral and Doctrinal Catechism," in four volumes. He was also author of a beautiful translation of Orsini's "Life of the Blessed Virgin Mary."

John O'Mahony bears testimony to Father Power's unswerving fidelity to the national cause — through all its vicissitudes — in 1848. The people amongst whom he was born, knew that he was devoted to the same principles through all his after life, and they reverence his memory alike for his patriotism and for his piety.

eminences, looking down upon the daily progress of the organization, and while their Young Ireland brethren were loudly sounding the 'tocsin of war,' the repeated arrests of the club-men in Dublin were exasperating the public mind. Those of Mr. Meagher in Waterford, and Doheny in Cashel, seemed to bring popular excitement to a climax. Men asked 'how long were those arrests to be submitted to?' 'When or where was resistance to commence?'

"At this time it was resolved by the clubs of South Tipperary, (and I understood everywhere,) that no more arrests should be allowed to be made. That resistance was to be made *when and wherever such arrest was attempted.* I cannot vouch for this resolve having emanated from Headquarters, but it was well understood in all our clubs about Carrick.

"While things were in this state Mr. Meagher and Mr. Doheny held their meeting on Sliabh-na-Mon, after which they entered Carrick and held another meeting there. The club-men met them in military array some miles from town, and the whole country was in a blaze of enthusiasm. We all determined to fight sooner than let them be again arrested. No such attempt was made, though the town swarmed with military and police, who, on this occasion, were strictly confined to their barracks.

"Next morning, (it was Monday,) I was early roused from my bed by a messenger from Carrick, calling on me to arm my men and enter the town, for that the arrests had commenced. I did so, had my club-men assembled, and we marched upon the town. At its entrance we were met by Father Byrne, Mr. O'Donnell and Mr. Feehan. His reverence thanked me and my club for our prompt attendance on the call — said that the necessity for fighting was over — for *that day*, as the magistrates had yielded the prisoners — terrified at the determined muster of the clubs. On the men murmuring at returning without seeing the town, he told them that the day had not come yet; that no more arrests of Club-men would be submitted to without fighting, not even of the humblest member; witness that day's proceedings; that the time was coming fast that he would be with them himself; and he ended by saying: "*My heart, my heart is panting for that day!*"

"This, as I recollect it, is the substance of his speech. The phrase is given in his exact words."

"I dwell on this circumstance to show the means by which this gentleman and others became indispensable to the movement.

"Better they had never come into it.

"It was clearly understood amongst the club-men, lay and clerical, that the signal for the rising should be the attempt of the Government to make

political arrests. That the fight was to commence, when and wherever such an attempt was to be made. Father Byrne's declaration to the assembling clubs on the morning of the proposed rescue, left no doubt upon the people of South Tipperary's mind on this head.

"A week had nearly passed over us since that day of muster. It was passed by us all in most active preparations. Sentinels were placed upon nearly all the smith's forges. Pikes were made in every hamlet, and night and day the anvils rang the call to arms. There were but few in our locality that could buy iron for a pike-head, who were unprovided with the implement.

"On Sunday morning, (a week after the Sliabh-na-mon meeting,) a messenger arrived at Ballyneill, — I foget whether from Father Byrne of Carrick, or from Dr. O'Ryan, — to tell our club-men of the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act. He looked somewhat more nervous than the occasion then seemed to demand, considering the resolve we had already made as to arrests, and knowing that many, if not all of us, were already in the power of British law, and that we might be taken up any day without the trouble of that idle formality.

"It struck me, from the man's manner, that there was some dismay caused by the news amongst the leaders in Carrick, and that something was going wrong there, notwithstanding the bold resolve we had so lately adopted. It soon passed from my mind in the hurry of organizing and schooling my own men; nor did I set much importance upon the part some of the Carrick leaders might act: not dreaming that circumstances could make *their* conduct so very important to the movement.

"On Monday morning I met Messrs. O'Brien, Meagher and Doheny on their way to Carrick. O'Brien asked about the feeling in case he and the other leaders should be arrested? Would the people submit to it? What did they think of the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act?

"I answered him by mentioning the resolution as to arrests that was so well understood by us all, — told what happened on that day week, when some few little boys, of no importance to the cause, had been taken up. Being resolved to fight for the humblest member of our clubs, we surely would not suffer the arrest of him and his friends, who were so important to the movement.

"He said he was going to see what the men of Carrick were prepared to do. I told him that I knew their mind upon the matter, — suggested his waiting until I had collected a body of armed men to attend him into town,

—which he declined, as premature. Said he would send out for me if the occasion required a muster.

"He left me, and I returned to my pike-making.

"Impatient to know what was doing in Carrick, I soon left off, and rode into town. I found there the greatest excitement and enthusiasm. Some thousands of men thronged the streets, and among them all I saw no sign of going back on their former resolve. They were unarmed, however, not yet knowing what their leaders wished them to do.

"Having forced a passage through the crowd to the house of Doctor Purcell, where O'Brien and his companions had stopped, there I found assembled the principal members of the Carrick "Central Board"—Messrs. O'Ryan, Purcell, Rivers, O'Donnell, Cavanagh, &c. There appeared nothing but doubt and dismay amongst these men. They seemed confounded at the magnitude of the step they were called on to take, and a very manifest desire to get Mr. O'Brien out of town appeared to sway the great majority of them.

"One man asked the gentlemen—'Why they had come to that little town to commence the rising? Was Carrick able to fight the British empire! Were they—the leaders—rejected by everywhere else?' Some time was consumed asking these and other equally seasonable questions, which Mr. O'Brien listened to with evident disappointment and disgust.

"When the meeting became a little less tumultuous, Mr. O'Brien told them that 'he came to Carrick in preference to any other town, because he understood the people were better organized and armed there than in most other places. That the thing should commence somewhere, and that Carrick seemed to be the place for such commencement.' He said that he 'did not want to engage Carrick single-hand against England. That *he wanted from them a body of six hundred young men, armed with guns, and well provided with ammunition, and having sufficient means for self support, to guard him and his companions while they were raising the country*'*

"For this no man was prepared, not anticipating any such demand. No

*The passage I have italicized affords a singular instance of Mr. O'Brien's want of comprehension of the resources of the Tipperary people, and, also, of what the immediate and inevitable consequences would be of such a muster of armed men appearing in a "Proclaimed district"—the march of all the British forces in the vicinity against them, and the inauguration of WAR—without a day's delay. O'Mahony was well aware of this, when making the thoughtful suggestion he did—in defence of O'Brien's extraordinary proposition; but as he believed in fighting at once—this method of opening the campaign appeared to him as suitable as any other—under the circumstances.

President present could say how many such men his club could afford. Two men present volunteered to form part of such a band. The others were mute.

"After much talk, I finally suggested, that, as the revolutionary leaders had done us the compliment of coming into our town to make the first appeal to the country, and as we were not prepared to give them the guard they required at once, we were, at least, bound to see what we could do towards making up such a guard. In order to do so we should keep them in town and defend them, if necessary, during the coming night. On the next morning we could attend them in full force to the next town, and they would be thus enabled to make up the body as they went along.

"We had no right to ask these gentlemen why they called upon Carrick. Our own boastings brought them to us. That the call was not premature every man present knew. That for the past fortnight our minds were fully made up to suffer no more arrests, but to begin the fight on the first attempt made to effect one. Having declared ourselves willing to fight for any member of our body and proclaimed it loudly, what right had we to complain if the chiefs had taken us at our word? We should not have promised unless we could perform. The movement was all up if the leaders were suffered to be arrested now!

"Many agreed, or seemed to agree with me, and we finally all agreed that Messrs. O'Brien, Meagher and Doheny should remain in town that night; that the country clubs should be summoned round them in arms; that they should bivouac on the outskirts of the town all night, while the townsmen kept watch within, and that any hostile attempt from the garrison should be resisted.

"Messrs. O'Brien and Meagher then addressed the impatient crowd in the street, who enthusiastically promised to die in their defence if necessary. After this I left the meeting for the distinct purpose of mustering the country clubs.

"Not one present could have been ignorant of the fact, when, before leaving them, I returned to the room three times after mounting my horse, as I heard noisy discussion springing up after I left each time. These several times I asked them were they about changing their minds? and each time I was answered in the negative.

"*Mr. O Brien and his companions were to remain in town.*

"One thing struck me as remarkable at this meeting. Father Byrne was not to be found. The day after which his heart panted had not come, It was, however, principally composed of his creatures — professional men, comfortable farmers and shop-keepers — who would do nothing without his

sanction. Of some of them I heard or saw no more until their "miraculous escapes" to France or America were proclaimed by the public press. Some of them I know to have left the meeting that evening after I departed, and never drew bridle until they put the sea between themselves and the enemy.

"But I anticipate.

"I went off to muster the country clubs from the Tipperary side of the Suir. I sent trusty messengers to those Presidents who were too distant from me to see personally, and visited some others. I then visited the chief men of my own club. Everywhere I found enthusiasm and confidence.

"Having appointed seven o'clock as the hour we were to meet at our parish chapel, I went home to dine. It was then six. I was tired, but full of confidence in the prospect before us. Dinner over, at seven o'clock I got to horse again, but at my gate I met a messenger from Dr. O'Ryan —President of our Central Board, (I may call him our Colonel,) — saying that 'those for whose protection we were to meet had left Carrick, and that the men were not to be brought into town.' This placed me in an embarrassing position, not only with my own club-men, but with those distant clubs to whom I had sent messengers.

"I went to my Club notwithstanding, and found them assembled to the number of four hundred. Among them they had eighty guns and a goodly muster of pikes. They were all armed with some weapon.

"I was spared the telling them the disheartening news. *Father Morrissy*, their parish priest, who had been reconnoitering in Carrick all day, had been with them on his way home. He told them that all was peace again. That O'Brien left, &c. He, in fine, sought to disperse them. They refused to be dispersed by him, however, but steadily waited for me.

"I had to confirm the statement as to the departure of the leaders, but to disabuse them as to the fight's being 'postponed for a fortnight,' (as they were told). I said it was possible we might be called out again tomorrow. Having them all assembled, I got them into military array, and kept marching them until late in the night, and then sent them home in much better heart than I was myself, not knowing what the morrow might bring.

"I then went to pay a parting visit to a friend whom I left at twelve o'clock.

"I heard some firing and rode towards it. Found it proceeded from the Grangemockler men, *en route* for Carrick, with a Mr. Coughlan, their President, at their head. They were at least one thousand strong. They had

met Dr. O'Ryan's (or I may call him Father Byrne's) messenger, but they would not be turned back until they heard what I had to say on the subject.

"I had the disagreeable task of confirming the command they received, and endeavoring to do away with its evil effects.

"I saw them home, and hoped to have kept them still expectant and eager for the fight.

"It was now morning, and I lay down to rest a little previous to the coming day that I hoped would be an eventful one. Little time, however, had I for repose. The club leaders, or rather the Faction Chiefs, from the more distant parishes, came pouring in on me, asking why they had been called to arms, and why, having been so, they were countermanded when already on their march? From the reports I then, and afterwards got, of the numbers collected on the different roads radiating round Carrick, and comparing them with what I saw myself of the two parishes mustered on the road that passed by my place, I have no doubt on my mind that between seven and eight o'clock on that night there were twelve thousand men, at least, (I made it at fifteen thousand.) on march for Carrick-on-Suir. Enough, surely, to commence the Revolution with—at short notice.

"Thus was a great, and, as subsequent events proved, a fatal check received at the very outset. Many influential farmers who came out on that day never moved afterwards—doubting the capacity of their leaders, they appeared terrified at the step they had taken.

"A little after dawn Doheny arrived at my house. After talking over the sad mistake of the day before, we rode out to see its effect upon the people. In a ride of some twenty miles round the skirts of the *Sliabh-na-mon* hills, we found the people still busy preparing. Scarcely a house did we see that there was not a pike displayed: everywhere men were fitting them on handles, or sharpening them on the door flags.

"Crowds flocked around us wherever we stopped, asking for news of O'Brien and his movements—of which we could tell them nothing. All we could say was, that, disappointed in Carrick, he went to raise the flag elsewhere. We told them to hold themselves in readiness, as we were in expectation of being called on to join him at once.

"This satisfied them. The work of preparation again went on, and the forges were again set to work. We remarked, that of all the men we met that morning, but one man spoke against the rising, and he was soon silenced.

"On our return we met Meagher at my house. He told us O'Brien

ON THE PLAIN AT FREDERICKSBURG.

was in Cashel, that he was himself going to Waterford to bring up his club — some one thousand strong. A club, — if I understand rightly, — *pledged to follow him at a moment's notice.* I was to protect it in passing the Suir, with what forces I could collect.

"Doheny and I saw him across the Suir, and into a cab in the woods of Coolnamuck. Doheny left me shortly after, and I rode into Carrick to see either Father Byrne or Dr. O'Ryan. I saw the latter gentleman, but could not see the former. From him I learned that himself, Byrne, and all the local leaders were against the movement, as premature. — That Byrne would have nothing to do with it. — That it should be put off at least a *fortnight*, until the harvest ripened. — That O'Brien *must be mad.*

"Upon leaving him I met many of the mechanics who told me that they were ready at a call. Not to mind Father Byrne and Co., but to call on them myself. They could by no means comprehend why it was that O'Brien left on the previous evening, and said — 'why did he not appeal directly to the men of the people?' They blamed Byrne, O'Ryan, Rivers &c., and promised to be prepared for the next call, and not to mind presidents or priests.

"I was occupied all the rest of the day receiving men coming for instructions, and giving them and myself change of work, for the very unfortunate turn things seemed to be taking. — Preparing to coöperate with Meagher and the advancing Waterford men.

"*Meagher arrived alone* He said, that on coming to Waterford at night, he had sent for the chief men of his club, and. (I believe) Father Tracy. The men came to him, Tracy did not. On his asking them to march, they said 'they could not without Father Tracy's advice and consent. — Too late then to look for it, or to muster the club-men. — Meagher not encouraged to wait.' This Tracy, I afterwards understood, was the Byrne of Waterford — *Primum Mobile* and chief adviser of the clubs, though not personally presiding over any club himself. (Meagher does not seem to blame this man. I do — from the circumstance that his conduct on this first appeal to him was exactly the counterpart of Byrne's).

"It seemed as if the opponents of the organization had planned to break it up by means of those very men, who had contributed much to spread it, and who in so doing had gained the entire confidence of the fighting portion of the people. Carrick-men have told me, in excusing Byrne, that he had been forbidden by his superior, a few days previous, to meddle further in the matter. If so, he must have also got orders to allay the storm he had helped to raise. No man in so good a position to do so."

"FOLLOWING THE LEADER."

(CONTINUED.)

The foregoing narrative, by the principal actor in the events which transpired during that memorable week in Carrick and its vicinity, comes down to the date of my arrival in that town. What took place under my own observation, during the two succeeding days, I shall now relate:

Though much fatigued when I retired to rest on Thursday night, I enjoyed but little sleep; for, all through the night the whole population seemed to be on the streets and under considerable excitement; while, at frequent intervals, a bugle-call announced the presence of some military attachment, whose steady tramp could be readily distinguished among the promiscuous voices that, uninterruittingly, filled the air. From the few remarks I could hear passed — on the street and in the house, — I understood that the soldiers encamped at Besborough (three miles below Carrick,) had been marched into town, but what their object was, none seemed to comprehend. The following morning threw some light on the question.

At an early hour the streets of Carrick were occupied by strong detachments of military and police. The soldiers were of all arms — horse, foot, and artillery. Two pieces of cannon were placed in positions commanding both the Main street and that leading to the bridge over the Suir to Carrick-Beg. Behind the artillery strong bodies of cavalry were posted. The infantry, in small detachments, occupied all the street-crossings as far as I could discern from the door of my lodging-house. An ominous and unnatural silence among the onlookers of those morning preparations, contrasted strangely with the turmoil of the previous night.

After some two hours of anxious suspense, the inhabitants of Carrick became aware of the cause of this warlike display. A search for arms had, all that morning, been carried on in Carrick-Beg — on the Waterford side of the river, and the larger town was occupied, to prevent its rebellious inmates from interfering with the legalized marauders. It soon became apparent to friends and foes, that the result of the raid was not commensurate with the preparations it entailed; for, in the midst of a dense column of police, — marching solemnly up Bridge street, there appeared a common cart containing about a half dozen pitch-forks, and, conspicuous among them — a veritable "pike."

The spectacle had a surprisingly marked effect on the hitherto scowling

countenances of the people. A smile of triumphant scorn and derision was observable on the faces of the still silent men; while most of the women, and *all* the girls, gave unrestrained vent to their feelings, in language suited to their individual styles of expression — from the mock sympathetic to the bitterly sarcastic.

One young damsel told the crest-fallen "Peelers" that "after all their spying and hunting, there was as many pikes in that little town over, as, *if 'the word' was given*, would drive every one of them headlong into the Suir!" The probable truth of the volunteered information did not tend to make its recipients more pleased with the gentle "Informer," — if one could judge by their scowling looks.

The uncertainty as to what might next happen created a feeling of uneasiness among the business portion of the community, one effect of which was the desire to convert their spare bank-notes into hard cash, and a consequent run on the two banks in the town. This circumstance affected myself and comrades personally, in as much as our financial resources consisted of a solitary pound-note, which we could not get changed to provide our breakfasts, — even the banks refused to accommodate us as it was not one of their own denomination — and they could not foretell the probable extent of the "run" upon themselves.

As the nearest "Provincial Bank of Ireland" office was that of Waterford, I bethought me of asking Father Byrne to change the "note." I was going to see him, in any case, as the most likely person to give me information as to where I might find those we were in search of. I knew him by sight, as well as by reputation, but was not personally known to him.

I had no difficulty in finding him, and, on my telling him who I was, and what brought me to Carrick — together with the predicament we were in for "change," he, at once, accommodated me in the latter respect, but, at the same time, advised me to abandon the revolutionary movement (as it could not succeed.) and return home at once. He added, that O'Brien and Meagher had been in Carrick, a few days previously, and that he thought O'Brien must be "*mad.*"

From his manner I felt that he used the term in its fullest significance, and was astonished, — though not so much at the assertion itself, as at its coming from such a quarter. Of course, I thought Father Byrne was egregiously mistaken, and that the particularly exciting circumstances under which his first interview with Mr. O'Brien took place, must have deceived him as to that gentleman's real mental characteristics, — among which coolness, prudence, and self-control were most prominent. I, however, made no

comment on that portion of his argument, but declined to follow his kindly-given advice — asking him "what grounds had he *now* for despondency as to the success of the revolutionary movement, that did not exist a few weeks before, when he was its most enthusiastic and efficient propagandist in that district?

To this he replied — that he "could not explain his change of opinion, but that, as matters were then, he could see nothing but ultimate disaster to the devoted men who persevered in upholding what he believed to be a hopeless cause."

So ended our interview. We parted with mutual good wishes, but neither of us convinced as to the propriety of the other's course.

Finding no clue in Carrick as to the whereabouts of any of the prominent national leaders, we determined to proceed to Waterford on the next day, hoping to find some intelligence of Meagher in his native city. On Saturday morning we, accordingly, set out by way of road on the left, (or Kilkenny) side of the Suir. On passing Besborough Demesne we observed that it was occupied by a camp of Infantry. A sentinel stood at the gate wearing the uniform of the 3d Buffs. As this Regiment had been lately stationed in Dublin, and had gained some notoriety there for its demonstrative Irish feelings — we engaged in conversation with the sentinel — who appeared to be almost exhausted from fatigue — or want of sleep.

His unmistakable Munster accent, and Celtic countenance, led us to remark on the exploits of his regiment some weeks before in an "argument" with the 72d Highlanders at "Molloy's Free-and-Easy" in Queen street, Dublin. It was enough to open his heart. He explained the cause of his tired appearance by telling us that — for the past three nights — the soldiers in camp had been marched to Waterford, and marched back to their quarters in the day-time — for the purpose of impressing the country people on their line of march with the opinion that fresh troops were daily being landed from England. He also told us, (what we were cognizant of already,) that two-thirds of the regiment were true Irishmen — and were ready to prove it — *when called upon.*

(Many of them *did* prove their allegiance to their native land, two months afterwards, by their presence in O'Mahony's camp on the Commeragh hills — fraternizing with the "rebels.")

Fully satisfied that the national cause had nothing to apprehend from the troops encamped at Besborough, we proceeded on our journey in buoyant spirits. Neither on the road, — nor in the villages of Piltown and Mocoin, through which we passed — did we notice any appearance of excite-

ment — on the contrary, people seemed to be unusually reserved and ill at ease. There was something uncongenial in their manner that contrasted unfavorably with the open-hearted candor of the Waterford and Tipperary people, and we were glad when we crossed the bridge over the Suir, and found ourselves once more in Munster.

THE CITY OF WATERFORD,

SATURDAY, JULY 29TH.

It was about 2 P. M., when we arrived in Waterford. Proceeding down the noble Quay, we found it studded for its entire length with groups of stalwart, dark-browed men. Among them were many "Carrick Boatmen" — easily recognized by their heavy pilot-cloth jackets and peculiar head-gear. A great portion of the others seemed to belong to the class of men usually employed about the shipping; but the mechanics of the city were also well represented. But very few were engaged at work of any kind; while the eyes of many were, scowlingly, directed to a row of five war-vessels, of various classes, that were moored at convenient distances from one another, in the middle of the river, with their broadsides to the city.

As most of these on-lookers belonged to the "Men of no Property" class — the possibility of their city being bombarded by those foreign pirates gave them but little concern. In fact, judging from their comments on the subject, delivered in our presence, a few moments later, — they felt that such action would chiefly damage the upholders of British rule — both in person and property, — and that it would also compel the "well-to-do neutrals" to take one side or the other, by burning them out of their comfortable "freeholds," at short notice. As they truthfully remarked: — "The men who meant to fight would leave the city, any how, — for no one was fool enough to think it could be held without artillery."

Before we had gone far down the Quay, we were accosted by a member of one of those gatherings. He enquired — "who we were; where we had come from; and what our business was in Waterford?" The man's manner and tone was civil but determined, and — as we felt — justified by the circumstances. I soon satisfied him as to all he wanted to know in our regard; but the mention of "Cappoquin" as my native place, was in itself sufficient to gain the full confidence of himself and comrades. At that moment a Carrick-Boatman joined the group, who vouched for the truth of my statement, — as he had met us the day previous in Carrick and knew our story.

Other parties soon joined us, and listened eagerly to our history of the past six days.

They, in their turn, informed us, that they "knew no more than ourselves, of where Mr. Meagher was at that time — the last they had heard of him being the day he was in Carrick with Smith O'Brien. They were both amazed and sorely disappointed at not having received any orders from him, or any instructions whatsoever as to what was to be the duty assigned to the men of Waterford — now that the leaders were appealing to the country. They felt that, in this emergency, Meagher's proper place was at the head of his own townsmen — the men who knew and loved him best, and of whose willingness to follow him to death he had, so lately, sufficient proof. They could not, and *would* not believe that he had either deserted them or mistrusted their devotion to himself or to Ireland. And yet — where was he now? or why did he leave them bewildered, and without a word to signify his intentions in their regard. They *felt* there was *something wrong — somewhere* in their midst — but they could not say — or even suspect — in what quarter the spirit of mischief was secretly working. There they were — thousands of as reliable men as stood on Irish ground — many of of them fairly armed — and all ready to fight at a call; — moreover, hundreds of them 'marked men' — liable to be arrested without a moment's notice; — there they were — waiting — still "*waiting*" — every hour of inaction increasing their anxiety and sapping their hopes: no competent man to take their absent leader's place, and, by some decisive act, put an end to this state of irresolution."

Such was the state of affairs presented to us by the true men of Waterford. Is it any wonder that they felt it would be a welcome relief to have it ended in any way — even by those black ships in the river opening fire on their native city?

Those honest, brave-hearted patriots, did not know then, (and most probably, never learned since,) that, but three nights previous, their beloved young leader, trusting in their truth — as he did in his own resolute heart — had come in person into the city, to give them the "WORD" they were so anxiously and feverishly waiting for; that *he* had been deceived, and their *sacred cause* betrayed, by a few pusillanimous wretches — whose faith he depended on — up to that moment: they did not know — nor could living man imagine — the feeling of utter loneliness and desolation of heart with which he, for the last time, gazed, through the gloom of night upon the spot dearest to him of all the earth while the crushing thought — that those he most confided in in that centre of his faith, hope, and love — had

abandoned him and dishonored their city — wrapped his spirit in a gloom far darker than that which obscured his earthly vision, as he wended on his dreary way to rejoin his compatriot, O'Mahony — *alone* — instead of being accompanied by "a thousand armed men" — as he had confidently hoped when they parted a few hours before.

Well it was for the *lives* of the deceitful knaves, that their treachery was unknown to their betrayed fellow-citizens, who, on the occasion referred to, seemed anxious to vent their exasperation on any assailable object of their wrath. Well, also, has it been for their *memories*, that, with a magnanimity which, became his noble soul, the victim of their baseness refrained from revealing their names up to his death — preferring to let the miscreants sink into charitable oblivion, than to have their city, and his, disgraced by its association with such infamous creatures — and their innocent descendants — through successive generations — compelled to blush at a reference to their unforgotten and unforgiven crime.

[NOTE. — It was but natural for Mr. Meagher to express the belief to his friend O'Mahony that Father Tracy was blameless in this matter: for how could he, *on the mere assertion of self approved cowards* — that — "Father Tracy could not be found at that time," — condemn any man in whose truth he had, hitherto, implicitely confided?

This shifting the responsibility for their own faithlessness and poltroonery, upon one whom they knew could not possibly refute their assertion until too late to counteract its evil consequences — only intensified their meanness — as pledge-breaking cowards — and Meagher's contemptuous disgust for the sneaking hypocrites.]

We spent an hour or so viewing the city, in company of one of the Club-men whose acquaintance we had made. In several places on our route we observed — on green posters — Meagher's latest address to his fellow-citizens, calling on them to "keep the arms in their possession — and go on arming," &c. In almost every instance, this appeal was posted either *over* "Clarendon's Proclamation," or in close proximity thereto. Its sight now — ten days after its first appearance — gave rise to mingled feelings of pride and perplexity — on the writer's account. On the whole, matters looked rather discouraging for the object of our visit to Waterford. It was evident we would obtain no tidings there, either of Mr. Meagher or any other prominent Confederate known to us.

We returned to the vicinity of the Bridge, with the intention of there awaiting the arrival of the Dublin mail-coach — due at 4 o'clock. It came.

crowded with passengers — inside and out. Among the latter we recognized Mr. Edward Hollywood — and the recognition was mutual — a fortunate circumstance for him — as it subsequently appeared. Mr. Hollywood was a prominent silk-weaver as well as patriot; and as an incentive to patriotism, and the encouragement of native manufactures, he produced a neck-kerchief of green silk — with an orange border. As an emblem of the union of "Orange and Green!" the article soon became popular with the Confederates in Dublin, and throughout the country; and, as its originator was a man who consistently stood by his colors, he made his appearance in the "proclaimed city of Waterford," with the insignia of "United Irishmen" fluttering in the breeze, as the coach whirled rapidly down the Quay. He had no doubt of his neck-gear attracting some suspicion to himself, but, on principle, he braved the risk and took his chances. But the risk came from a different quarter than where he surmised it would, and his chances of being *drowned*, (for a while,) far out-weighed those tending in an opposite direction. For, as it so happened, our good Waterford "rebels" being in a very dangerous mood, suspected Mr. Hollywood to be a Castle spy masquerading in national colors, and some of them followed him to the coach-office, determined to watch his movements, and — if these were such as to confirm their suspicions — to pitch him incontinently into the Suir — in full view of the British men-of-war.

Poor Mr. Hollywood, unsuspicious of danger from such a quarter, immediately on alighting from his lofty perch — hurried back to where he had seen our familiar faces, but he was quickly followed and soon surrounded by a half-dozen fierce-looking fellows, one of whom peremptorily asked him "What was his business in Waterford?" and also, "Why he wore those colors?" — adding sarcastically — "as if they could deceive any one!"

Hollywood, seeing at once who his interlocutors were, and that, in his case "honesty was the best policy," told them that he came from Dublin; that his business in Waterford was to look for Mr. Meagher — who was a personal friend of his; and that he wore the neck-kerchief because he had a good right to do so — *having made it.* He then told them his name. They "had heard of it,— but how were they to know that he wasn't some *Castle detective* who assumed it to cloak his villainy? Was there any one in Waterford who knew him, and could confirm his statement? — for, *if there wasn't* ——

Hollywood half-amused, and half-alarmed, did not wait to hear the threatening alternative — but eagerly informed his "good friends" that, as luck

had it, he saw three men at the upper end of the Quay who could vouch for his honesty.

Thereupon, he was permitted to go on his way a few paces in advance of his vigilent escort, until he met us going towards the coach-office to see and compare notes with him. After our cordial greeting, he briefly related his exciting experience of the past ten minutes — adding, quite seriously, "I really expected the fellows would pitch me over the Quay!"

We admitted there was some grounds for his supposition — but that we'd set matters right in a minute. Thereupon I walked over to where his late escort, joined by another group, were watching our proceedings. One of the men asked me if I knew that man who just joined us? I told him I did; that he was Edward Hollywood, Mr. Meagher's fellow-delegate to Paris! With a sigh of relief, he remarked: "Oh! how glad I am; we took him for a detective looking for Meagher, and came very near flinging him into the river!"

The whole crowd then advanced to where Mr. Hollywood stood, and soon convinced him that he was among men after his own heart.

Before our parting, Mr. Hollywood signified his intention of seeking O'Brien and Meagher in the district between Carrick and Cashel.* I do not think he succeeded in finding them; for, after the affair at Ballingarry — (on that same day) — their movements became more uncertain than ever before.

For our own part, the futile result of our journey to Waterford left us uncertain as to where we should next turn. An accident decided that question. Among those we met on the Quay was a young man from New-Ross, named O'Byrne, who was a member of the "Art MacMorrough Club" of that town. His father and himself owned a lighter, in which they were about returning home that evening, and he invited us to take passage with them. As there might be a possible chance of *some* one of the leaders selecting that good old "rebel stronghold" as the sphere of his operations, we decided to accept the invitation, and, bidding good-bye to the rest of our friends, we accompanied Mr. O'Byrne to his boat, where he introduced us to his father, who gave us a hearty welcome. He was a genuine scion

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* NOTE. — After the failure of the insurrectionary movement, Mr. Hollywood effected his escape to France, where, with his family, he continued to reside for some years. After his wife's death, he returned to Dublin, and officiated as one of the chief mourners at MacManus's funeral in that city, in November, 1861. Some years later he died in Dublin, and was buried in Glasnevin cemetery. His funeral was numerously attended by his surviving comrades of '48. His grave lies within a few yards of the main entrance to the cemetery.

of the old Wicklow stock, and hated the foreign interlopers as intensely as *Feagh MacHugh* himself did. When I told him that one of the Dublin clubs was named after the "Ninety-eight" hero — "Billy Byrne of Ballymanus," his countenance lit up with the pride of his brave old race, and turning to his stalwart son, he exclaimed — "See that, now! How they didn't forget the ould stock?"

On our way up the Barrow, young Mr. O'Byrne directed our attention to a narrow part of the river where a rocky headland projected into the channel. He told us the promontory was called "Lady's Rock!" and that the men of Ross had decided to sink a lighter — loaded with lime-stone — at that spot — *when they got the "Word!"* so as to obstruct the channel, and prevent the men-of-war at Waterford from reaching their town. As it was almost night by this time, and threatening to rain, our kind host prevailed on us to occupy their bed in the little cabin. We had a sound sleep, and did not wake 'til we felt the boat bumping against the quay of Ross, on Sunday morning.

As we declined the Messrs. O'Byrne's invitation to take breakfast at their house, the young man accompanied us to a lodging-house. After breakfasting we went to mass, after which, and during the course of the day, we met several club-men, — all as anxious as ourselves, and all as ignorant of the whereabouts of those we were in search of. It was certain, however, that none of the Confederate leaders had come to Ross. Still we did not regret our coming thither, for it was a place of historic associations, of which Irishmen might well feel proud; and the glorious scenery at the junction of the Rivers Nore and Barrow — about a mile above the town, was, in itself, worth going a day's journey to view, at any time, but under the circumstances, we enjoyed the magnificent prospect in an intensified degree; for it imparted a portion of its brightness to our spirits, and enabled us to bear up all the more cheerfully under our recent disappointments, and face the uncertainties of the future with a more trustful confidence than our present position would seem to warrant.

On our way back to Ross, we decided that, owing to the low state of our finances, it was impossible for us to continue our search any further; and that therefore, it was advisable that we should part company next day — my two comrades to remain in Ross — where they could abide quietly and get work at their trade, — and I to return to the *vicinity* of my home, and there, for a while, await the course of events, — I taking their address, so that, should circumstances so warrant, I could notify them to rejoin me.

In accordance with this plan I took the steamer from Waterford next

morning. I left that city at noon and proceeded to Cappoquin on foot, arriving there at 9 P. M., when, for the first time, I learned what occurred at Ballingarry on the previous Saturday.

[NOTE. — A few words relative to the subsequent career of my two faithful comrades may be recorded here;

BOB. WARD,

I never saw since our parting in New Ross. After remaining in that town for some months, he returned to Dublin, but found it impossible to abide there during the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, — as his person was known to nearly all the detectives in the city. He remained in the country, however, for about two years after, when he emigrated to America. and resided for several years in Baltimore, where he was known to his fellow-exiles as an uncompromising Irish Nationalist of the most extreme type. From Baltimore he removed "out West," where — as I learned from an acquaintance of his — he died. I did not learn the date of his death, but think it must be before John O'Mahony founded the Fenian Brotherhood, as, if my old comrade was living during the existance of that organization, I would certainly hear from him.

DAN MAGRATH'S

Efforts in the Irish Revolutionary cause did not cease on the failure of the '48 movement. He did not believe the people were given a fair trial then, and so, when, in the next year, a secret revolutionary organization was started to continue the struggle, he became one of its most active propagandists in the county of Waterford. At the time appointed for a general simultaneous "rising" — September 16th, 1849. Cappoquin (alone) responded. For the part Dan. played on that occasion he was honored — in company with two others — with a place in Her Majesty's "*Hue and Cry*," and a reward of £100 each, offered for their capture, — but in vain; for, after months of weary wanderings, the three proscribed rebels succeeded in reaching New York, only to re-commence their labors in the good cause of fatherland.

As a first step they joined an Irish military organization, and so learned to perform a man's part more effectually when the next opportunity came for striking a blow for Irish liberty.

During Dan's residence in New York he became affiliated with the successive Irish Revolutionary movements set on foot in that city. About 1858 he moved to Missouri, where he prospered in business, got married, and raised a large family.

He was an early member of the Fenian Brotherhood, and continued an enthusiastic and devoted friend of John O'Mahony up to that gentleman's death. From that period until his own death — on Christmas Eve, 1888 — Dan lent a generous support to every organization, whether 'Revolutionary" or "Constitutional," having for its avowed object the attainment of Irish liberty — and, after serving faithfully for forty years the old cause in which, as a boy he enlisted in 1848, he died as he lived — an honest man, and consistent patriot, leaving in his career an incentive and an inspiration to the young men of his race who are imbued with a spirit of devotion to Ireland's freedom, which constituted the main-spring of his existence.

His remains rest in the Catholic cemetery of Marshall, Mo. Would that they lay with his kin — in "Green Affane," or "Grey Lismore!"

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE FAILURE — AND ITS ALLEGED CAUSES.

"It little matters why we fell,
If we arise to-morrow."
JOHN KEEGAN.

THE failure of the '48 movement in Ireland has been attributed to various causes, both by the several writers on the subject who participated therein, and by others who had no personal knowledge of the facts. Some, (of the latter class especially) have sought to throw the blame on the people — who, they assert — failed to respond to the call of their leaders; others attribute the result to the hostile attitude of the priests. These statements are both erroneous and unjust, yet they have been so often reiterated that they have been accepted as facts by very many of our own race, as well as by the world at large. Before proceeding to refute them on my own responsibility I shall quote Mr. Meagher's opinions on the subject.

In a letter written from Van Dieman's land in February, 1850, and sent to Mr. Duffy for publication in the *Nation*, Mr. Meagher says: —

"The defeat of 1848 was not the defeat of a whole people. It was

nothing more than the rout of a few peasants, hastily collected, badly armed, half-starved, and miserably clad.

"The country did not turn out. The country was not beaten, therefore. And hence it should neither be disheartened nor ashamed.

"Why a more general movement did not take place, I have no time at present to explain. There were many reasons for it; and as I intend to write a little narrative of what occurred in Tipperary during the period to which I allude, you shall have them at some future day.

"I feel, however, it would not be candid of me to conceal the opinion I have frequently stated in private, that we who went to Tipperary did not put the question properly to the country — did not give the country a fair opportunity — did not adopt anything like the best means for evoking the heroism of the people, and bringing it into action.

"I owe it to people to make this avowal. It pains me to reflect that such an avowal has been so long withheld, and that in the absence of it they have been charged with cowardice and desertion.

"There is another slander, too — a slander no less unjust and scandalous than the one I have this moment mentioned — which I feel bound also to refute.

"Since the affair at Ballingarry, it has been repeatedly rung in our ears — 'The priests betrayed you!'

"The priests did not betray us. As a body they were opposed to us — actively and determinedly opposed to us — from the day of the Secession down to very day on which the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act was announced by express in Dublin. In not joining us, therefore, in the field — in not exhorting the people to take up arms — nay, in setting themselves against the few who rallied around us, and warning them to their homes — in all this they did not not act treacherously; they acted simply with strict consistency.

"I do not, of course, applaud them for the part they acted. With the belief that is rooted in my mind I could not do so. For I firmly believe that, had the Catholic priests of Ireland preached the revolution from their altars — had they gone out, like the Sicilian priests, or the Archbishop of Milan, and borne the Cross in front of the insurgent ranks — had this been the case, I firmly believe there would have been a young Nation, crowned with glory, standing proudly up by the side of England at this hour."

Whatever were the opinions entertained by honest and intelligent men as to the various *auxiliary* causes of the failure, there can be no reasonable

doubt that the *main* cause was owing to the absence of preliminary organization among the people selected by the leaders to inaugurate the insurrection, and to the utter lack of military knowledge amongst those leaders themselves.

Those leaders, for reasons supposed by them to be all sufficient, declined to avail themselves of the organized strength of the metropolis; they made no demand on the ten thousand club-men that Mr. O'Brien stated were ready at their call in Cork; they lacked the decision of character to avail themselves of the glorious opportunity afforded them by the organized clubs of Carrick and its vicinity, and took their chances among a peasantry without arms or a commissariat, and they were unable to suggest how these indispensable requisites to a successful revolt could be supplied.

Some of the priests had openly opposed the movement, and all but anathematized its leaders; a few more, whose antecedents led the people to expect their active coöperation, shrank from the crucial test of patriotism, — and the unnaturally hostile attitude assumed by those few selfish extra-loyal clergymen of the first mentioned class, and the desertion of the still fewer presumed friends of the cause, was, erroneously taken as being representative of the animus of the priests in general, and this disheartening reflection threw a damper on the desperate but ill-directed efforts of the chivalrous and devoted gentlemen, who, in their enthusiasm for liberty and love for their country and its oppressed people, had undertaken a project which they had neither the material means nor the scientific ability to carry out successfully, though they never encountered a word of opposition from any of the popular party, clerical or lay.

A few words more as to the action of the priests in '48. It was well known to the people of Tipperary and Waterford that, in the course of the summer of that year, many of them advised the people — from their altars — to prepare for the "coming time," while the majority contented themselves with encouraging the people privately, or remaining silent altogether, especially after their bishop enjoined silence on such subjects, under penalty of suspension. It was unreasonable to expect that priests would go openly and preach insurrection, at a time when few, if any, of them knew what were the plans of the leaders, or whether they could serve or injure the cause by so doing.

I know most of what I here state from actual observation at the time. I believe also, that had a general "call to arms" been made, and that but one priest in twenty responded thereto, the great majority of their flocks

would pay little heed to the prayers—or curses of the nineteen, but would follow the true one,—and their own convictions.

But why expect priests to *fight* at all? Would they not find other more congenial means of serving the revolutionary cause than by assuming a position they were unqualified for,—that of leading men to battle—where one skilled soldier would be worth a dozen ordinary enthusiasts?*

As to the charge brought by some parties against the Munster peasantry,—that of having by their apathy in supporting O'Brien contributed mainly to the failure of '48. I, as one personally cognizant of the circumstances, point to the indisputable historical fact that, in the very district in which Mr. O'Brien and his Confederate leaders despaired of inaugurating an insurrection in July of that year, in which the "Arms Act" was in constant operation, and the Habeas Corpus Act was suspended;—in which the famine and extermination had left their gloomiest traces; in which the priests were most inimical to the movement; in which the government forces—soldiers, spies and peelers, had been steadily augmented—here—in this "Valley of the Suir," two months later, when these distinguished leaders were either inmates of a prison awaiting their trial for high treason—or hunted fugitives with a price set on their heads,—this traduced peasantry—at the call of a man who was neither a distinguished statesman, an eloquent orator, or a brilliant writer of political articles, or soul-stirring lyrics,—(and con-

*The position of the generality of the Catholic clergy of South Tipperary and Waterford in 184⁸, was graphically explained in my presence by the Reverend Father Heffernan, the patriotic Parish Priest of Clerihan and Rosegreen. It was in a discourse addressed to his flock in the chapel of Rosegreen, and on the Sunday previous to the opening of the State Trials in Clonmel. The country was in a very disturbed condition just then—for John O'Mahony was mustering the peasantry of the Valley of the Suir on the spurs of the Commeraghs, and parties in search of fire-arms were scouring the country nightly. In alluding to this latter circumstance the good old priest cautioned his flock not to be misled by the extravagant reports in circulation.

"Do you know what some of the fools say?" he remarked with a comical expression on his pleasant face. "Why, that Father Heffernan is going to lead 'em! Wouldn't I look well, the like of me of an old man, trudging along with a pike on my shoulder? No, my boys! Father Heffernan will do no such thing! And I'll tell you why he won't. Because Father Heffernan—and every other 'Father' who was ordained in Maynooth had to take the 'oath of allegiance!' Now, Father Heffernan is not going to break that oath, by appearing at the head of a body of 'rebels!' But if he don't there's another thing he won't do either!—Father Heffernan won't lift a hand or a leg, or give one wag of his tongue to save the tyrants who oppress his people from getting what their crimes deserve. That's what Father Heffernan won't do."

sequently unknown except to the people among whom he lived, and by whom he was beloved and looked up to,)—organized silently, armed themselves with such rude weapons as their way-side forges could supply, and depending on the neighboring farmers for provisions, abandoned home and family, and took to the hill-sides to prove their devotion to Liberty and Ireland. Well has Thomas Davis said:—

"The heart of the people is always right."

And if John O'Mahony effected nothing with that formidable physical power which he, who knew the heart of the people, had succeeded in evoking, it was because he too, accomplished gentleman and erudite scholar as he was, had not then, owing to lack of opportunity,

"Trained his soul to lead a line."

Had but one-fourth of that gallant band of Irish veterans who, under his direction returned to their native land in '65, been with him in '48 on the slopes of the Commeraghs, there would have been a different tale to tell of that "September rising."

CHAPTER XLVIII.

THE PENALTY OF PATRIOTISM.

'Gainst England long battling, at length they went down;
As truagh gan oidhir 'n-a bh-farradh!
But they left their deep tracks on the road of renown;
As truagh gan oidhir 'n-a bh-farradh!

THOMAS DAVIS.

WHEN, after his disappointment in Waterford, Meagher re-joined O'Mahony, the latter proposed to have him take command of the clubs on the county Waterford side of the Suir, while he himself would coöperate with

him at the head of the Tipperary men in the district between Carrick and Sliabh-na-mon. But, though assured that the men of his native county would follow him enthusiastically, Meagher declined to assume any independent command whatsoever — preferring to join O'Brien and share his fortunes — gloomy and disheartening as he felt them to be.

It is unnecessary, on the present occasion, to detail the desultory and unimportant movements of the bewildered insurrectionary leaders during the brief time they remained in company; suffice it to say that, finding it impossible to carry out their intentions, they finally separated, some to escape across the seas, and others to fall into the hands of the enemy. Among the former were Dillon, Doheny, Reilly, Stevens, Cantwell, Smith, Hollywood, and other prominent Confederates. Smith O'Brien, Meagher, O'Donoghoe, Leyne and MacManus, were arrested and lodged in prison to await their trial on a charge of High Treason. O'Mahony, alone, held his ground — trusting in the fidelity of the people, and awaiting another opportunity to test their courage. He, too, was eventually forced to abandon the struggle for a time, but not until he had done enough to vindicate his opinion of the people's manhood, and their unswerving fidelity to those whom they knew and trusted — *and who knew and trusted them.*

Mr. O'Brien was arrested in Thurles, on the 5th of August, Messrs. Meagher, O'Donoghoe, and Leyne, near Rathgannon, on the 12th, and Mr. MacManus, on board an American ship, the *N. D. Chase*, in the Cove of Cork, on the 30th of that month. All these gentlemen were, immediately after their arrest, conveyed to Kilmainham prison, Dublin.

THE PRISONERS REMOVED TO CLONMEL.

On the 18th of September, the state prisoners were conveyed by the Great Southern and Western Railway to Thurles, and from thence by coach, to Clonmel, where they were to be tried before a "Special Commission," which was to open on the 21st. It was a gloomy prospect they had to look forward to, yet it was powerless to affect their indomitable resolution in the least. O'Brien maintained his usual cheerfulness and calm dignity of manner, O'Donoghoe his characteristic bluntness and contemptuous defiance of the British Queen and constitution, while the irrepressible spirit of fun kept possession of the exuberant hearts of the three younger members of the party. Indeed, one of the most racy and side-splitting stories I ever heard Meagher relate, was founded upon some humorous incidents of the journey from Thurles to Clonmel that frosty September morning.

THE TRIALS.

Mr. Smith O'Brien's trial was the first called. It opened on September 28th before the following carefully selected jury:

Richard M. J. Manseragh, of Grenane, foreman,
Edward C. Moore, of Mooresfort,
Richard Gason, of Richmond,
John Ooing, of Birdhill,
John Lloyd, of Lisburne,
Samuel Perry, of Barrona,
John Russell, of Ballydavid,
Edward Pennfetder, of Marlow,
Thomas Sadler, of Ballingarry,
John Tuthill, of Raplank,
Richard Manser, of Gralla,
Charles Going of Castle Crana.

Not a Milesian name on the list — all of the Cromwellian stock. The farce of a trial proceeded before that jury for *nine days*. It needed not *nine minutes* to make up their minds for a conviction.

When on the third day after the verdict of "GUILTY" was rendered, the prisoner was asked what he had to say why sentence should not be passed on him? —— Mr. O'Brien, in a calm and firm voice, addressing the court, said:—

O'BRIEN'S SPEECH FROM THE DOCK.

"My lords, it is not my intention to enter into any vindication of my conduct, however much I might have desired to avail myself of this opportunity of doing so. I am perfectly satisfied with the consciousness that I have performed my duty to my country; that I have done only that which, in my opinion, it was the duty of every Irishman to have done; and I am prepared to abide the consequences of having performed my duty to my native land. Proceed with your sentence."

Chief Justice Blackburne then pronounced the following sentence:—

"*The Sentence is that You, William Smith O'Brien, be taken from hence to the place from whence you came, and be thence Drawn on a Hurdle to the Place of Execution, and be there Hanged by the Neck until you are Dead; and that afterwards your Head shall be Severed from Your Body, and Your Body Divided into Four Quarters, to be disposed of as Her Majesty shall think fit, and may God have mercy on your soul.*

Immediately after O'Brien's sentence, MacManus was put on trial — with the same result.

Then came the trial of Patrick O'Donohoe — before a jury of ultra-loyal Protestants. As a matter of course, he, too, was found guilty.

Maurice R. Leyne was not brought to trial.

TRIAL OF THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER,

OCTOBER 16TH-23D, 1848.

On Monday, October 16, Clonmel Courthouse was crowded to its utmost capacity, while the streets in its vicinity were densely thronged with the people of both town and country. It was the day selected for the opening of Meagher's trial.

The local papers thus describe the scene in the Court-house:

"All eyes were turned to the dock to catch the first glance of the celebrated and single-minded young patriot, whose love of country had placed his liberty or his life at the mercy of others. His appearance and manner were not unworthy of him. They fully equalled in firmness, dignity and composure, those of the men who preceded him at the bar, charged with the same offence.

"He cast a quiet and dignified glance round the crowded court, and deported himself with as much ease and composure in the felon's dock as if he were enjoying the society of his friends, instead of being a state prisoner on trial for his life.

"Mr. Meagher was dressed in accordance with his usual neatness and good taste. He wore a plain black frock-coat, black silk stock and light colored waistcoat, and on his finger a large gold ring, in which was set an accurate and beautiful miniature of his friend John Mitchel.

"The prisoner having been called on to plead — in a clear and firm voice replied — 'NOT GUILTY.'

"Mr. Meagher then addressed the court from the dock, in the following terms: —

MEAGHER'S PROTEST AGAINST JURY PACKING.

"'My lords, previous to the jury being sworn, I respectfully beg leave to say a few words. I desire to protest against the construction of the panel from which the jury by which I am to be tried has been selected. Personally, I care not whether I am to be tried by Protestants or by Roman Catholics. Though I am myself a Roman Catholic, I feel that my cause, my honor, my liberty, my life, are as safe in the hands of a jury

composed exclusively of Protestants, as they would be with a jury composed exclusively of Roman Catholics. Were I, indeed, to consult my own feelings, I would not make those observations, but, my lords, as a matter of principle — a principle vitally affecting the the open, legitimate, satisfactory administration of justice in this kingdom — upon high public grounds, perhaps the highest public grounds that can exist, I feel myself called upon to protest, and I do so in the most solemn manner, against the system by which, in a Catholic county, of a Catholic country, only eighteen Roman Catholics — (with emphasis) — are returned upon a panel of nearly three hundred jurors.

"In consequence of the demurrer in the case of Mr. Smith O'Brien I conceive it would be a wanton waste of the public time were I to instruct my counsel to challenge the array; but as I feel this will be the last time I may raise my voice against a system, which virtually, and in fact, repeals the right conferred by law upon the members of that creed to which I am proud to belong, I feel it my duty to make this protest; but in doing so I am sure the gentlemen about to be sworn, and those who know me — who have given credit to the sentiments I have uttered in public — will believe me when I say that I am not influenced by the slightest sentiment of sectarianism.'

"Loud applause, clapping of hands, and stamping of feet in the galleries, followed the conclusion of this short but manly and characteristic address of the noble-minded and enthusiastic prisoner."

The jury, however, *was* packed — all the same. There was one Catholic (loyalist, of course,) on it, *Nicholas B. Greene, Knocknaspie.*

The trial then proceeded. The indictment contained two charges — one for "levying war against the Queen," and the other of "compassing the death of the Queen." Meagher was found guilty, in due course, and, in company with his compatriots — MacManus and O'Donoghoe — was, on Monday, October 23d, brought to the bar for judgment.

On being asked if they had anything to say why sentence of death and execution should not be passed upon them, MacManus and O'Donohoe replied in a few manly sentences; Mr. Meagher then proceeded to address the court. He spoke as follows: —

MEAGHER'S LAST SPEECH IN IRELAND.

DELIVERED IN CLONMEL COURT-HOUSE, OCTOBER 23D, 1848.

"My Lords, it is my intention to say a few words only. I desire that the last act of a proceeding which has occupied so much of the public time shall

be of short duration. Nor have I the indelicate wish to close the dreary ceremony of a State prosecution with a vain display of words. Did I fear that, hereafter, when I shall be no more, the country I have tried to serve would think ill of me, I might, indeed, avail myself of this solemn moment to vindicate my sentiments and my conduct. But I have no such fear. The country will judge of those sentiments and that conduct in a light far different from that in which the jury by which I have been convicted have viewed them; and by the country, the sentence which you, my lords, are about to pronounce, will be remembered only as the severe and solemn attestation of my rectitude and truth. Whatever be the language in which that sentence be spoken, I know that my fate will meet with sympathy and that my memory will be honored. In speaking thus, accuse me not, my lords, of an indecorous presumption. To the efforts I have made in a just and noble cause I ascribe no vain importance, nor do I claim for those efforts any high reward. But it so happens, and it will ever happen so, that they who have tried to serve their country, no matter how weak the effort may have been, are sure to receive the thanks and the blessings of its people.

"With my country, then, I leave my memory — my sentiments — my acts — proudly feeling that they require no vindication from me this day. A jury of my countrymen, it is true, have found me guilty of the crime of which I stood indicted. For this I entertain not the slightest feeling of resentment towards them. Influenced, as they must have been, by the charge of the Lord Chief-Justice, they could have found no other verdict.

"What of that charge? Any strong observations on it, I feel sincerely, would ill befit the solemnity of this scene; but I would earnestly beseech of you, my lord, you who preside on that bench, when the passions and the prejudices of this hour have passed away, to appeal to your conscience, and ask of it, was your charge as it ought to have been; impartial and indifferent between the subject and the crown.

"My lords, you may deem this language unbecoming in me, and perhaps it may seal my fate. But I am here to speak the truth whatever it may cost. I am here to regret nothing I have ever done — to retract nothing I have ever said, I am here to crave with no lying lip, the life I consecrate to the liberty of my country. Far from it; even here — here, where the thief, the libertine, the murderer, have left their foot-prints in the dust; here, on this spot, where the shadows of death surround me, and from which I see my early grave in an unannointed soil open to receive me — even here, encircled by these terrors, the hope which has beckoned me to

the perilous sea upon which I have been wrecked, still consoles, animates, enraptures me.

"No, I do not despair of my poor old country, her peace, her liberty, her glory. For that country I can do no more than bid her hope. To lift this island up — to make her a benefactor to humanity, instead of being the meanest beggar in the world — to restore to her her native powers and her ancient constitution — this has been my ambition, and this ambition has been my crime. Judged by the law of England, I know this crime entails the penalty of death; but the history of Ireland explains this crime, and justifies it. Judged by that history, I am no criminal — you (addressing Mr. MacManus,) and you (addressing Mr. O'Donohoe,) are no criminals. I deserve no punishment — we deserve no punishment. Judged by that history, the treason of which I stand convicted loses all its guilt, is sanctified as a duty, will be ennobled as a sacrifice.

"With these sentiments, my lord, I await the sentence of the Court. Having done what I felt to be my duty — having spoken what I felt to be the truth — as I have done on every other occasion of my short career, I now bid farewell to the country of my birth, my passion, and my death — the country whose misfortunes have invoked my sympathies — whose factions I have sought to still — whose intellect I have prompted to a lofty aim — whose freedom has been my fatal dream. I offer to that country, as a proof of the love I bear her, and the sincerity with which I thought, and spoke, and struggled for her freedom — the life of a young heart, and with that life, all the hopes, the honors, the endearments of a happy and an honorable home.

"Pronounce, then, my lords, the sentence which the law directs; I am prepared to hear it. I trust I shall be prepared to meet its execution. I hope to be able, with a pure heart and perfect composure to appear before a higher tribunal — a tribunal where a Judge of infinite goodness, as well as justice will preside, and where, my lords, many — many, of the judgments of this world wille be reversed."

The same sentence as that passed on O'Brien was then pronounced against his three compatriots, after which the victims were conveyed back to their quarters in the gaol, there to await their doom as became the representative men of their brave old race.

With the gaze of the civilized world concentrated upon her, the British Queen felt that, with all her thirst for vengeance, she could not in decency, accept the spoils of victory which her savage laws placed at her disposal; so, in imitation of that other arch-hypocrite, Pilate, — she "washed her hands

of the bloody business"—and "graciously" ordered that the extreme sentence should be "*mitigated to transportation for life.*"

An official notification of Her Majesty's pleasure was read to the prisoners on the 26th of October, in Clonmel gaol. On the 16th of November they were transferred to Dublin, and placed in Kilmainham gaol, but, in a few days afterwards they were assigned quarters in Richmond Bridewell.

There they remained for nearly eight months, pending the decision on some legal points raised in their behalf—but without their consent—by some well-meaning friends.

MEAGHER'S LAST DAY IN IRELAND.

At length, on the 9th of July, 1849, the order for the deportation of the State prisoners arrived at Richmond Bridewell. It had been expected, and they were ready. On that morning Meagher addressed the following letter to his friend, John P. Leonard, of Paris. It has a peculiar interest for his countrymen, as being the last he ever penned in his native land.

RICHMOND PRISON, July 9, 1849.

"MY DEAR LEONARD:—

"This morning, or to-morrow, at furthest, we will be put on board the war-brig which is to convey us to Van Dieman's Land, and I most gladly avail myself of a few moments at my disposal to assure you, now that I am on the eve of parting from my sad poor country, of my very warm esteem and friendship.

"As I told you in one of my previous letters, the recollection of the days I spent in Paris, in the eventful year of 1848, will be to me for many a year to come a source of very deep delight. Would to heaven that the hopes which then shone so brilliantly above our paths were still visible in our changeful and mournful sky—were still the objects of the people's love, faith, and adoration. But they have disappeared—clouds on clouds have thickened round them, and in the darkness which covers the land we hear but the wail of the dying, and the supplications of the penniless and the breadless. Never, never was their country so utterly downcast, so debased, so pitiful, to spiritless."*

*When Meagher penned those lines, he could only judge of the opinions of his countrymen by the utterances of the cowardly slaves who—(when true men were working silently to redeem their cause from unmerited disgrace)—impudently presumed to speak in the name of the land they had betrayed and sold. A few months afterwards, when an exile at the Antipodes, he received intelligence which tended to dispel his gloomy estimate

"Yet I do not, could not, despair of her regeneration. Nations do not die in a day. Their lives are reckoned by generations, and they encompass centuries. Their vitality is inextinguishable. Their sufferings are sometimes terrible, but they survive the deadliest plagues, the red inundation of the battle-field, the storm which topples towers and pyramids, the fire in which millions of wealth is melted down, the earthquake which engulfs cities and buries a whole people in one indistinguishable sepulchre — they have been known to survive all. Greece has so outlived her ruins and her woes. Italy has so outlived her degeneracy and her despotisms. Thus too, shall Ireland survive all her sufferings, her errors, and disasters, and rear one day an "Arch of Triumph" high above the wreck and wilderness of the past. This is my sincere faith. It is this which elates me at this moment — it is this which in my weary exile will make me forget my solitude, forget my privations, forget all the happiness I have sacrificed, and change what would otherwise be a weary bondage into a tranquil, happy dream. Besides, I feel that I have simply done nothing else than my plain duty, and hence I cannot be otherwise than proud and happy at this moment. My heart, indeed, was never so firm — the consciousness of having acted with purity, with generosity, in the face of all perils, and at the cost of friends and home and country — this is a deep, never-failing source of the most delightful joy. I would not exchange places this day with the most comfortable and happy slave in the country.

"Orders have come.

"Yours devotedly,

"THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER."

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of Ireland's manhood at the time; and, — in alluding to the subject afterwards, to bear the following testimony to the true state of Irish popular sentiment in the summer of 1849: —

"The "Swift" did not transport the patriotism of the country. A very small portion was packed on board that pleasant sloop of war, and consigned to Hobart Town. The young, intelligent men of the country — artizans, literary men, the better circumstanced and educated of the peasantry, the young tradesmen of the Leinster and Munster towns — these remained to try another wrestle with the veteran foe of Ireland.

"Hundreds of young Irishmen, in humble social circumstances, modestly and silently dared and lost all for Ireland in 1848, and in the autumn of 1849, the period to which in these paragraphs we specially allude." — MEAGHER in the Irish News July 19th, 1856.

The hand that penned the above may be readily recognized in the following

FAREWELL ADDRESS

OF THE STATE PRISONERS TO THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND, WRITTEN IMMEDIATELY BEFORE THEIR DEPARTURE.

"FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN: —

"If your efforts to procure a mitigation of the penalties to which we are about to be subjected had been as successful as you desired, we could not have offered you more sincere and grateful acknowledgments than those which we now tender, for the sympathy and solicitude which you have displayed in our behalf."

"At this moment, whilst we are bidding our last sad farewell to our native land, the reflection that our fellow-countrymen have not witnessed with indifference our removal from amongst them is a sweet source of consolation; and, be assured, that this remembrance will hereafter be a soothing alleviation to whatever sufferings it may be our lot to endure.

"Knowing that we address many who do not concur with us in political opinions, we do not feel ourselves at liberty to offer any observations upon the policy by which this country is governed — upon the policy which gave occasion to our resistance to British power — upon the policy which now consigns us to exile. We are compelled to repress even the emotions which we feel in reflecting upon the awful condition in which we leave the land that we have deeply loved; nor is this a fitting occasion to point out the means by which its disasters may be repaired; but we cannot refrain from the expression of a hope, that you will not despair of your country; and we may be permitted to offer to our fellow-countrymen a parting exhortation, that they will lay aside those unhappy dissensions which have so long paralysed the intrinsic strength of the Irish nation, and henceforth learn to love and confide in each other.

"We feel that it is not necessary to say anything to you in vindication of our motives. Even those who most condemn our conduct know that we have not been animated by considerations of a personal nature in hazarding all that was dear to us for the sake of our native land; but we owe it to our feelings to declare that, whatever may be the sacrifices we

incur by devotion to its interests, our latest aspiration will be a prayer for the prosperity, the honor, and the independence of Ireland.

"WILLIAM SMITH O'BRIEN,
"THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER,
"TERENCE BELLEW MCMANUS,
"PATRICK O'DONOHOE.

"Richmond Prison."

CHAPTER XLIX.

CLOSING SCENES.

"The last breeze from Erin
Has passed oe'r my brow,
The gale of the ocean
Is o'er me now;
I leave thee my country
Farewell! though thou art
The life-pulse that stirs me—
The veins of my heart.
Erin mavourneen, farewell!"

[From Meagher's "Personal Recollections."]

"Monday morning, July 9th, 1849. Cornelius Cooper, Deputy Governor, Richmond Prison, Dublin, entered my cell in said prison. Informed me that the Governor of said prison had received a communication from Mr. Redington, Under Secretary for the English Government of Ireland, notifying him that orders had been issued for the immediate transportation of the political prisoners in his custody.

"William Smith O'Brien, Terence Bellew McManus, Patrick O'Donohue, and Thomas Francis Meagher, were the prisoners in question.

"Half-past ten, police van, escorted by fifty mounted police — pistols and carbines — pulled up within the wall of the prison.

"Three troops of Dragoons — 6th Carbineers — under command of Colonel Maunsel — arrived shortly after.

"Half-past eleven, entered the van. Tears, farewells, waving of handkerchiefs. At a rapid pace driven off to the Pigeon House. Artillery-men at their guns. Guns loaded. Colonels of all branches of her Majesty's service on the ground. Most of them with red noses. Boats of the *Dragon*, war-steamer, in readiness. Each boat well manned. A Lieutenant commanding. In two or three minutes the *Dragon* brings us to the *Swift*. — The *Swift* lies at anchor a little outside the light-house on Kingstown pier. A ten-gun brig, very trim, bright and rakish.

"On board the brig, introduced to the captain, shown to our cabin.

'Half-past three, under weigh. Passing Bray Head permitted to walk the deck. Previous to doing so, the Captain, accompanied by the Surgeon, read us the rules we had to observe during the trip.

"Rules simple enough. Two only permitted on deck at a time. Lights extinguished nine o'clock every night. No communication with any of the ship's company, Captain and Surgeon excepted. No smoking save on deck, abreast the main-mast, and then at stated hours only. Hours stated between one and two P. M., and five and six P. M. Meals supplied by British Government. Same scale as supernumeraries. So nominated in the bond.

"Rules being read, O'Brien and I went on deck. Within gun-shot of the Wicklow coast. Half-past five — clouds thickening — dinner served. Served by a marine with cross-belts and bayonet.

"Dinner consists of two pounds of hard beef-steak — plate of sea-biscuit — a jug of tank water. The jug had a white body and a blue fringe.

"Sergeant of Marines wearing sash and side-arms, carrying a dark-lantern, visited us at nine o'clock. Extinguished our lamp — swung his lantern in our faces — wished us good night — locked the door — handed the key to the Captain.

"Following morning — July 10th — seven o'clock — off the Waterford coast. A beautiful bright morning. *Will no one come out to hail me from Dunmore? I pass by, and my own people know nothing of it.*"

That was Meagher's heart-rending exclamation on taking his last look into the noble estuary of the Suir, — the river he was destined to see never more — save in dreams. It was not, however, the exile's last look on his native land. As the *Swift* held on her southern course from St. George's Channel into the Atlantic ocean, for a few brief hours longer, he feasted his eyes in succession on the familiar Bay of Tramore, the rock-bound coast around by Bunmahon to Clonea; still later, on the rugged spurs of the

Monavullagh Mountains with *Cruachan* in the foreground, — and, far to the north — cutting clear against the summer sky — the pyramidal peak of Knockmeldown — caught his glance and held it transfixed until it, too, sank it blue forehead into the illimitable sea.

Erin mavourneen, farewell.

CHAPTER L.

LIFE IN AUSTRALIA.

I wish I was home in Ireland,
For the flowers will soon be there,
Clothing each vale and highland,
And loading the perfumed air.

For, in spite of the Saxon's scowlings,
The land to my heart is dear;
And to be but one day in Ireland
Were worth a whole lifetime here.

JOHN WALSH.

AFTER an uneventful voyage, the monotony of which was only relieved by a twenty-four hours' sojourn in Simon's Bay, Cape of Good Hope, the Irish exiles sighted the extreme southern point of Van Dieman's Land, on Saturday, the 28th of October. The following day the *Swift* came to anchor in Hobart Town harbor. The officers and most of the crew having gone ashore in the afternoon, the prisoners, under charge of a marine guard, had the deck to themselves, and watched, with much interest the numerous boats which put off from shore, and hovered round the ship — their inmates evidently anxious to get a glimpse of the distinguished strangers, — some of them — despite the threatening warnings of the sentry to "Keep off" — venturing in close to the gangway, enquiring "how the gentlemen were, and when they would come ashore?"

AN IRISH WELCOME.

In his first letter from Australia, bearing date December 1st, 1849, and addressed to a friend in Dublin, Meagher, referring to the scenes in Hobart Town harbor, says:—

"In all these incidents, slight and fleeting as they were, we saw at once the evidence of a kindly feeling towards us; and somehow we felt as though a few warm whispers of the old Irish heart at home were floating through the air. Nor were we wrong in this, for, later, still, we heard in its full broad tone, the true expression of that old but faithful and enduring heart. About seven o'clock O'Brien and I were walking up and down the quarter-deck together, when a boat rowed by a fine young lad, and having two women in it, stole gently alongside. The sentry, however, was wide awake, and was not long in telling them to 'be off.'

"'Ah! then, why should you be tellin' us to be off, sentry my darlin', when you've the best of the country aboard?'

"The accent and the sentiment were not to be mistaken: so, O'Brien and I moved forward to have a nearer view of the visitors. The moment they saw us, the eldest of the women — for one of them was rather old, and the other was both young and handsome — clapping her hands with the pocket-handkerchief between them — exclaimed:—

"'Oh you're welcome, you're welcome, Mr. O'Brien, you're welcome to us! though it's a quare home you're coming to.'

"Here the sentry considered it his duty to be a degree or two peremptory, and pitching his voice to a level with the conception, ordered the boat to 'be off,' and, 'not to be a minute about it; to do it sharp, in double quick time, they had better.' Upon which our poor countrywoman renewed her welcome, and adding, 'Shure it was a hard case not to get sight of the gentlemen at all,' wished us good night.

"Next morning, along with a number of other women who had come for the officers' linen, she was found on board. She had a long talk with O'Brien about Limerick and Clare, and the gentry on both sides of the Shannon from Tarbert to Doonas; for 'she knew them all well, that she did, and why not, when she was born, bred, and reared in Newarket-on-Fergus, where she had seen many a bright May-day, and many a harvest-home, and cheerful Hallow-eve.'

"To continue the story, her husband had been in the 'troubles,' some years ago, a Whiteboy, or something of that sort, and after he got his liberty, she came out to him, and brought 'that slip of a boy we saw in the boat, and his sister beside him,' along with her, all the way from the

Cove of Cork out here; for she heard it was a beautiful climate, and money in plenty, and mutton for nothing. So they took a farm, but the bad times came, — there are bad times here as well as at home, says she, — and they had to come into town; and her husband was working for Mr. Somebody over the way, and she did a little in the mangling line; but that wouldn't have brought her on deck if Mr. O'Brien wasn't there for his country, and her starvin' poor. God help the crathurs!"

AN OFFICIAL VISITOR.

"On that evening we were informed that the Captain wished to see us in our saloon. Down we went and were, one by one, formally introduced, as an indispensable part of the lugubrious ceremony of transportation, to the assistant comptroller of convicts, Mr. Wm. E. Nairn. Mr. Nairn informed us that he had received directions from his excellency the Governor to communicate to us, that he had received from the Secretary of State for the Home Department instructions to grant us 'tickets of leave,' provided that, in the first place, the Captain under whose charge we were, reported favorably on our conduct during the voyage; and, in the second place, that, previous to our receiving the tickets of leave, we pledged ourselves as men of honor, not to make use of the limited feedom so conferred to escape from the island.

"The Captain having reported favorably, it now remained for him (Mr. Nairn,) to receive the pledge required as an indispensable condition to the tickets of leave. Having taken a few minutes to consider the proposition, and conceiving the condition upon which we were to receive it to be fair and honorable, I determined upon accepting the ticket of leave.

"Mr. Nairn afterwards informed us, that each of us was to be assigned separate districts of the colony — no two being allowed to reside together, or within the same district even; that Campbelltown had been assigned to me, Hobart Town to O'Donohoe, and New Norfolk to McManus; and that we were to remain on board until Wednesday. Mr. O'Brien, having declined to accept the ticket of leave, Marie Island was assigned to him.

"The next day several gentlemen came on board to visit us; amongst them the Very Rev. Dr. Hall and the Rev. Mr. Dunn, both of them Catholic clergymen — the former Vicar-General of the diocese; the latter a missionary at Richmond. Their manner towards us was most warm and affectionate, and their offers of kind services unbounded. With such visitors as these, you can hardly imagine the pleasure with which the day passed over. Be-

sides, from day-break we had been on the look-out for O'Doherty and Martin, who were hourly expected from Sidney."

Before day-break next morning the exiles were landed and took the coach on their way to their respective destinations. At 3 P. M. they arrived at Campbelltown, and there Meagher parted with his compatriots, who continued their journey to Launcest. A few days subsequently Meager settled down at Ross, a little village seven miles from Campbelltown, but within the district. Here he was fortunate in forming the acquaintance of an Irish gentleman — who afterwards proved himself a sincere and warm friend, — without whose occasional companionship his life in Ross would be "as lonesome as that of the most secluded hermit." His mornings and evenings were devoted to his books; during the intervening hours he "took a gallop through the 'bush' in quest of a kangaroo, or a stroll on foot along the banks of the Maquarie."

After two months' experience of this strange life, Meagher, in a letter to Mr. Duffy dated February, 1850, reverting to the subject of his former communication — continues: —

"So far, then, you see, I have no complaint to make with regard to our present fate — dull, and bleak, and wearisome as it is. But I do complain, that, having separated us by so many thousand miles of sea from all that was dear, consoling, and inspiring to our hearts, they should have increased the severity of this punishment by distributing us over a strange land, in which the most gratifying friendships we could form would compensate us poorly for the loss of the warm familiar companionship we so long enjoyed. There is McManus away in New Norfolk, O'Donohoe in Hobart Town, O'Dogherty in Oatlands, Martin in Bothwell, Meagher in Campbelltown, O'Brien off there in Marie Island. Each has a separate district, and out of that district there is no redemption.

"Now, generally speaking, a "district" is about the size of a repectable country parish at home. Mine, for instance, extends from thirty to thirty-five miles in length, and varies from ten to fifteen in breadth. At the end of a fortnight I came to the conclusion, that between a prison and a "district" there was just about the same difference as exists between a stable and a paddock. In the one you are tied up by a halter — in the other you have the swing of a tetner.

"Within the last five weeks, however, Martin, O'Doherty and I have discovered a point common to our three respective districts, at which, without a breach of the regulation prohibiting any two or more of us from residing together, we can meet from time to time.

"This fortunate point is on the edge of a noble lake, twenty-four miles from Ross, up in a range of mountains known as the 'Western Tier.' O'Doherty has to ride twenty miles to it, and Martin five-and-twenty. Monday is usually our day of meeting, and eleven, or thereabouts, the hour at which we emerge from three different quarters of the "bush," and come upon the ground.

"The point itself is a small, cosy, smoky bit of a log-hut, inhabited by a solitary gentleman named Cooper. The hut is fifteen feet by ten, and high enough to admit in an upright position of any reasonable extension of legs, spine, hat, and shirt-collar. The furniture consists of something to sleep on — I don't know what to call it; a table, very weak in the extremities; two stools, a block for splitting chops upon; a shelf, three feet in length, and furnished with a couple of pewter plates, a gunpowder flask full of pepper, three breakfast cups, a carving knife, a breakfast knife, forks to match, a tract upon Foreign Missions, and two columns of a *Sunday Observer*, bearing a remote date.

"Here we dine, and spend the evening up to half-past five o'clock, when we descend the 'Tier,' and betake ourselves to our respective homes. Whilst the preparations for the dinner are going on, we are rambling along the shores of the lake, talking of old times, singing the old songs, weaving fresh hopes among the old ones that have ceased to bloom.

"You cannot picture to yourself the happiness which the days we have spent by that lonely, glorious lake have brought us. They have been summer days, all of them; and through the sunshine have floated the many-colored memories, the red griefs, the golden hopes of our sad, beautiful old country.

"Oh! should hearts grow faint at home, and, in the cold, dark current of despair, fling down the hope they once waved, like a sacred torch, on high; tell them that here, in this strange land, and in the loneliest haunts and pathways of it — here by the shores of a lake where as yet no sail has sparkled, and few sounds of human life as yet have scared the wild swan, or startled the black snake from its nest — tell them that here, upon a lone, lone spot in the far Southern Seas, there are prayers full of confidence, and faith and love, offered up for Ireland's cause; and that the belief in her redemption and her glory has accompanied her sons to their place of exile, and there, like some beautiful and holy charm, abides with them; filling the days of their humble solitude with calm light, and joyous melodies, and visions of serene and radient loveliness."

In April, 1850, John Mitchel arrived in Van Dieman's Land. Owing to

the poor state of his health he was permitted to take up his residence with John Martin in the Bothwell district, and thenceforward they habitually attended the re-unions at Lake Sorell together. McManus, too, in defiance of the boundary limits, occasionally traveled over sixty miles from his district to enjoy a few hours' companionship with his beloved friends. But, after all, their life in Australia was becoming intolerable. Mitchel characteristically referred to it as "a kind of sincope or trance," their movements as "somnambulistic," and their "apparent doings and sayings as sick men's dreams."

From their first arrival in Van Dieman's Land all the Irish patriots had been subjected to various petty persecutions by the authorities. O'Brien's health suffered so severely from his treatment on Marie Island, that his physician pronounced his life in imminent danger, unless he consented to accept a "ticket of leave," and remove to a healthier district. He accordingly did as recommended, and chose New Norfolk as his future place of residence. Meagher went to see him there, and, for daring to do so, he was confined a prisoner in his own house for some time. McManus had his parole revoked by the arbitrary order of Governor Dennison, and was taken into custody, but was released, in spite of the Governor, by order of the Supreme Court, and then, without accepting a fresh "ticket of leave," — by the aid of friends — obtained passage on a vessel to San Francisco."

Some short time after McManus effected his escape, — or, on the 22d of February, 1851, — Meagher got married to a Miss Bennett, a most beautiful young lady, the daughter of a farmer residing near New Norfolk. He built a pretty cottage on the shore of Lake Sorell, and removed with his bride thereto. For the next year he led a life that the majority of men would consider happy. But Meagher was no song-bird to be content to dwell in a pretty cage; his free-born spirit would not be circumscribed by any extent of territory over which the flag of England dominated.

But, as it was, the baleful influence of that detested power was exerted to mar his tranquility, — pursuing him even into that lonely little nest in the wilderness; and so he determined to free himself once for all, from its thraldom, at any risk, and at any sacrifice.

A week before he made the final stroke for liberty, he signified his determination to his friend, Mr. Duffy — in the following letter: —

"LAKE SORELL, Van Dieman's Land.
December 27th, 1851.

'MY DEAR DUFFY: —

"In great haste I have sat down to tell you that I am determined to

withdraw my *parole* — throw up my "ticket of leave" — and afterwards attempt my escape.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

"I seek some land in which a useful and honorable career will be ope to me, and where, free from the galling restrictions which beset and hamper me at every step, and yet more galling indignities which intrude themselves even into the sanctuary of my humble home, I may find generous and creditable employment for whatever energies I possess through the goodness of God.

"With fervent hope that, with His aid and blessing, I shall have the delight of writing my next letter to you under the shadow and protection of the flag of Washington, and with fondest remembrance to Maurice Lyne, and all my other dear and devoted friends,

"Believe me,
"My dear Duffy, ever to remain,
"Whatever be my fate,
"Your faithful and affectionate friend,
"T. F. MEAGHER."

HOW MEAGHER EFFECTED HIS ESCAPE.

In the following letter, written a few days after Mr. Meagher's arrival in New York, the illustrious exile related the manner in which his escape from Van Dieman's Land was effected: —

"GLEN COVE, Saturday, June 5, 1852.

"*To the Editor of the New York Daily Times:* —

"DEAR SIR, — In consequence of some misstatements regarding my escape, which I have just seen in two or three of the European papers, and which appear to have been copied from an Australian paper, I think it right to set the facts before the American public, to whom alone I now hold myself responsible.

"The remarkable kindness I have experienced from the press and the public generally, ever since my arrival in this noble country, and the anxiety I feel to have it understood that I am not deficient in the honorable spirit which qualifies a stranger to become its citizen, compel me to break the silence which no act or word, on the part of my enemies, could ever disturb.

"The facts are these:

"In the month of April, 1851, I was called upon to renew my *parole*. I did so in writing, and in the following words:

"'*I hereby pledge my word of honor not to leave the colony so long as I hold a ticket of leave.*'

"I handed this pledge to the Police Magistrate in the open court. Any one can see it who desires to refer to it.

"Towards the end of December, the same year, I came to the determination of attempting my escape. Accordingly, on the 3d of January last, I sent the following letter to the Police Magistrate of the district in which I resided:

"'LAKE SORELL, DISTRICT OF CAMPBELLTOWN,
"'Saturday, January 3, 1852.

"'SIR: — Circumstances of a recent occurrence urge upon me the necessity of resigning my ticket of leave, and consequently withdrawing my *parole*.

"'I write this letter, therefore, respectfully to apprise you, that after 12 o'clock to-morrow noon, I shall no longer consider myself bound by the obligation which that *parole* imposes.

"'In the meantime, however, should you conceive it your duty to take me into custody, I shall, as a matter of course, regard myself as wholly absolved from the restraint which my word of honor to your Government at present inflicts.

"'I have the honor to be, sir,
"'With sincere respect,
"'Your obedient servant,
"'THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER.

"'*To the Police Magistrate of the District of Campbelltown*.'"

"The Police Magistrate received this letter at 11 o'clock the same morning: — I remained in my cottage, at Lake Sorell, until 7 o'clock that evening. A few minutes after that hour, four of my friends arrived on horseback, and communicated to me the intelligence that the police were coming to arrest me. I went out with them into the bush, and remained there, about three hundred yards from the cottage, until my servant brought the news that the police had arrived, and were sitting in the kitchen.

"We mounted our horses immediately, and rode down to the cottage. One hundred yards from it my friends drew up. I rode on until I came close to the stable, which was within pistol shot of the kitchen door. I

[illegible] and desired the servant to go in and tell the police I was [illegible] for them. He did so. Two or three minutes elapsed. The police appeared. The moment they appeared I rose in my stirrups, and called out that I was the prisoner they came to arrest, and I defied them to do so. This challenge was echoed by my friends with three loud and hearty cheers, in the midst of which I struck spurs to my horse, and dashed into the wood, in the direction of the coast. Accompanied by my generous and courageous-hearted friends, I reached the sea-shore on Monday afternoon, at a point where a boat was in readiness to receive me. I jumped from my horse, got into the boat, put off to sea, and beat about there for a few days, until the ship came up, which, thank God! bore me at last, to a free and hospitable land.

"In plain words, these are the plain facts of the case. As I have written them here, they were written by one of my friends, at the house where we changed horses on our way to the coast. The manuscript containin them was forwarded next morning, Tuesday, to the editor of the leading journal of the colony, and bore the names of my friends, written by their own hands, in attestation of its truth. The gentleman to whom it was sent, was instructed not to publish the names that were attached to it. He was however, at the same time, requested to insert the document itself in the next number of his paper, and was left at full and perfect liberty to show the signatures to any person who might wish to be satisfied upon the subject, and would pledge his honor not to abuse the confidence reposed in him, by involving the parties concerned in any legal difficulty.

"The men who vouched with their signatures for the truth of the statement then made, and now repeated, are men of considerable property and highly creditable position in the colony, and no one there would be rash enough to speak a single word derogatory of their honor.

"I have the honor to be

"Your faithful and grateful servant,

"THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER."

The boat on which Meagher embarked was owned and manned by two poor fishermen, who had been engaged by his friends to convey him to one of the uninhabited little islands that dot the Straits which separate Van Dieman's Land from the great island of Australia. The island in question was known on the chart as "Waterhouse Island." It had been arranged that he was to await there the arrival of the ship which was to convey him to a land of liberty. Though only four miles from the nearest point of Van Dieman's Land, it was over forty from the boat's point of departure,

and it entailed a most perilous passage of several hours, through a wild sea, before a landing was effected thereon. On the island a new peril confronted him.

The ship that was to take Meagher off was to have arrived off the island the morning after he had landed there; but, after waiting until the evening of the third day — and no sail appearing — the boatmen were obliged to return to the main land for a fresh supply of provisions, leaving their passenger alone on the desolate, storm-swept fragment of creation for seven days longer, — most of which time he subsisted on sea-bird's eggs and shellfish.

On the tenth day of his lonely vigil he was startled by the firing of a gun; and on looking out to sea he perceived a ship standing in close to the island and shortening sail. The captain was in the rigging waving a white handkerchief. Rounding a point of the island the vessel dropped her anchors, and the passenger taken on board. In another hour the *Elizabeth Thompson*, Captain Betts, was careering across the Pacific on her way to London — *via* Cape Horn.

In due time Meagher arrived at Pernambuco. from whence he took passage for the United States in the American brig *Acorn*. He arrived in New York May 26th, 1852, under the protection of that glorious flag whose supremacy he so nobly upheld in after years.

CHAPTER LI.

MEAGHER IN AMERICA.

"And now began the second part of Meagher's life; his American life. He had always admired and loved the Great Republic; the American flag had generally floated from the stern of the "Speranza" on Lake Sorell; and he came to this land with the ardent desire and resolute intention to bear that flag aloft against all enemies, but especially and particularly against our hereditary enemy — England." — From "Reminiscences of Thomas Francis Meagher, by JOHN MITCHEL.

SAVE Lafayette alone, no foreign-born visitor to this Republic was ever accorded such a generous, hearty, and spontaneous welcome, as that

given to Thomas Francis Meagher on his arrival in New York. For several weeks, invitations to public receptions poured in upon him from all quarters of the Union. They came from State Legislatures and Municipal authorities; all — on behalf of their constituents, the Sovereign People — tendering him a Freeman's welcome to Freedom's Land. Even after it became known that he declined the acceptance of public ovations, he was daily in receipt of numerous letters of congratulation and welcome, from individual admirers of his past career — his genius, his nobility of heart, his efforts in behalf of his country's liberty, and his indomitable spirit under the tribulations he endured for that country's cause.

But if his advent among them was a source of such jubilation to the free-born citizens of this "Refuge of the Oppressed," it may be imagined with what intensity of passionate affection and triumphant pride it was hailed by the children of his own race, as the heart-felt "Thank God!" was reverently breathed from the quivering lips of millions for the restoration of their best-beloved brother — the glory and pride of their old Mother land.

Since the first rumor of his escape from Australia had reached them, they anxiously waited, day after day, for the confirmation of the report — which, they felt, — would eventually result in his coming to take his proper place as the standard-bearer of his exiled compatriots, around whom all would hopefully and enthusiastically rally to renew the "old fight."

The satisfaction of those Irish exiles was all the more exuberant from the fact that, while Meagher was still at sea, under the starry banner, a "Memorial for the exercise of clemency towards the Irish exiles," was presented to the Irish Lord Lieutenant by a deputation headed by the Lord Mayor of Dublin. But, although this "beggar's petition" was said to be signed by "nine peers, fifteen Catholic Bishops, nineteen baronets, forty-two members of parliament, sixty-six deputy-lieutenants, two hundred and eighty-eight magistrates, eleven high sheriffs, and over five hundred dignitaries and clergymen of all denominations, and ten thousand other names, comprising some of the most distinguished men of the country," it was, nevertheless, rejected in terms characterized as "needlessly harsh and insulting."

In plain words, the British Viceroy told these self-constituted insulters of Ireland's expatriated patriots, that the objects of their solicitude "*had never expressed contrition for their crime*;" and he supplemented this piece of information with the stinging truth — that must have made the ears of the fawning hypocrites tingle — that, — "many who now advocated their pardon, would turn from them with abhorrence if they had not been prevented from

carrying their designs into execution by the defensive measures of the Government."*

Well! in despite of British Queen or Irish Flunkey, here—among the men of his race and heart—stood one self-enfranchised, unrepentant scorner of tyrant, hypocrite, and slave.

For which the "Lord in Heaven be praised!"

How the News Was Announced in England.

As an instance of the despicable shifts to which the organs of the British government could resort to minimize the importance of Meagher's arrival in America, it was recorded in the newspapers of the day, that,—when the vessel which brought the account of the patriot's arrival in New York had reached Liverpool, it was telegraphed to the *London Times*, and published in large capital letters in that paper, that "No notice, of any moment was taken of Thomas Francis Meagher, and that he was only waited on by a few obscure individuals!"

Even thus sugar-coated, the bitter pill must have been swallowed with a horrible grimace by the bucolic Britisher. How it agreed with him when its true inwardness was manifested by his rising gorge, may be well imagined by those who know the "nature of the beast."

Per Contra—How Ireland Viewed It.

The joy experienced by the Irish at home at the news of Meagher's safe arrival in America, can only be imagined by those thoroughly familiar with their sensitive nature, and the place which he occupied in their affections. They could not give full vent to the exuberance of their spirits after the manner of their countrymen in America. They could not throng around him in green-coated battalions, with flashing bayonets and rolling drums. but they loved him as well as their enfranchised brothers, and they gloried

* This exhibition of impotent malevolence on the part of the arrogant representative of "her gracious Majesty," had its parallel—twenty years later—in the British Parliament, on the occasion of the debate on a motion for the release of the military Fenian convicts who were transported to Australia. Then, also,—true to their established policy in dealing with the "Irish Enemn,"—the crown officials—gloating in savage triumph over the suffrings of the men who (they fancied,) were still in their power,—contemptuously refused to relax their hold on their prey—and this at the very hour when, by the interposition of Providence—and the devotion of liberty-loving American citizens—their rescued victims were being joyfully welcomed—as was Meagher—to the "Land of the Free!"

in the hope that the day might come in God's good time, when they, too, might greet him in Freedom's panoply —

"The Green Flag flying o'er them."

The following from the *Nation* — the true exponent of the popular heart — and from the pen of a patriot tried and true as Meagher himself — will serve to convey, — as far as words could do so, the sentiments of the millions of exultant Celts who still clung to their native soil, and to the hope of once again reclaiming their God-given inheritance: —

"MEAGHER IN AMERICA.

"After a weary voyage of four months' duration, Thomas F. Meagher is at length under the shadow and protection of the Flag of Washington. Heaven has blessed and prospered his plans, and conducted him in safety and in honor to the free soil of America.

"His dashing escape from the penal colony reads like the achievement of a cavalier of old. He did not, as the snarling retainers of the English government allege, compromise his *parole* in the most trivial particular.

"One scarcely knows whether to admire the more the bold and rapid execution of Meagher's project, or the chivalrous fidelity of the noble Irishman who refused to lay hands of outrage on the glorious young patriot. What a true heart was it that beat under the uniform of the British police, and stubbornly defied authority when it called on him to commit a crime against his country! It was the same spirit which prompted the Tipperary peasants in Clonmel Court-house to refuse evidence against the traitors on their trial, which in the far Antipodes animated this gallant mutineer, who would not violate the person of 'young Meagher,' as he fondly called him.

"Meagher in America! What a triumph, what happiness in the words!

"Oh! many a time since the news of his flight first reached us have we been sick at heart, longing to receive this blessed message. Many a time have we with streaming eyes looked up to the throne of God, and asked where was our dear brother? And now that there is an end to all anxiety — now that he has escaped the jealous searches of his gaolers and the mysterious dangers of the seas — now that he is the guest of freemen and housed amongst his own countrymen — we can scarcely write for excess of joy; for the heart-strings of ourselves and of our country are wound about this illustrious son of Ireland.

"Our dear brother! For three years and a half he was a chained and condemned criminal, in the hands of those whose fatal power decrees love

of Ireland to be a mortal and unpardonable sin. For three years and a half he was subjected to all the restraints and ignominy of a criminal's fate, dead in law to all privilege, to all society, an out-cast and a felon. Law had no pity for his youth; justice had no mercy for his glowing genius. He had loved Ireland, he had pleaded and striven for Ireland, and they judged him a reprobate, and banished him to the companionship of the demoniacal sinners against man and heaven. But the God of martyrs and of Ireland has plucked him from their grasp, and set him up before the world again as a hero and an apostle.

"Meagher's arrival in America opens a new page in the history of Ireland. We conceive a great career for him under the flag of Washington. He does not go to the great Republic as a political notoriety, to dramatise and win idle cheers. He does not go there as a political speculator, greedy of a noisy welcome and of the subsidies of a cosmopolitan patriotism. He does not go there to clamor about his personal wrongs, and to sacrifice his personal dignity to rhetoric and vanity. He does not go there to rush upon the public stage, and die out exhausted in a month. He goes to fulfil a great destiny. He goes to work with a man's strength, and to achieve for himself the position which solid virtues and great abilities conquer in every free state as their prerogative. He goes to combine and sway his countrymen by the spells of his glorious eloquence, and to renew amongst them, in a foreign land, the memories and traditions of Ireland, which dwell in his own poetic and heroic soul with love and reverence

> "Strong as the pillar towers,
> And deep as the holy wells."

"He goes as the type of the Old Nation, to its exiles and its lovers, so they may sit down once more amongst their Household Gods; to be their legitimate chieftain and apostle. He goes to lead and amalgamate the Irish race in America, till slow and patient discipline and God-sent opportunity give them a potent voice in the destiny of Ireland.

"We call on the Irish in America to recognize in Meagher's arrival among them the opening of a new era for Ireland and themselves.

"And we call on the great Republic to welcome Thomas Meagher as it welcomed Addis Emmet. The wonderful Orator, whom we have lost, is now its citizen, and it will honor itself in honoring him."

CHAPTER LII.

A HAPPY REUNION.

And doth not a meeting like this make amends
For all the long years I've been wandering away?
MOORE.

MEAGHER'S first and warmest greeting in New York was from his personal friends and compatriots — the refugees of '48 — then resident in that city and Brooklyn. Chief among these were Richard O'Gorman and John Dillon, Thomas Devin Reilly, Michael Doheny, Doctor Thomas Antisell, Joseph Brennan and John Savage. Every succeeding day brought others of his old Confederates — "men of the rank and file," to welcome the universal favorite of all — and give and take, a fraternal grasp. With them, too, came many of the best men of their race in America — men who admired their young countryman as much as any — though they had never seen his face before. Among these latter, Captain Michael Phelan was the foremost. He was then one of the best known Irishmen in America, and was esteemed alike by his fellow-citizens of native or foreign birth. As one of the chief founders of the first Irish regiment raised in America — the old Ninth New York, Captain Phelan was particularly admired by the military element of his fellow countrymen, and by none more than the exiled Confederates, with most of whom he was on terms of close intimacy.

On the day Mr. Meagher arrived in New York, Michael Phelan waited on him, and after stating who he was, and welcoming his illustrious countryman to the "Land of the Free," he placed his pocket-book, containing all his available funds, in Meagher's hand, delicately requesting him to make use of its contents, until he could hear from his friends in Ireland. He of course surmised that, owing to the peculiar circumstances of Meagher's escape, he was likely to be in need of temporary assistance, and he preferred that it should come from "one of his own" rather than any other, and —

"Ourselves by ourselves be befriended!"

Meagher, however, assured him that he was in no immediate need of funds, and therefore he could not avail himself of his generous offer, but

that he should ever remember it as one of the most gratifying incidents of his life. From thence forth the most intimate friendship existed between those two noble-hearted patriots — until they were severed by death.

After landing Meagher sought his friend, Devin Reilly, and it was with him, at his pleasant little home in Brooklyn, that he passed the first days of his life in America. And what joyous days these were. What jovial, affectionate, true-hearted comrades gathered around him — each recounting his experiences since they last met in the dear old land, and all exulting in the bright hopes of that land's future that his presence amongst them inspired. From the animated description of those cheery reunions given me, in after years. by one of the participants — John Savage — I can, in fancy, picture the scene; I can again, as in life, see those dear familiar faces illuminated by their soul-speaking eyes — sparkling with fun, or flashing with passion — as the topics of the moment moved their impulsive Celtic natures. For the moment Meagher might imagine himself in that little cottage by Lake Sorell, surrounded by his exiled compatriots — when, in the flood-tide of their exuberant spirits they forgot in each other's society the destiny that separated them from the rest of the world. True, the illusion was of brief duration, and, when it was past, the cloud that hung perpetually over their spirits loomed all the denser for the sun-ray that momentarily pierced through the gloom. Now, however, in the society of comrades as fond and true as those he left behind him at the Antipodes, that joyous young heart could revel in the blessed sunlight of Freedom, in the happy consciousness that the "cloud" — which cast its baleful shadow on his life's path — was dissipated for evermore.

[NOTE. — John Savage — who first became known in Irish revolutionary history as one of the founders and contributors of the *Irish Tribune*, left Dublin for the South after the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, and at the close of July, joined John O'Mahony in the neighborhood of Carrick-on-Suir. What the latter thought of his young recruit may be learned from the following extract taken from a letter to Meagher published in the *Irish News* of September 20th, 1856: —

(Speaking of his associates in the movement — the writer says):

"I have not yet learned to draw a line between their exertions and my own, so closely were they interwoven during the short time we were fellow-laborers in the cause of Irish revolution.

"Foremost among my fellow-workers was our friend John Savage. Him I met for the first time as he was looking for you, a few days after that night of gloom when you and I last parted with despairing hearts upon the

side of *Sliabh na mon*. From that time until all our hopes were shattered, John Savage never flinched from the post of danger, nor was any duty left dependent upon him left undone. If the truth, fixedness of purpose, untiring work, and buoyant enthusiasm of any one man could have made up for the disadvantages resulting from youthful inexperience, want of previous political fame, and of not being known in the locality where he labored, could then have retrieved our cause, John Savage would have done it. He participated in all my plans, and attended all my midnight councils. He shared with me the *bivouac* upon the bleak hills, and partook of my hard bed in the rock-bound grot of Ballyquirkeen; or, as we laid side by side in some fragrant meadow by its banks, we listened to the Suir's wild lullaby singing us to sleep."

During his subsequent career in the United States, where his genius had free scope, John Savage won his meed of fame, as a poet, essayist, dramatist, orator and patriot. He was admired by the public for his acquirements and rectitude, and beloved by his associates for his genial heart and social spirit. Known to men of all classes in the social scale, he made hundreds of personal friends and no personal enemies. He was the recipient of much well-deserved praise; but he (rightly) valued the above testimony to his youthful patriotism above all the rest combined. When his biography is written it will constitute the brightest gem in his fame's coronal, for it was the heart-offering of the man whose praise he most esteemed, and whose character he most revered among his compatriots.]

MEETING THE LEADER.

At the time when the intelligence of Meagher's escape from Australia reached America, I was sojourning in a retired village in north-eastern New York. I did not hear of his arrival in the United States for several days after that event, when a shop-mate, who had been to Troy, brought me the welcome tidings — together with a newspaper containing the details of the proceedings in New York city consequent on the hero's landing. Of course I lost no time in setting out to meet our "Young Leader" — now that I was certain to find him at last. On my arrival in the city I went to the law office of Dillon and O'Gorman in the first place, with the two-fold purpose of paying my respects to the latter gentleman — whom I knew personally as President of the Swift Confederate Club, in Dublin, — and to learn from him where I might find Mr. Meagher.

Mr. O'Gorman gave me a cordial reception, and we had an interesting talk over the past vicissitudes and future prospects of the cause dearest to

our hearts. He told me that Mr. Meagher was then staying at Mr. Dillon's residence in Brooklyn, and gave me the address.

On my calling at the house I was received by a handsome and pleasant Irish servant girl, who, in response to my enquiry for Mr. Meagher, informed me that he was then out for a short walk, but would be back soon. On her invitation I took a seat to await his coming, and she kept me company. She was most enthusiastic in praise of Mr. Meagher — as was natural for an Irish girl to be — and it didn't take her long to find that I coincided in her opinions in his regard, so we became as familiar in a few minutes as if we were old acquaintances, and she questioned me as to my previous knowledge of the "young gentleman," where I had come from, &c. Our dialogue was something as follows: —

"An' did you know Mr. Meagher in Ireland?"

"I did!"

"Were you living in the same place with him at home?"

"Not exactly; we were born in the same county — but more than thirty miles from each other."

"An' so you're from the county Waterford, too?"

"Yes! but it wasn't there I met Mr. Meagher, but in Dublin."

"Are you long out in this country? and where did you come from now?"

"About two years and a half, — and I came from a place called Shushan, in this State."

"I never hear tell of that place before — is it far from here?"

"About two hundred miles, I think.

"Two hundred miles! An' did you come all the ways a' purpose to see Mr. Meagher here in Brooklyn?"

"I did! but sure, didn't he come nearly a hundred times as far to get to Brooklyn, where I can see him?"

"That's true; but for all, you must think a deal of him to come so far to see him. — But tell me — maybe you're one of the boys that had to run away from Ireland after Mr. Meagher left it!"

"Yes! I'm one of them 'boys,' an' one that would be glad to run back to Ireland with him again!"

"Wisha! Give me the hand for that; — sure I wouldn't doubt you; and I bet 'tis Mr. Meagher will be glad to see you! — But here's himself coming now:" And she ran to the door, which she had no sooner opened than she exclaimed: —

"Oh! Mr. Meagher, I'm so glad you come. There's a young man, an

old friend of yours from home, waiting for you, an' he came two hundred miles to see you; an'" ——

But I didn't wait any longer — the girl's joyous light-heartedness was contagious, and we met at the entrance to the room with a simultaneous burst of laughter and a clasp of hands, as Meagher exclaimed —

"So it's *you* are here! I'm glad to meet you, my boy!"

"Sure I knew you would, sir," responded the girl as she retired laughing, and left us to ourselves.

Meagher's personal appearance at that interview has left a more vivid impression on my memory than it did on any other occasion either before or since. When I knew him in Ireland, he was a handsome, well-built, young fellow with genuine Celtic features, laughing blue eyes, and dark brown, rather curly, hair. Now his form was much more robust in appearance, and his features bronzed by exposure to the southern sun, and the sea breezes during his circumnavigation of the globe — looked more manly and resolute. His carriage was as graceful and his step as light, firm, and elastic, as when I had seen him walk the streets of Dublin in company with his most intimate associates — Richard O'Gorman or Patrick J. Smith. With the exception that, on this occasion, he wore a broad-leafed straw hat — his dress was nearly alike in style to that he usually wore in Ireland — a dark frock coat, light vest, and grey trousers. His youthful light-heartedness and tone of voice had undergone no perceptible change with the vicissitudes of his fortunes. Frank and free, he was his own old self — "TOM. MEAGHER!" — the best-beloved of his race and generation.

After congratulating him on his escape, and trying to give expression to my exultation therefor, I, candidly, told him — what I always felt — that, for all he endured he may thank himself, — as, had he not allowed himself to be swayed from his own convictions on the question of rescuing John Mitchel, by his colleagues of the Council, the subsequent history of '48 would be very different from what it was.

"They well knew," — I added, — "that you meant to fight them, and they knew also, that if you called on the Clubs to follow you they would have done so enthusiastically — regardless of their (the Council's) action — or inaction. They calculated the chances — and deeming them desperate, they, *prudently*, resolved not to run the risk — but they also shrank from the disagreeable duty of themselves facing their constituents in their several club-rooms, and neutralizing the teachings they had been inculcating for the preceding three months — and so they appealed to *you* — they threw the responsibility on you of dashing down the hopes you had done so much to raise — or

of accepting the alternative. — on your own shoulders — of what they feared would be an overwhelming disaster. You yielded your convictions — less to their arguments than to their beseechings, and in doing so, proved the club-men's devotion to you by a harder test than if you had — in consonance with your own wishes and theirs — asked them to follow you to the storming of Newgate or Dublin Castle."

His reply showed that he concurred in my opinion, for he earnestly exclaimed: —

"You may be sure, my boy, that if it was to be done over again, I would not do it."

From retrospections of lost opportunities, we turned to a contemplation of the bright prospects of the future of the "old cause" — consequent upon his arrival in America. For, there was no denying the self-evident fact, that, on him were centred the hopes of his exiled fellow-countrymen on this continent, to unite them in one solid, organized body for the attainment of Ireland's freedom.

He expressed his determination to do all in his power to aid in carrying out that object, as soon as he could see his way. At the time, he was greatly encouraged by the success which attended the efforts of his old associates in creating Irish military organizations having that ultimate purpose in view, and would heartily coöperate in the work. After a long and agreeable interview my first meeting in America with our "Young Leader" terminated, with an understanding that we should soon see each other again.

CHAPTER LIII.

MEAGHER'S RESPONSE TO AMERICA'S WELCOME.

Soon after his arrival in America, a committee from the Corporation of New York waited on Mr. Meagher, at the Astor House, and presented him with a certified copy of the resolutions adopted by both Boards of the

Common Council, requesting his acceptance of a public reception, and the hospitalities of the City of New York.

Mr. Meagher delivered the following reply:—

"Gentlemen:—Had the effort in which I lost my freedom been successful, the honors now tendered would not surprise me. But it was otherwise. Far from realizing, it obscured, the hopes which accompanied and inspired it—ending suddenly in discomfiture and defeat. This the wide world knows. This you yourselves must inwardly admit, though the goodness of your nature will seal your lips to the admission, being fearful of the disparagement it would imply. The gratitude of a people is most bounteous. It is quick to appreciate, to encourage, to reward. Never slow or stinted in the measure it pours out, its fault is to be too precipitate and profuse. Estimating merit not by the severe standard of success, it takes motives into consideration, regardless of the fortune which attends them, and for whatever sacrifices they have entailed, awards a great equivalent.

"In this the gratitude of a people differs from the gratitude of Kings. With the latter, success is an essential condition of excellence. Pensions, Knightly decorations, orders of nobility, these are given by kings in exchange only for the trophies which decorate their halls, or the acquisitions which widen the surface of their dominion.

"Not so with a people, as I have said. They do not barter and economise their gifts. Whatever the result, be the motive upright, be the deed honorable, and their favors are forthcoming. Moreover, it sometimes happens that where disaster has most grievously befallen, there their sympathies are most evoked, and their treasures most plenteously bestowed.—This it is which explains the proceedings, in my regard of the noble city you represent. I have sought to serve my country, and been anxious to contribute to her freedom. This I shall not assume the modesty to deny. Long before I mingled in the strife of politics, it was my ambition to be identified with the destiny of my country—to share her glory, if glory were decreed her—to share her suffering and humiliation, if such should be her portion.

"For the little I have done and suffered I have had my reward in the penalty assigned me. To be the last and humblest name in the litany which contains the names of EMMET and FITZGERALD—names which waken notes of heroism in the coldest heart, and stir to lofty purposes the most sluggish mind—is an honor which compensates me fully for the privations I have endured. Any recompense, of a more joyous nature, it would ill become me to receive. Whilst my country remains in sorrow and subjection, it

would be indelicate of me to participate in the festivities you propose. When she lifts her head, and nerves her arm for a bolder struggle — when she goes forth, like Miriam, with song and timbrel to celebrate her victory — I, to, shall lift up my head, and join in the hymn of freedom. Till then the retirement I seek will best accord with the love I bear her, and the sadness which her present fate inspires.

"Nor do I forget the companions of my exile. My heart is with them at this hour, and shares the solitude in which they dwell. The freedom that has been restored to me is embittered by the recollection of their captivity. While they are in prison a shadow rests upon my spirit, and the thoughts that might otherwise be free, throb heavily within me. It is painful for me to speak. I should feel happy in being permitted to be silent. For these reasons, you will not feel displeased with me for declining the honors you solicit me to accept. Did I esteem them less, I should not consider myself so unworthy, nor decline so conclusively to enjoy them. The privileges of so eminent a city should be sacred to those who personify a great and living cause — a past full of fame, and a future full of hope — and whose names are prominent and imperishable.

"It pains me deeply to make this reply, being sensible of the enthusiasm which glows around me, and the eagerness with which a public opportunity of meeting me has been awaited. I know it will disappoint a great anxiety, but the propriety of the determination I have come to is proved by the inefficiency of this consideration to overcome me.

"I know, too, that as it grieves me, it will grieve others, and that, perhaps, the motives that have led to it may be misunderstood, misconstrued, and censured. But I am confident that, after a little while the public judgment will sanction the act which a due regard to what I owe my country, my companions, and myself, seriously dictates. Yet, so far as your invitation recognizes the fidelity with which I adhered, and still adhere, to the good and glorious cause, be assured that it has not been exaggerated or misplaced.

"The feelings and convictions which influenced my career in Ireland, have undergone no change. Still, as ever, I perceive within my country the faculties that fit her for a useful and honorable position, and believing that they require only to be set in motion to prove successful, I still would prompt her to put them forth. Besides, there is within me a pride that cannot be subdued — there is within me an ambition that cannot be appeased. I desire to have a country which shall work out a fortune of her own, and depend no longer for subsistence on the charity of other nations. I desire

to have a country which I can point to with exultation — whose prosperity shall be my life — whose glory shall be my guerdon. I desire to have a country which shall occupy a beneficent position in the world, and by her industry, intellect, integrity and courage, shall contribute, in community with all free nations, to the common happiness and grandeur of humanity.

"Hopes may have darkened, but the destiny, to which I would see my country lifted, is before me still — a height, like that of Thabor, crowned with an eternal sun. It is a bold ambition, but in this fine country I could have none other. The moment we set our foot upon her shore, we behold the offspring of freedom — the energy, the thrift, the opulence to which she has given birth — and, at a glance, we comprehend her fruitfulness, utility, and splendor. We behold the wonders she has wrought — the deformed transformed — the crippled Colony springing into the robust proportions of an Empire which Alexander might have sighed to conquer — the adventurous spirit of her sons compensating by its rapidity, in little more than half a century, for the thousands of years in which the land lay still in the shadow of the ancient forests — we behold all this, and the worship of our youth becomes more impassioned and profound.

"To this land I came, as an outcast, to seek an honorable home — as an outlaw to claim the protection of a flag that is inviolable. By one of the wisest and mildest of the ancient legislators it was decreed that all those who were driven forever from their own country should be admitted into the citizenship of Athens. On the same ground, in virtue of the sentence of perpetual banishment which excludes me from my native land, I sought a quiet sanctuary in the home of WASHINGTON.

"To no other land could the heart, which has felt the rude hand of tyranny, so confidently turn for a serene repose. Long may she prosper — gathering into the bosom of her great family, the children of all nations — adding to her territory, not by the sword of the soldier or the subtlety of the statesman, but by the diffusion of her principles, and the consonance of her simple laws and institutions, with the good sense and purer aspirations of mankind.

"Long may she prosper — each year adding to her stock of strength and dignity, and wisdom, and high above her countless fleets and cities, even to the last generation may the monument of her liberty be descried! In the darkest storm which shakes the thrones and dynasties of the old world, may it stand unscathed. In the darkest night which falls upon the arms of a struggling people, may it shine forth like the cross in the wilderness, and be to them an emblem of hope and a signal of salvation."

CHAPTER LIV.

THE CITIZEN SOLDIERS HONOR THE EXILE.

The tribune's tongue and poet's pen
May sow the seed in prostrate men;
But 'tis the soldier's sword alone
Can reap the crop so bravely sown!
No more I'll sing nor idly pine,
But train my soul to lead a line—
A soldier's life's the life for me—
A soldier's death, so Ireland's free!

DAVIS.

THOUGH, for the reasons set forth in his reply to the address from the civic authorities of New York, Mr. Meagher saw fit to decline public ovations in general, he could not refrain from accepting the compliments tendered him by the citizen soldiers of the metropolis. The first of these came in the form of an invitation from Major-General Sanford, commanding the First Division of the New York State Militia, and the Mayor of the city, requesting the illustrious exile to participate in the review of the National Guards of New York on the ensuing Fourth of July.

On that occasion, when the soldiers passed in review through the City Hall Park the Mayor conducted Mr. Meagher to the Governor's Room, from the window of which he reviewed the pageant. It was to him a novel and exhilirating sight, for there, for the first time in his life, he saw the glorious sun of July stream on the flashing bayonets of the "Boys who wore the green!"

How his own eyes sparkled and his heart heaved, as, to the spirit-stirring notes of "St. Patrick's Day!" his armed countrymen marched proudly before him. There was a fair contingent of them — both horse and foot. The "Irish Dragoons," the "Brigade Lancers," the "Jackson Horse Guards," and the "Montgomery Troop," contrasted favorably with their brothers on foot — the Ninth and Sixty-Ninth Regiments, the "Montgomery

Guards," the "Emmet Guards," and the "Irish-American Guards." No wonder his exultant feelings found vent in the passionate exclamation:—

"Would to God we had these men upon the old sod, and the hope of Wolfe Tone would be fulfilled!"

At the conclusion of the review, General Sanford invited Mr. Meagher to his house to meet the officers of the First Division, by whom he was most enthusiastically welcomed,—one of the leading toasts proposed on the occasion being—

"*The health of Thomas Francis Meagher—a traitor to England, but the young and devoted champion of Irish liberty, to the cause of which we drink the speediest success!*"

CASTLE GARDEN, JULY 27TH, 1852.

We're Irish all over to-night here, and Irish we'll be evermore.
PATRICK.

The feelings which the appearance of the Irish soldiers in the Fourth of July parade evoked in Meagher's heart, determined his old compatriots—(to whose enthusiastic labors for the preceding three years the success of the Irish military organizations was to be chiefly credited,)—to convoke a general muster of all such organizations in New York and its vicinity for the special purpose of honoring the foremost man of their race on the American continent. The Battery Park was selected as the place on which the Parade and review was to take place, while it was decided to present the young chief with an address from the military in Castle Garden.

The 27th of July was the day appointed for the muster.

Never before was there such a numerous body of Irish-American soldiers assembled together; for, in addition to the New York organizations that participated in the Fourth of July parade, there were present, contingents from Brooklyn, Williamsburg, Jersey City, Newark, and Paterson. It was, in truth, a great muster of the exiled children of the Gael for not only was every foot of the Battery Park—not required for the purpose of the parade—occupied by an enthusiastic crowd of the Young Tribune's countrymen and countrywomen, but the space outside the railings was taken up by quadruple lines of the same element—anxious, of course, to see and applaud their "Bowld Soldier Boys!" but far more eager to obtain one sight of the man in whose honor this grand assemblage had gathered from every quarter of the city, and its environs.

After reviewing the troops Mr. Meagher, accompanied by some intimate friends, proceeded to Castle Garden in order to receive the address of the citizen-soldiers, and to reply thereto.

After the military had filed into the Garden and taken their places in the parquette, admission by ticket was given for the platform and gallery, until the immense building was filled to its utmost extent.

The address on the part of his fellow-soldiers was delivered by Lieutenant-Colonel Doheny,— and most appropriately so,— for no other man labored more earnestly and effectively in creating and perfecting the Irish military organizations present, and no other was so well qualified to express their sentiments towards their illustrious countryman — and the cause he so faithfully represented.

LIEUT. COLONEL DOHENY'S ADDRESS.

"Sir: — The object of those who are here to greet you is not vain display. They do not tender you an ovation. They have no boast to make either for themselves or you. They commemorate no triumph. They desire solely to congratulate and to welcome you. In doing this, they seize the occasion to attest the purity of your aims, the sincerity of your efforts, and the heroism of your sacrifice. You aspired to the complete deliverance of your country; you bid her rise in her might and in her wrath and win a free destiny or a glorious grave.

"The effort to which you urged her was Titanic, but the inspiration of a lofty purpose fully justified it. The memory of cruel wrong, the promise of a bright future, filled the fountain of your inspiration to overflowing; your language gushed forth a flood of fire, purifying whatever it touched, and impelled by its vitality, the country seemed to spring heavenward.

"Discomfiture followed, and you sealed your devotion with your life. The doom of 'treason' you heard with no dismay, and in its gloom you pronounced a hope forever immortal. You had measured the 'valley of the shadow of death' and became another witness, as it were, from a less erring world, of your country's imperishable fidelity to liberty. We share that hope. We take pride in it; it shall light us through the future.

"Brave men may be stricken down in battle. The heroic are not guaranteed against defeat; and even though they may succeed, success often degenerates into anarchy; but truths such as yours, pronounced in the solemn moments between life and death, abide among men, and become a 'guide and a prophecy,' alike in triumph and defeat.

"You see here many of your countrymen in arms. To you the spectacle must be a novel one. — On consideration it will not appear less novel than

significant. Where many of those around you were born and nursed — where rest the ashes of their fathers — in that land which, wherever they may be, is to them

"The greenest spot in memory's waste"—

the one unfading image in their heart, round which clusters every manly association of virtue, hope and glory; in that land, sir, to have arms in their hands, would make them felons, because — and the logic is perilous to tyranny everywhere — such have been their wrongs the government could not resist the conviction that they would use them against itself. Here, where they have taken shelter from persecution and from want, they have been received into civil brotherhood by a great, generous, and free people. They have also been admitted to the glorious trust of the national defence.

"The flag of freedom, the integrity of liberty, the glory of the mightiest of nations, have been committed to their valor and loyalty. In a grateful and proudly confident spirit, they rally round

"The starry flag of Liberty,"

determined to justify the confidence of their adopted land. If they could have a higher incentive to loyalty, to prove the cruelty and folly of the British government would be a powerful inducement. But this is not needed. Ifdependent thereof, never had soldiers a better mission; we aspire to fulfil it with honor.

"Those who accept the arms of liberty assume the responsibility of defending her; they become her sentinels and her guardians. We hope we shall prove equal to the trust.

"We heartily congratulate you on your liberation from a cruel captivity, where no honor was ever observed toward you or your comrades. Those who controlled you were mere jailers, in the meanest sense of the word. For the rest it becomes us not to speak. Armed men do not rail; they do not beg; nor do they idly menace. These are the tricks of slaves. His sword or his musket speak for the soldier, whether the voice be one of defence or vengeance. To these stern interpreters are we bound. Let them speak when the hour comes. Till then, silence best befits us.

"To your comrades in captivity we beg you to communicate what you see and hear to-day. Tell them that, as long as their mighty hearts are not broken, there is room for hope. Tell them that, day and night their honorable deliverance is the first thought of their armed countrymen in these free States. Tell them even yet to bear up. They are apostles of a world's faith — martyrs of humanity — heralds of a higher destiny — their heroism, the aurora of an everlasting day, whose morning will dawn when one hun

dred thousand Irishmen shall stand around the American stars, educated in freedom, and trained to the valorous duties her supremacy among men requires from her true disciples."

MR. MEAGHER'S REPLY.

"Gentlemen: — I trust you will not be displeased with me if I say that I regret the publicity which has been given to this event, for it may have given rise to expectations which I am not in a position to fulfil. Yet the address you have been pleased to present, I accept with sentiments of respect, gratitude and pride. Assuring me of your friendship — stamping a sanction upon my past career — expressive of high hope and manly purpose — it lifts my spirits up, and imparts a golden color to the current of my thoughts. The more so since you disclaim, in this proceeding, the intention to hold an idle pageant, or solemnize a vain ovation.

"I can therefore speak to you with a free heart, and in language that of its own nature, will exempt itself from criticism.

"Had not a word been spoken, the scene before me would inspire the happiest emotions. These arms point to the loftiest regions of our history. They penetrate and disturb the clouds which overcharge the present hour — revealing to us in the light which quivers from them many a fragment and monument of glory.

"There are laurels interwoven with the cypress upon that old ruin, the home of our fathers, the sanctuary of our faith, the fountain of our love. Desolate as it is, it reminds us of our descent and lineage. Of the soldiers, the scholars, and the statesmen who constituted the bright and indestructible links of that descent and lineage, we have no reason to be ashamed. The nation that lifts her head the highest in the world would vote them statues in her Pantheon.

"To the scholars and the statesmen of our country, on another occasion let there be a fitting tribute paid. On this day other recollections are called forth, and names and exploits that are dear to the Irish soldier arise in quick succession, and star the field of memory. The names of O'Neill, O'Donnell, Mountcashel, Sarsfield, Dillon and De Lacy awake like echoes of a trumpet, from the rugged heights and recesses of the past. There is the defence of the Cambray, retreat of Altenheim, the battle of Malplaquet. The colors of the brigade moulder in the Church of the Invalides.

'France cannot forget the noble contributions made to her glory by the regiments of Burke, Galmoy, and Hamilton. She cannot forget that at Cre-

mona, where the activity and vigor of her own sons were relaxed by the fine climate, the wines, the delicious fruits, the gayeties and licentiousness of Italy — when the drum was silent, and not a soldier scoured the neighborhood or paced the ramparts — she cannot forget that the Irish regiments alone retained the vigor of military discipline of the entire garrison; that they alone were found regularly under arms on parade or at the posts assigned them; that they alone defeated the treachery of the monk Cassioli, and, fighting in their shirts, beat back the cavalry of Prince Eugene, and the grenadiers of De Merci.

"Neither can she forget that on the Adige — up through the mountains, whose shadows darken the northern shore of the Lake of Gardee — up through the passes where the Austrian engineers had cut their trenches, and a gallant peasantry stood guard — up the face of those steep precipices, which seemed accessible only to the eagle and the chamois — the Irish sprang, and clutched the keys of Riva.

"But not to the memory of France alone do we appeal for the vindication of the courage of our fathers. Spain, which received the remnant of Tyrone's army — Austria, in whose ranks so many thousands of the exiles perished — Russia, whose forces were organized by Lacy — will bear witness that the land which bore us has given birth to men whose chivalry and genius entitled their country to a nobler fate.

"We need not allude to the revolution out of which — like Chrysar from the blood of Medusa — this noble Republic arose. To the gratitude of the country, in the midst of whose fruitfulness and glory we repose, let us confidently commit the renown of those in whose graves are set the foundations of her freedom.

"Further to the south — there where the Andes tower and the Amazon rolls his mighty flood — the Celt — the spurned and beggared Celt! has left his foot-print on many a field of triumph. Venezuela, Chacabuco, Valparaiso, have recollections of the fiery valor before which the flag of the Escurial went down.

"Such being the case, you have just reason to be proud, and America has just reason to trust you. America, with her hand upon her own and other histories, may confide in your integrity, your fealty, and devotion.

"I speak not of the hope which Ireland may derive from your organizations, and the propitious influence it may exercise in some happier season, upon her interests and ultimate condition. This is a subject on which no one, least of all a young politician, should touch inconsiderately, or with

temerity. But this I can safely say, that whether Irishmen cast their fortunes permanently here, or, answering to some wise and inspiring summons, shall return to the land whence they have been forced to fly, the use of arms will improve their character, will strengthen and exalt it, freeing it from many of the irregularities which enfeeble and degrade it. The discipline of the soldier will adapt it to the more serious and sacred duties of life, and render it capable of experiencing adversity without despair, or victory without intemperance.

"In contemplating this alternative, I speak not without a precedent, nor do I suggest a movement hostile or dangerous to the Constitution you are sworn, armed, and embodied to maintain. The example of Kosciusco requires no apology or panegyric. The world is the temple of his fame — the sun his coronet of glory. Leaving his native land in the days of his fresh and radient youth, he plunged himself into the red sea, that lay between America and her liberties. Having fought nobly in her cause, and beheld that cause enthroned and recognized, he returned to his native country, and, desirous of establishing there what he had here contributed to secure, took rank under Poniatowsky, faced and broke the cuirassiers of Frederick, and paused not until the lance of the Cossack quivered above his heart.

"The same story may yet be told of one who, flying from the shores of Ireland, devoted his manhood to the service of his country, and returning to the soil from whence his hopes, his memories, and his sorrows sprung, found a grave, not beneath the ruins of his native land, but beneath the arch of triumph reared to commemorate her ascension from the tomb.

"The day may be distant that will realize this conjecture.

"The history of Ireland suggests despondency, and reconciles us, by anticipations, to the worst. The sanguine, the generous, the courageous, the ambitious even — all share alike in the gloom which that history diffuses. Yet, it is no impiety for me to predict that, as her sufferings have been long, her happiness shall be great, and that, as she has been called upon to bear a weary burthen, and to pine and plod in sickness and starvation, while other nations have rejoiced, so, when the appointed day has come, shall her joy be more joyful and her glory the more glorious. If such should be the will of Providence, Providence in his own good time will indicate the way. To the Promised Land there will be to us, guides upon earth, and commandments from on high. Faithfully, piously, lovingly, let us await that time, and with pure hearts, and upright spirits, perfect ourselves in those arts and habits which will enable us to meet it with advantage. This is the noblest object we can have upon the earth.

"There is, however, another object which here should stir the feelings, and stimulate the energies — should prompt the intellect, quicken the industry, fire the ambition of all who come from Ireland — who are jealous of her name, anxious for the sympathy of all great and reputable nations, and who have fixed for her, in the coming years, an abode of peace, and an eminence of renown. Here, in this land, the resort of strangers of every clime, the centre of civilization — the great anchorage of commerce — the citadel of freedom, by the cultivation of those virtues which strengthen, embellish and elevate a State, by sobriety, honesty, and assiduity in all pursuits, in generous and cheerful subordination to her laws, in warm and strenuous fidelity to her charter, — will the name of Ireland be made respected, a deep and enduring sympathy for her sufferings and her mission be evoked, and new facilities be opened for the redemption to which, with broken accent, and a wounded heart, she aspires.

"To this end the military organization of which I here behold so conspicuous an illustration, is sure to conduce. — It is the school of propriety, honor, generosity, fidelity and courage. It absorbs and concentrates the more vigorous faculties, the more liberal tastes, the more active emotions of the community, and regulating, purifying, endowing them with a spirit of decorum, harmony and nobility, reimburses them to the State, in a condition so improved, and with a force so augmented that she may enjoy the fullest prosperity with confidence, and face the most formidable enemy without dismay. Like one of your noble lakes, which combines and congregates the vague and wandering elements of strength, impetuosity and progress, which precipitate themselves from your mountains, course along your plains, and deepen in your valleys, to send them forth again with renewed activity and power, to fertilize your fields, to flood the aqueducts your art has reared, and float the wealth you have wafted from and beckoned to your shores.

"Nor are the benefits, neither is the spirit which emanates from this organization, confined to those of whom it is composed. Pervading every section of the Commonwealth by its influence, it consolidates that Union whose perpetuity was the noble aim of the eminent statesman for whose death, seven days since, the city robed herself in mourning.* Counteracting the influence of avarice, luxury, fashion, it keeps alive in marts and mansions — costlier than those of Tyre and Sidon, of Genoa or Venice — that spirit of patriotism which broke forth from the lips of the Lacedemonian mother, when, in answer to the messenger who told her that her five sons

*Henry Clay.

had been slain in battle, she exclaimed — 'I asked not concerning my children — I asked only for my country: if that be prosperous, I am happy!' — that spirit of patriotism which inspired the mother of Coriolanus, when she exclaimed — 'Had I a dozen sons — each in my love alike, and none less dear than my good Marius — I had rather have seven die nobly for their country, than one voluptuously surfeit out of action!' Other feelings, hardly less exalted, and operating less sublimely, derive from it their origin.

"In the freest monarchy which the friends of monarchy can boast of, the citizens are defrauded of the prerogative which is theirs, by the law of necessity, of interest and of honor, and which extends the solicitude which guards the fireside, to the wider circle of the States. Hence all the rude propensities of our nature prevail in a more marked degree. There is less warmth, less confidence, less frankness, less vivacity, and the common aspect of the people is sullen, sluggish and repulsive.

"Here, the poorest trader that drives an honest bargain in the meanest quarter of the city — the poorest mechanic that sheds his sweat upon the garret for his bread, — is cheered in his drudgery by the proud thought that he, as well as the wealthiest is an active, and essential component of the State — that by his vote he affects the direction of her government, and by his arms, and the habits they impose, coöperates in her defence.

"It must lighten his toil, exhilirate his heart, quicken his pulse, and pour fresh metal into his worn and withered arm, to feel that, like Putnam, he may turn from his obscure labor to share the exciting perils of the field. Lifting him above the superstitions, which haunt him from the cradle, it subdues the fear of pain, and inspires a disdain of death. Divesting it of its terrors, it comes not like the Erinnys, with the cincture of snakes, and heralded by the cries of Cithæron, but beautiful as Hyperion, with his brow wreathed with an imortal star, and his summons is.

> Welcome as the cry
> That told the Indian isles were near
> To the world-seeking Genoese,
> When the land wind from the woods of palm,
> And orange groves, and fields of balm,
> Blew o'er the Haytian seas.'"

The above noble speech, — the first which the young orator addressed to his countrymen in America — clearly set forth the policy he recommended his exiled compatriots to adopt in their efforts for the disenthralment of their Motherland. Its effect was soon observable in the increased impetus given to the formation of Irish military organizations. Steps were taken to

raise a new Rifle Regiment, of which Meagher himself was to assume command. The regiment was, at first, known as the "Republican Rifles." Its nucleus was the "Mitchel Light Guard," an independent company organized by Joseph Brenan, and, save the Captain, composed almost exclusively of men from Meagher's native county — (Waterford). The first public parade of the "Republican Rifles" was held on St. Patrick's Day, 1853, and on the Fourth of July, following, the regiment was reviewed by Meagher at "Old Fort Diamond," on Staten Island.

The name of this command was subsequently changed to that of the "Irish Rifles," under which designation it constituted the nucleus from which — when the integrity of the Union was threatened — sprang the famous 87th New York Volunteers, than which no better or braver regiment fought under the "Old Flag."

CHAPTER LV.

A CLEAR FIELD AND NO FAVOR.

Then, flung alone, or hand in hand,
In mirthful hour, or spirit solemn;
In lowly toil, or high command,
In social hall, or charging column;
In tempting wealth, and trying woe,
In struggling with a mob's dictation;
In bearing back a foreign foe,
In training up a troubled nation:
Still hold to Truth, abound in Love,
Refusing every base compliance—
Your Praise within, your Prize above,
And live and die in SELF RELIANCE.

DAVIS.

FROM his entrance into public life, in Ireland, to the hour of his sentence to death at Clonmel, Thomas Francis Meagher had freely given his time

and talents to his country's service. For her sake, also, the four succeeding years of his existence had been wasted in prison or exile. With his advent in America came his first opportunity, and — as he conceived — his imperative duty of devoting his abilities to the attainment of an independent livelihood, and he determined to commence the work without unnecessary delay.

He Abjures Queen Victoria.

As a preliminary and most essential step to entering on his new career, he deemed it incumbent on him to, formally, renounce all obligations to the "foreign potentate" whose rule over his native land he had previously staked his life to overthrow; and as a concurrent part of the agreeable duty, to "declare his intention of becoming a citizen of the United States."

Accordingly, on the 9th of August, 1852, he appeared, unattended before the proper officer of the Superior Court of the United States; he listened with profound attention while the form of oath was being read over to him, but when the officer arrived at the concluding words — "of whom I am now a subject," — Mr. Meagher said: —

"I do not consider myself Queen Victoria's subject, whereas I have been declared an outlaw by the British Government."

However, after the law of the case had been explained to him he took the customary oath — in the following words: —

"I, THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER, do declare on oath, that it is *bona fide* my INTENTION to become a CITIZEN OF THE UNITED STATES, and to renounce for ever all allegiance and fidelity to any foreign Prince, Potentate, State or Sovereignty whatever, and particularly to the Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, of whom I am now a subject."

The clerk then handed Mr. Meagher a copy of his Declaration of Intention.

This, the first official document which Mr. Meagher had the honor to receive from the government of his adoption, he ever prized among the many which his services to that government in its hour of peril, subsequently won. The millions of his countrymen who, as in his case, had their utter renunciation of any obligation to the tyrannical government under whose rule they were born, formally recorded, can, each and every man of them, appreciate his reasons for cherishing the proof of their self-emancipation from even the silent admission of a degradation to which their consciences never submitted. By anticipation they rejoiced in the honors

of full-blown citizenship of which this "Declaration of Intention" was an assurance. But in their renunciation of every obligation — (save that of everlasting hatred,) — to the symbol of foreign tyranny — they enjoyed a *present* ecstatic triumph.

Nor can the repudiated representative of Irish oppression solace herself with the reflection that, when her exterminated victims proclaimed their intention of becoming citizens of this glorious Republic, she was, thereby, finally rid of a disturbing element. If she, or her abettors in tyranny, ever entertained such a pleasing delusion, the experiences of the past forty years must have dispelled it.

[NOTE. — Meagher never gave truer expression to the sentiments of his compatriots in America, than when, in the year following his "Declaration of Intention," he placed himself on record before the world on this, to Irish nationalists, all absorbing question. From a speech delivered at a flag-presentation to the "Meagher Grenadiers," of Jersey City, on October 31st, 1853, the following passage is taken: —

"Gentlemen of the Republican Grenadiers of New Jersey, a word as to myself and I have done. You have done me the honor to adopt my name. That you may not bear that name under wrong impressions — that you may not go through evolutions under false colors, — it is right that I should state to you the principles I hold. In a word, then, they are the same as those I held in July, 1848. From any of them, — in the minutest particular, — to the smallest extent, — in one solitary instance, — by any one act, or word, or gesture, — I defy the keenest critic, with, or without spectacles, — with the eye of a Cyclops, or the eye of a snake, — to detect the slightest deviation. What I was *then* I am *now*. I have brought my principles to America, and believe they do not conflict with the spirit and provisions of the Republic. Others may have changed — *I have not*. Others may have apostatized — *I have not*. Others may have turned their backs upon the altar raised that year, on the green sod, to the memory of the dead and the worship of freedom, and slinking off through by-ways and crooked ways, to other shrines, may have cast the dust off their sandals upon that altar. I have not. What I was *then* I am *now*."

PUBLICATION OF MEAGHER'S IRISH SPEECHES

After consultation with his friends, Mr. Meagher decided on delivering a series of lectures in those cities of the Union from which he had already

received invitations to public receptions, and addresses of congratulation on his escape from British thraldom.

It was the wisest course he could adopt, for it fulfilled the two-fold purpose of gratifying the desire of his admirers and countrymen to see and hear him, and also of most speedily enabling him to provide a home for the young wife who was soon expected to rejoin him.

But before definitely entering on his lecturing tour, he was recommended to prepare for publication a selection of his speeches delivered in Ireland, and which had won him the admiration of millions of America's freedom-loving citizens.

Such a collection was, accordingly, prepared, and, under the title of "Speeches on Legislative Independence of Ireland, with Introductory Notes," was published by J. B. Redfield, Nassau street, New York.

Besides the valuable notes prefixed to the several speeches, the book contains a historical "Introduction" epitomizing Irish political events from the passage of the Act of Union to the death of Thomas Davis.

The book contains twenty-three speeches — the last being that delivered on John Mitchel's transportation June 6th, 1848. It also contains a series of papers written for the *Nation* by Meagher, in 1846-7, entitled "LESSONS FROM FOREIGN HISTORY — THE BELGIAN REVOLUTION." This book ran through several editions within a year after its publication.

MEAGHER'S LECTURE ON AUSTRALIA.

Towards the close of November, 1852, Thomas Francis Meagher delivered his first lecture in America, at Metropolitan Hall, New York. The subject — "*Australia*" — was not one calculated to afford a fair test of his abilities — for it could not inspire the magnetic enthusiasm which the young orator had the rare gift of transmitting to an audience of his susceptible Celtic countrymen. Neither, for the same reason, was it a subject to specially attract Irishmen, who, moreover, had had so many opportunities of seeing their favorite since his arrival in the city — six months previously — that curiosity to see him on this occasion could hardly have actuated them in mustering in such force as they did. The fact was, the vast majority of those in attendance came to testify by their presence, their admiration for the hero who had labored so well, and suffered so much, in the cause of their common country, and, — as they felt in duty and gratitude bound to do — to give him an encouraging start in his new vocation.

But the audience that greeted Mr. Meagher on the occasion of his *debut* as a lecturer, was by no means composed of Irish-born citizens of the metropolis. Far from it. It was truly cosmopolitan. The following introduction to the *Herald's* report of the lecture will afford a fair idea of the public interest manifested on the occasion:

"Last evening Mr. Thomas Francis Meagher, the distinguished Irish exile, gave a lecture on Australia at Metropolitan Hall. Never was that building so filled with human beings before. The charge for admission was fifty cents. The time announced for opening the doors was seven o'clock — the lecture to commence at eight o'clock. So early as five o'clock the hall was besieged; and at six o'clock the crowd became so dense and so threatening, that the committee found it necessary to open the doors, so that at seven o'clock the house was nearly filled, and those who came punctual at that time to get good seats, were disappointed. So great was the rush that the crowd carried away the barriers, and a number got in without taking the trouble of delivering tickets on procuring them. The sum of $1,000 was taken at the door. There were fully 4,500 persons in the building. A large number went away. Not only was every seat, in every part of the building occupied, but the stage, the passage-ways, and every available standing-spot were densely crowded; in fact, the people were as densely wedged together as it was possible for them to be. We observed Mr. Maxwell, the Collector of the Port on the stage, and Archbishop Hughes occupied a private box. The audience listened with breathless attention to the lecture, that occupied two hours and a half in its delivery."

Commenced under such auspicious circumstances, Meagher's career as a public lecturer was a continuous success. During the month of December he accepted invitations to deliver his lecture on Australia in the following cities: — Albany, Schenectady, Utica, Syracuse, Auburn, Rochester, Buffalo, Cleveland, St. Louis and Cincinnati.

The Lecture in Albany was delivered under the auspices of the Young Men's Literary Association. The crowd in attendance occupied every foot of space in the hall — about 1.300 being seated — and several hundred being glad to obtain standing room in the passage ways. Hundreds more tried persistently to gain admittance, and were only induced to desist by the announcement that Mr. Meagher had consented to repeat the lecture on the following night. Early on the next morning the committee announced that all the tickets were sold.

During the day Mr. Meagher was waited upon by the Mayor and sev-

eral members of the Council, and other distinguished citizens of Albany. Delegations from Troy, Utica, and other places called on him in the afternoon with invitations to lecture, to which his previous engagements prevented his giving any definite answer.

Having been present at the first night's lecture, I can bear personal testimony to the fervid enthusiasm with which the citizens of Albany received the Young Tribune; and the reports of each succeeding lecture showed that all his audiences manifested the same sympathetic spirit, without distinction of race, creed, or class, for, on every platform, were seated the most distinguished local clergymen of the lecturer's own faith beside those of other denominations, as well as the representative laymen of the community — public officials, members of the learned professions, &c., while the mass of those who occupied the body of the hall was, in general, composed of about equal portions of native and naturalized citizens — though, from the unanimity of feeling in their applause of the orator, it would be impossible to say among which race were his heartiest admirers.

Early in January, 1853, Mr. Meagher returned to New York, having completed his first lecturing tour. During the ensuing month he lectured in New York, Brooklyn, Boston, and other cities in the Eastern States, and, towards the close of February, he proceeded to fill an engagement in Philadelphia, preparatory to a protracted lecturing tour through the principal cities of the South.

On his arrival in Philadelphia, Mr. Meagher was waited on by a number of distinguished individuals, including John and Robert Tyler, sons of President Tyler, and many clergymen of different persuasions.

Previously to the lecture he dined at the Episcopal residence with the very Rev. Fr. Saurin and a party of Roman Catholic clergymen, who entertained the exile most affectionately and cordially.

The lecturer was all that was anticipated by the orator's most enthusiastic admirers. Mr. Meagher was introduced to the audience by the Hon. John Binns, a rebel of '98, then in his 81st year. Taking Mr. Meagher by the hand — the white-haired patriarch said, with much emotion: —

"Let an Irish rebel of 1798 introduce to this meeting an Irish rebel of 1848."

After the lecture Mr. Meagher was serenaded at his hotel, and responded in a speech to the assembled thousands breathing the old spirit of '48.

MEAGHER IN THE SOUTH.

Meagher's tour through the South was one continuous ovation. He passed through Washington city without making any stay, and so was unable to accept the hospitalities of the White House previously tendered to him by President Pierce. At Charleston, South Carolina, he had a splendid audience and enthusiastic reception. The most distinguished men of the city and State attended. The Right Rev. Dr. Reynolds, with eight of his clergy, were present on the platform.

In Columbia, the capital of the State, he lectured on the invitation of the Hibernian Benevolent Society. He had a magnificent audience, which included a large number of the students and nearly all the professors of the State College, together with the professors of the Roman Catholic College of St. Mary's, and the clergymen of the city. The latter dined with Mr. Meagher on that day.

In Augusta, Georgia, he delivered two orations before large audiences. On the first occasion he was accompanied to the hall by the Mayor of the city, the Senators of the District, the members of the House of Representatives, and all the leading citizens. A very fine company, the Irish Volunteers appeared in uniform, and elicited much admiration.

At Mobile was witnessed the same enthusiasm and numbers. While there he received an immense requisition from New Orleans, inviting him to visit the Crescent City and deliver a series of lectures therein. He accepted the invitation, and arrived at his destination in the beginning of March.

His stay in New Orleans was a protracted one, for, besides his business engagements, he was detained there in the loving companionship of two of his dearest personal friends and political associates — Richard Dalton Williams ("Shamrock,") and Joseph Brenan. The former had come down from Spring Hill College, Alabama, for the express purpose of greeting him and enjoying his society, and that of his brother poet-and-rebel — for a brief holiday. Brenan was then a resident of New Orleans, and editor of one of its leading papers, — the *True Delta*. The three friends spent several days together exploring the coast scenery in the vicinity of the city, or in jovial reminiscences of former pleasant adventures in the "Green Old Land," recalled while "blowing a cloud" in Mrs. Brenan's cosy little reception room — and Joe's library — and study combined. It is doubtful if either of the friends enjoyed a happier fortnight during the years of his existence in America.

But in addition to the happiness of his old friends' society, Meagher had other reasons for enjoying his visit to New Orleans. In no other city in the Union was he the recipient of a warmer hospitality from the purely American element — and nowhere else was he made to feel more "at home" in its enjoyment. In fact, throughout the entire South, he found the society with which he commingled, more congenial to his own frank, warm-hearted nature than he did that of its counterpart in the less demonstrative communities of other sections of the country.

This fact should be borne in mind when estimating the personal sacrifices of feeling which Meagher made in his devotion to duty — to the integrity of the UNION — and the Flag that symbolized it.

It was at the urgent request of the representative citizens of New Orleans that Mr. Meagher first prepared and delivered his lecture on "Ireland in '48." It was the last of the series which he delivered in that city, and it elicited the universal commendation of the city press. As a specimen of the notices given I quote the following from *The Daily Orleanian:* —

"Last night Mr. Meagher closed his brilliant series of lectures, at a late hour — so late that our sanctum was reached at the 'wee sma' hour ayon the twal.' The hall was, as usual, thronged, and the audience profoundly sensitive. He introduced many new features into his lecture, and spoke with intense admiration of Smith O'Brien. The priesthood he exculpated from censure, by showing that they never sanctioned the movement — never betrayed it."

At the close of the lecture, Mr. Meagher bid farewell to his large auditory in a feeling address, wherein he explained the causes which led to his entering the lecture field in the following touching sentences: —

"Through a fatal quarrel with a formidable government, backed by the parties I have referred to in my lecture, one could not be expected to fight his way without incurring some losses; neither could he resign his freedom, at the distance of sixteen thousand miles of ocean, without staking and forfeiting a premium on the enterprise.

"Hence these humble labors of mine; hence it is, that the words I was once prompt and proud to utter, without fee or recompense, in the cause of truth and freedom, — for fatherland and conscience, — must now, for a season, be made the means of realizing an unsullied competence.

"Should the desired success consummate the labor I have unwillingly embraced, I shall not, in a more affluent condition, be unmindful of those whose friendship dispelled most of what was repulsive in the labor, ren-

dering it to me, unconsciously, a work of pleasure rather than of harsh necessity. In that home, which you shall have assisted — some of you with fair, others with stout, but all with willing hands — to build up, and to which I hope to lead one who did not refuse to share with me the isolation and ignominy of my exile in the Australian forest — in that home the name of Louisiana shall be a household word."

[NOTE. — The expenses attendant on Meagher's escape from Van Dieman's Land were solely defrayed by himself, as the following letter on the subject clearly shows: —

"ST. CHARLES HOTEL, NEW ORLEANS,
"April 4th, 1854.

"*To the Editor of the New York Herald:* —

"Sir: I have this moment read your paper of the 28th of last month, and beg to correct a statement which appears there. The following passage occurs in an article about the rumored invasion of Canada: —

'Of the $30,000 raised here by the Irish Directory, a balance still remains, after paying all the expenses of the escape of Meagher, &c.'

"This statement is entirely incorrect. The Irish Directory did not pay the expenses of my escape from Australia. That liability I charged to my own account. Neither for my escape, nor for any other purpose, am I indebted to the fund of the Irish Directory, or any other public fund, to the value of one cent.

"I am, sir, your obedient servant,
"T. F. MEAGHER."]

Shortly after Meagher's hopeful anticipations of the future found utterance in the foregoing words, he enjoyed the two-fold satisfaction of being reunited to his wife and father.

When he was about risking the chances of escape from Australia, arrangements were made that, in case of his success, his wife should proceed to Ireland, and from thence go to meet him in New York. Accordingly, as soon as his safe arrival in America was announced in Australia, Mrs. Meagher took passage for Europe under the protection of a Catholic Bishop — her fellow-passenger. Arrived in Ireland, she proceeded to her husband's home in Waterford, where she met with an Irish welcome both from Mr. Meagher, senior, and the citizens in general. From Waterford, in company of her father-in-law, she went to rejoin her husband in America. It was a most happy reunion for the three.

The ensuing summer and autumn they spent together traveling through the country, visiting Niagara, the Catskill Mountains, Lake George and other places. On the approach of winter, the delicate state of Mrs. Meagher's health necessitated her removal to a milder climate, and as at the same time, Meagher had made arrangements for a lecture tour in California, his wife and father returned to Ireland — the lady intending to rejoin her husband, after his return from the Golden State. (But God willed it otherwise, for she died that winter, in Ireland, after giving birth to a son).

[NOTE. — MRS. MEAGHER died at her father-in-law's residence in Waterford, on the 9th of May, 1854. in the twenty-second year of her age. She had been in Ireland since the previous October, and intended to leave, for the purpose of rejoining her husband in the beginning of June; but a violent fever intervened, and separated them for all time. Never was a death in that city by the Suir, more pathetically and universally lamented.

In the meantime Meagher's departure for California was postponed by the news of John Mitchel's escape from Australia, and his expected arrival in New York. The former determined to participate in his friend's reception before leaving for the Pacific coast. Their meeting took place on the 29th of November, 1853, on board the steamer Prometheus, from San Francisco, on that vessel's arrival at Pier 3, North River. From thence they proceeded together to Mitchel's mother's house in Brooklyn, where, on that night, at an ovation tendered Mitchel by the Irish military organizations of New York, Meagher, when addressing the assemblage was asked by one of the soldiers, "What about the sword?" and promptly replied — "*The sword will lead if the bayonets will follow!*"

CHAPTER LVI.

FROM DECEMBER, 1853, TO APRIL, 1861.

(HAVING, in the foregoing portion of this Memoir, recorded in detail the most essential events of Meagher's career down to the time of John Mitchel's arrival in America — the proposed limits of the work, and the

necessity of devoting as much space as possible to his military career, renders it advisable that the record of the intervening seven years of his life should be condensed into as brief a space as can be found consistent with a due notice of important facts. Therefore, the present chapter shall be devoted to a concise summary of his actions during the period referred to).

MEAGHER AS A JOURNALIST.

Before his departure for California in December, 1853, Meagher agreed to assist John Mitchel in founding and conducting a new weekly journal, to be called "THE CITIZEN." The following extract from the Prospectus will explain the actuating motives of the associate editors: —

"They refuse to believe that Irishmen at home are so abject as to be 'loyal' to the Sovereign of Great Britain, or that Irishmen in America can endure the thought of accepting the defeat which has driven them from the land of their fathers, and made that beloved land an object of pity and contempt to the world."

The first number of the *Citizen* was issued on the 7th of January, 1845. Never, before or since, was there such a demand for any organ of Irish Nationality published in the United States.

Meagher's first contribution appeared in the second number. It was entitled "IRISH ORATORS," and was intended as the first of a series of rough sketches of Ireland's most eminent public speakers. Grattan, Curren, and O'Connell, furnished the subjects for the initiatory article. The sketches were drawn by a master hand, and constituted the outlines of most elaborately finished pictures with which the artist subsequently delighted the admirers of Irish genius.

The article was written "On board the Star of the West," off Kingston, Jamaica, *en route* to Aspinwall."

About this time Mr. James Houghton, a Quaker merchant of Dublin, and a monomaniac on the question of American slavery, published a letter addressed to Thomas Francis Meagher, in which he undertook to lecture him on his duties in his new sphere of action, — one extract from this "solemn warning" will suffice to show the assumption of this meddlesome crank.

"Be consistent, then, and while you are in a land of slave-drivers sanction not their denial of civil and social rights to the colored people by your silence, or you will become a participator in these wrongs. * * * You cannot stop short on the threshold of the temple — you must enter boldly

into the interior, — and there, in the face of men and angels, proclaim yourself a true disciple."

To this provoking fanatic, Mr. Meagher vouchsafed the following sensible and dignified reply: —

MR. MEAGHER TO MR. HOUGHTON.

ST. CHARLES HOTEL, NEW ORLEANS,
March 24th, 1854.

"Mr. Meagher presents his compliments to Mr. Houghton, and begs to state that he does not recognize in Mr. Houghton, nor any other person, nor the public generally, any right or title whatsoever to require from him an expression of opinion respecting the question of African slavery in America.

"Mr. Meagher holds himself, upon all such questions, wholly irresponsible for his opinions, his silence, or his action, to Mr. Houghton, or to any other gentleman, or to the public at large, or any portion thereof.

"Mr. Meagher begs leave to add, that he has taken the preparatory oath of allegiance to the constitution, laws, and sovereignty of the Republic of the United States; that he is not yet a citizen; that three years have yet to elapse before he is one, that he postpones till then his declaration of opinion regarding African slavery in America, and every other question affecting the joint compact and constitution of the several States."

This letter was written the day after Meagher landed in New Orleans — on his return from California. His lecturing tour through the "Golden State" was, in every way successful, as was its continuation through the Southern cities, on his journey back to New York — where, with the proceeds of his labors, he intended to establish a new home. Alas! for his blissful anticipations! ——

"The gold is all mine, now, I've no one to share,
But for treasure, or pleasure, 'tis little I care."

During the remainder of that year, he could not devote his mind to any settled course of action. A portion of the time he passed in the study of law, in the office of Judge Emmet, but, after being admitted to the bar, the profession appears to have lost its attractions for him, — as his speech in the defence of Colonel Fabens indicted for participating in General Walker's invasion of Nicaragua — was the only notable one he ever

delivered in a United States court of law. He contributed some articles, political and literary — to the *Citizen* during Mitchel's connection with that journal.

The Crimean War — And the Hopes it Inspired.

The year 1855 opened auspiciously for the cause of the Irish Nationalists. The Crimean War was then at its height. England's necessities had depleted her Irish garrison, and the hopes engendered by her difficulties gave a fresh impetus to the existing Irish-American military organizations, and led to the formation of another for the special purpose of preparing for the opportunity that all expected would be soon afforded them. This new Irish Revolutionary Society was known as the "Emmet Monument Association." It spread rapidly, until it numbered within its ranks the greater portion of the organized Irish Nationalists throughout the chief cities of the Union, while in New York it numbered more armed and disciplined men, pledged to the cause of Ireland's freedom, than there have been at any period since.

The leaders of this organization — including John O'Mahony, Michael Doheny, and Michael Corcoran — entered into confidential communications with the representatives of Russia in Washington and New York, and had so satisfied the latter gentleman of the power of the Irish element in America, and of the expediency of Russia's aiding their project of creating a revolution in Ireland, and thus striking at the British Empire in its most vital part, that the Consul held out the strongest hopes of their obtaining from his Government all the material aid they required — namely, the means of fitting out an armed expedition to Ireland.

Though Thomas Francis Meagher was not an actually enrolled member of the Emmet Monument Association — (which was an essentially secret organization) — yet he was well aware of its existence and its purpose, and labored effectually to forward its objects. By a series of lectures on Irish patriotic subjects, which he delivered in every quarter of the Union during that year of promise, he infused his own glowing hopes into the hearts of thousands upon thousands of his fellow-exiles, set them panting with ardor for the opportunity of aiding in their fulfilment, and to enable them to do so effectually, he inculcated upon them the necessity of familiarizing themselves with the use of arms.

The sudden termination of the Crimean war, put an end to all hopes of assistance from Russia, and, soon after peace was proclaimed, it was

deemed expedient by the directors of the Emmet Monument Association to formally dissolve that organization, and release the members from their pledges. Before this course was taken, however, they took the precaution of first forming a permanent committee, consisting of thirteen men, representatives of the several divisions of the society.

This committee were empowered to resuscitate the organization whenever they deemed the proper time had come for taking such a step.

(After an interregnum of two years, these ever-watchful patriots, deeming that the time had arrived for renewing the preparations for an Irish revolutionary movement, commenced the formation of a new organization, which they, at first, designated the "Irish Revolutionary Brotherhood," but which name, for adequate reasons, was subsequently changed for that of the "FENIAN BROTHERHOOD.")

MEAGHER'S AMERICAN WIFE.

In the spring of 1856. Mr. Meagher married Miss Elizabeth Townsend, of New York, a young lady as noble-minded as she was beautiful and accomplished. Brought up in a different creed from his, when accepting his hand and heart, she made his faith her own; and thenceforth, she became one of the most eminent Caltholic ladies of Ameriea for her zealous devotion to that faith as manifested in good works. What a blessing she was to her distinguished husband — during the eleven years of their wedded life — the world can never know. Among the millions of his admirers, none more thoroughly appreciated his genius, the self-sacrificing patriotism he manfested to his native land, or his heroic devotion and transcendent services to the land of his adoption.

One who knew them intimately, — Charles G. Halpine (Miles O'Reilly,) — in writing of General Meagher's death, pays this tribute to his bereaved lady.

"How noble a wife she has been — with what fidelity of warm devotion she has clung to the varying fortunes of her brilliant but erratic lord — only those could tell whose lips must remain silent under the seal of social relationship. Reared in luxury, and as much flattered and followed for her beauty as Meagher had been in early days for his genius and gift of eloquence, she never faltered in her allegiance to the exile, who reached his highest fortune when he won her heart. Whither he went she followed him, his people indeed became her people, and his God she made her God."

SMITH O'BRIEN IN AMERICA.

In the spring following his return from Costa Rica, Meagher had the intense gratification of, once more, greeting his illustrious friend and fellow-exile, William Smith O'Brien, who visited the United States for needful recreation — the recuperation of a naturally strong constitution — sadly impaired by protracted physical and mental suffering — and also, for the purpose of studying, by the aid of personal observation, the practical working of Republican institutions in the theatre of their freest and most perfect development.

After a gratifying stay of several months, during which he visited most of the States of the Union, and was everywhere received with honor and the warmest hospitality, Mr. O'Brien sailed from New York for home, on Saturday, June 4th, 1859. His last days in America were spent as the guest of Peter Townsend, Esq. — Mr. Meagher's father-in-law — at 129 Fifth avenue. During this period, accompanied by Mr. Meagher, he called upon his Grace Archbishop Hughes, Robert Emmet, and his old compatriots of '48, John O'Mahony, Michael Doheny, Dr. O'Hanlon (his old neighbor from Rathkeale,) James Roche, and others.

The last afternoon he devoted to Mrs. Mitchel, — the venerable mother of John Mitchel — where he had the gratification of meeting Dr. Antisell* and other friends.

The popular demonstration on the occasion of Smith O'Brien's departure for Ireland was one of the greatest outpourings of the Irish element ever witnessed in New York — before the war. The procession of civic and military societies formed in Union Square early in the morning. At half-past nine o'clock Smith O'Brien, attended by T. F. Meagher, John Mitchel, Dr. Antisell and Judge O'Connor, proceeded to the residence of Thomas E. Davis, Esq., 39 Union square, where a large party assembled to meet him. Here he was presented with an address by a deputation from the Irish civic and military bodies, to which, standing between his friends Mitchel and Meagher, he delivered a lengthy reply, which was heartily applauded.

While the procession was forming Meagher, Mitchel, Dr. Antisell and Judge O'Connor went on Board the steamship Vigo, the vessel that was to carry O'Brien home. It was to them that, in accents of affectionate regret, he addressed his last "Good Bye! and God Bless You!"

*Dr. Antisell, now of Washington, is the sole survivor of all the above mentioned friends of Ireland.

CHAPTER LVII.

THE PRINCE OF WALES' VISIT TO AMERICA. — MEAGHER ON CORCORAN.

In the summer of 1860 Meagher set out on another visit to Central America, and, during the period of his absence there, an event took place in New York, which, in its far-reaching consequences. not only led to the shaping of his own future career, but might be said to have marked the commencement of a new epoch in the history of his race on this continent.

That event was the arrival of the Prince of Wales in the Empire City, and the refusal of Colonel Michael Corcoran to order out the Sixty-ninth Regiment to parade in honor of "*his mother's son.*"

The history of the transaction has been told in the columns of ten thousand newspapers at both sides of the Atlantic, and it will continue be be told through succeeding generations of our freedom-loving people. As one personally conversant with its leading circumstances — from my intimate relations with the heroic soldier who so nobly upheld the honor of our country, — I might, if so inclined, add another to the many versions of the story heretofore published, — all agreeing in the main facts — though differing in details, — but for the fact that, in this "Memoir," it was essential that I should include Meagher's eloquent Oration on General Corcoran, and as that embodies the most brilliant and lucid recital of the soldier's contempt for the House of Guelf — and the reasons therefor — that I have seen, I give it place here.

The Oration on General Corcoran was delivered in the hall of the Cooper Institute, New York, on Friday evening, January 22d, 1864, under the auspices of the Fenian Brotherhood — of the military portion of which General Corcoran had command. The oration was free, the admission being by tickets distributed through the proper channel. The assemblage was the largest ever seen in that immense hall: hundreds had to go away unable to obtain standing-room. The following report is taken from the daily papers: —

"The platform was occupied by the officers of the old 69th and those

of the Irish Brigade and Irish Legion then in the city, with many of the Phœnix Brigade and civic organizations of the F. B., the Father Mathew and Longshore Men's societies, "Knights of St. Patrick," and a number of prominent citizens.

"By the side of the reading desk, near the centre of the stage, was placed a pedestal, on which was a splendid bust of General Corcoran by Draddy, the sculptor. On either side of the pedestal were the Irish and American flags of the Phœnix Zouaves, draped in mourning, and held by two young boys arrayed in the uniform of that organization.

At eight o'clock, Mr. John O'Mahony, attended by the orator of the evening, appeared on the stage. After the applause which greeted their presence had subsided, Mr. O'Mahony briefly introduced General Meagher, who commenced his oration as follows:—

General Meagher's Oration on General Corcoran.

Ladies and Gentlemen — There is a singularly beautiful and affecting picture given by Crofton Croker, — to whose genius many of the legends and chronicles of Munster owe their preservation, — that, one evening about a century ago, in a grand old domain in the county of Cork, an old man, apparently asleep, was found extended on the ground at the foot of an aged tree. The owner of the domain, happening to pass by approached the spot, and, finding the old man in tears of the bitterest affliction, enquired what the matter was.

"Forgive me, sir, said the old man; "my grief is idle; but to mourn is a relief to the desolate heart and humbled spirit. I am a McCarthy. I was once possessor of the castle that is now ruins, and of the land that is now in the hands of the stranger. This tree was planted by me, and I have returned to water its roots with my tears. To-morrow I will sail for Spain, where I have long been an exile. I am an old man, and to-night probably for the last time, I bid farewell to the land of my birth and the house of my forefathers."

The love, ladies and gentlemen, of one's native country, of which this incident is a striking illustration, and of which the words of that aged exile are the sad but glorious expression, does not confine itself to the scene of one's birth, nor to that of his childhood, nor yet to that of his active and expanding manhood, happy, beautiful, and ennobled by nature though it be. From the living it radiates to the dead: and in the achievements of eht past, this love of country finds a loftier inspiration, derives from

new events and asociations a fire that is more intense; and from being a pulsation of the boy, dilates until it becomes the supreme passion of the man. The history of the nation stimulates, fortifies, and ennobles it, and kindles it with rapture: and hence come those utterances of sweetness, or sublimity, or those splendid creations which replenish the treasure of its genius and preserve its less perishable trophies (applause). That this love of one's native country — whether it displays itself in milder or fiercer moods — is incompatible with the duties required by the country to which the emigrant transplants himself; that it interferes in any way with such duties, or the relations that should exist in perfect good faith and cordiality between the latter and former; that, indeed, so far from this being the case, these relations grow all the stronger and the heartier, and the duties in question are discharged more freely in proportion to the intensity of that love, — the career of the loyal citizen and brave soldier in whose memory we lovingly, proudly, and reverently meet to-night — short as it was — solemnly proves as it splendidly attests. (Cheers).

Early in the fall of 1860, as you must all remember, there arrived in this city a young gentleman of high family and great expectations (hisses,) who had been visiting a portion of his estates on the other side of the St. Lawrence, and was about to finish his education by a trip through that livelier portion which his great-grandfather lost, and which has wonderfully improved since the forfeiture took place. (Cheers and laughter). Genial, accomplished, possessing the manliness, gifted with the natural graces, having had the intellectual training of a young English gentleman, even where his splendid prospects failed to excite an interest, he brought those credentials which command the courtesies and receive the hospitalities of society.

A startling curiosity, amongst and above all the novelties which roll in golden waves upon these shores — the eldest son of a queen, upon whose brow glitters the oldest and costliest diadem in the world; the highest of an aristocracy claiming the loftiest names in Europe, inherited by virtue of musty parchments and indistinguishable tombstones, (laughter); the heir of an empire belted by the zodiac, to the high reputation of which a crowd of celebrities has contributed, until at last it may be said to monopolize the earth and invade the sky; — a visitor with such antecedents, with such a position, with such expectations, could not surely be looked for in New York without the inquisitiveness of the people being excited. Besides which, a victorious people might compromise themselves, and lose credit in the community and *eclat* in the social world, if they were stinted in their munificence to the distinguished stranger; and then, again, what more rational and salutary than

a people, devoted to the acquisition of wealth, exhausting their vitality in unremitting activity, straining for new excitement in the way of business, with their minds ever on the rack, and their daring and adventurous spirit on the wing, should seek for great relief in great distractions, and give way under extraordinary impulses to extraordinary relaxations — all these facts and probabilities conceded, no wonder that, early in the Fall of 1860, we had such feverishness in New York, and, with the wholesome intention of having temporary relief from business, merchants, artizans, bill brokers and bill posters, pill compounders and rat exterminators, "Ticket-of-Leave Men" and "Jolly Peddlers," high and low, rich and poor, went crazy with excitement.

What though the great-grandfather of this young Prince did many things to aggrieve, exasperate, damage, ruin the fortunes, make desolate the homes, and, in the end, engulf our grandfathers in blood; what though the sugar houses and prison ships could tell many a tale of horror, and the red marks of those days have not yet been thoroughly effaced, and the flames in which the archives of the national capital were, at a more recent period, consumed, still seemed to gleam upon the Potomac: what of all this?

Cornwallis had given up his sword. Andrew Jackson dealt our foes a compensating blow at New Orleans. Accounts are more than square between us. Our fleets divide with theirs the domain of the seas. In the first fifty years of our existence we equal them in all the essentials of a nation. In another fifty years we shall overtop them. As a successful people we can afford to be pleasant and lavish our attentions, and sink these memories in oblivion, now that the plumes of the Prince of Wales unfold themselves from the Battery, and he comes to place a feather in the cap of Liberty, as Yankee Doodle

> "Stuck a feather in his cap,
> And called it Macaroni." (Laughter).

The speaker then reviewed the scenes that occurred on the landing of the Prince of Wales, and which were still fresh in the memory of the audience, and added: —

Nor can you forget to-night that there was one man, self-conscious, stern, impassive, indomitable, as he always was, but never more so than at that time — who conspicuously stood aloof, and bravely refused to participate in the ovation to the expectant inheritor of that crown under the weight of which the liberties of his country had been crushed. (Great applause). Against the public feeling of the day, headlong and sweeping as it was, a

man less staunch and fearless than Michael Corcoran, would not have stood. (Renewed applause).

Where the public feeling rushes in so broad a current as it did at the time I speak of, and mirthfulness and hospitality ride upon the tide and invite all to swell their train, it takes something sterner than the courage which serenely faces danger to resist the generous influence. Good men, brave men, who would not do a mean or paltry act for all the riches the world could place at their feet — men who would dare the world in arms, and laugh to scorn the angriest faction and scurviest demagogues, while conscience and the power and pride of intellect sustained them, might well, at such a time, hesitate to separate themselves from the people, when the act would seem like churlishness, and vain conceit and eccentricity be the mildest explanation it would be likely to receive. These are the errors which undermine and overthrow the loftiest characters, and enervate the the sternest — the fears which paralyze the boldest hearts. Thus it is world triumphs; and thus it is the crippling or extinction of all vigorous and chivalrous heroism becomes a debasing and deadly policy of the day.

Implacable foes to such a policy, thanks be to Heaven, there are men in this gregarious generation who will assert their independence, and standing erect and intractable in their integrity, as Michael Corcoran did, will do and say what they believe it right for them to say and do, even though they stand alone.

I was in Central America at the time, and cannot speak from personal observation; but I well remember the criticism which the action of the Colonel of the old 69th, in reference to the Prince of Wales (hisses,) called forth, and the charges and suspicions with which, by reason of that action, he and they were violently assailed.

He refused, as I have already said, and as the world has long since been told, to participate in that reception. He refused lawfully as a citizen, courageously as a soldier, indignantly as an Irishman (cheers); refused to parade his stalwart regiment in honor of the beardless youth, who, succeeding to the spoils of the Tudors and Stuarts was destined one day to wield the sceptre that had been the scourge of Ireland, when it might be destined to consecrate to another spell of royalty and government the land in which the House of Hanover, with all its stupidity and blundering, has had genius enough to perpetuate the curse of Cromwell (cheers,) to parade his regiment in honor of this prince — respectable and amiable personally as he was, would be, for him to cancel the protests which had been made

by the Irish race for centuries, on the battle-field, in captivity, at the stake, on the scaffold, in exile, in hunger, in rags and desolation, but everywhere and always in defiance against the invasion and supremacy of the Saxon, and the subjugation of Ireland to a foreign yoke. (Great cheering).

Whatever the consequences, whatever might be said, however rude for the moment the act might seem, no matter what the public, or fashionable society, or cocked hats, or flunkeys, or fossils, or the whole of them might say, he would not lift his bayonets or dip his colors to the Prince, against whose claims to the sovereignty of his native land, it was the darling wish and purpose of his heart one day, at the head of his regiment, — when some more propitious Summer then that of '48, should dawn in splendor upon the clouded fortunes of the Irish race — to dispute and extinguish forever. (Great cheering).

A Voice — "A cheer for the men of '48." (Renewed cheering).

And what did the public generally say to this? They said it was out of place. They said it was going too far. They said it was all wrong, and that Michael Corcoran would find that he had made a great mistake. Others said that it was an insult to the people of New York; that Michael Corcoran had snubbed and defied them; that he was an utterly unreliable character; and for his insubordination and bad faith should not only be dismissed from the militia, but deprived of his naturalization papers and his place in the Custom House. (Laughter and applause). Some went so far as to say that neither he nor his regiment were to be trusted in any emergency. That both were sure to be false to their military obligations should their services ever be required; that they were nothing less than double-dyed traitors to the Commonwealth, and should be branded as such: and the sooner the one was broken and the other disbanded with every proper ceremony of degradation, the better it would be for the safety and honor of New York in particular, and the Union at large.

Against these sweeping condemnations, against these slanderous asseverations, what was the answer? To the utter confusion of those who had the insolent temerity to give them utterance, in what measure did the loyalty of Michael Corcoran and the 69th vindicate itself!

Never was loyalty, good faith, devotion to the government and the Union, to its laws, authority, reunion and flag, with such a magnificent excess displayed, never with so dazzling an effect did an impeached soldier reverse the tide that had set in against him. Bounding to his feet from his sick bed, when the cry of "the Republic is in danger" went forth, going forth

himself amongst the first of its defenders, consecrating his sword and life to its defence, did he triumphantly rebuke the dolts and drivellers who had averred that a refusal to do homage to a foreign prince was incompatible with fidelity to the Republic. (Loud cheers).

You remember, and never can forget, that sunny day in April 1861, when the 69th left this city with a sick and weary young Colonel at their head, to cross bayonets with the rebels, and bearing aloft the green flag presented to them in commemoration of the event on which I have so long dwelt, gave to the world the most sacred pledge that the Irish soldiers could give, that as they had been true to the land of their birth, her memories, wrongs, and character, so should they be true to the land of their adoption, true in life and true in death to her rights to a nation, her stability, her entire domain, her individual jurisdiction, her power and glory. (Cheers).

A voice — Three cheers for the Irish Brigade and the man that commands it. (Cheers).

As a soldier, Michael Corcoran furnished in his brief and brilliant career, a remarkable proof of the adaptability of the Irish race to military pursuits. Without the aid of scientific tutors, without the aid even of elementary books, he rose steadily from the ranks through the several gradations of the regiment, and — fully qualified for it by his self-acquired knowledge, his clear perception, sound judgment, well-governed temper and thorough self-reliance — died as he deserved to die, in command of a division. Patient, diligent, indefatigable in the work of mastering the details and technicalities of the profession in the humbler duties of his military life, he was no less patient, no less diligent and indefatigable, in the discharge of those administrative duties which devolved upon him in the higher position to which he subsequently rose.

Calm as he was firm, gentle as he was resolute, courteous as he was stern, kind as he was dignified, just as he was severe, they were richly blended and wonderfully balanced in his character as a military chief, most, if not all, of those qualities which are popularly held to be inconsistent and conflicting, but without the possession of which, in equal proportions and nice adjustment, no military officer can claim perfection.

Conscientious as he was brave, he acquitted himself of his obligations to his subordinates as well as to his superiors, with an alacrity and precision which proved his heart in his task, however arduous and repugnant it might be. Ever anxious that whatever should be done should be promptly

and thoroughly done, he seldom gave an order of any consequence that he himself did not see to its execution, and in the same way, in the best spirit, whenever any enterprise of the least importance had to be undertaken, however small the force it might require, he was sure to be at its head, determined never to leave any business to others in which he could take a hand himself. (Applause).

Calm as he was firm, seldom did any untoward circumstance destroy the evenness of his demeanor, his placidity of feature, the measured utterance of his words; and these words even in moments of general excitement and alarm were, on all occasions, the true interpreters of his disciplined mind and temperament, so clear, so definite, so emphatically to the point did they impress themselves, presenting a frozen contrast almost to the impulsiveness with which the Irish soldiers are known to fight, and seeming to catch none of the enthusiasm which in the battle-field inflames the coldest, and under the influence of which an army in the face of death, deals their blows as though the ancient gods inspired them. But for this very reason he was all the more reliable and valuable as an officer, and better fitted for a command demanding a great amount of mental and physical activity. To this very calmness which was so strikingly characteristic of him, to this imperturbable steadiness under fire, to this invincible self-control which gave the mastery to his transparent brain, may justly be ascribed the fact, that, overwhelmed as his regiment was, on the 21st of July, 1861, at the battle of Manassas, by the hidden batteries of the enemy, the 69th withdrew in good order, fearlessly and deliberately. (Great applause).

Gentle as he was resolute, seldom did an angry word, much less a profane word, escape him in his social intercourse with his command, even when it was necessary for him to reprove and reprimand. Far more disposed to utter the word of friendly encouragement, and extend the helping hand — no admonition, no reproof, no censure fell from him that was not painfully forced; and never was a punishment awarded by him that he was not rigorously compelled to inflict. Disinterested, straightforward, just, and fearless in all he did, the very parties that incurred his severity the most, and were most impressively taught by him the lesson that the happiness and fortune of a soldier depend upon his subordination, were the first to acknowledge the goodness of his heart, his impartiality, the necessity of his being strict. Kind as he was dignified, whilst he never forgot what was due to his rank or permitted any of those familiarities to be taken, which amongst social equals are allowed, — but which the etiquette of military life cannot tolerate, but which would vulgarize and demoralize the service, —

the humblest private was free to come at any hour to Michael Corcoran had he a grievance which only he could redress, or some private sorrow which could only be relieved by the Colonel or the General. (Cheers).

As I heard Father Paul Gillen, the devout and devoted Chaplain of the Irish Legion, say, as the prayers for the dead had been recited over the remains of my brave and noble friend, from the smallest drummer-boy to the officer next in rank to himself, every one had access to Michael Corcoran for advice, for comfort, for assistance; and never did any of his command leave him after telling him of his grief or difficulty, that the poor fellow, unburdened and elated, did not feel that in Michael Corcoran he had a trusty leader, a just magistrate, a generous friend. (Cheers).

How he was esteemed, loved and idolized by his officers and men; how his death came upon them in their camps; how consternation and desolation took possession of them all, as though each one had lost the dearest treasure of his life, you, ladies and gentlemen, should have witnessed the scene, as I did, at his quarters, the evening after he was borne home to his death-bed.

There, in that very room which I had occupied for several days as his guest, and which, rendering his hospitality with all the thonghtfulness and warm-heartedness of a true-born Irish gentleman, he never failed to visit the last thing on retiring for the night, and the first thing in the morning, to see that I wanted nothing, and was as happy as he could make me; there, in that very room, he lay cold and white in death, with the hands which were once so warm in their grasp, and so lavish in their gifts crossed upon his breast, with a crucifix surrounded by lights standing at his head, and the good, dear old priest, who loved him only as a father can love a son, kneeling, praying, and weeping at the feet of the dead soldier. From the window in the corridor outside the room, the lifeless camps glistened in the cold air, no one now stirring in them but the solemn sentinels on their posts. Beyond the camps, the dark pine woods of Virginia stretched for miles, covering the country with a vast, deep, black forest. Beyond that again arose the mountains that overlooked Manassas, and were all in flame with the glow of the setting sun.

One by one, as the sun went down, and the last rays, reflected from those mountains that had been the witness of his first trial under fire, fell upon that pale and tranquil face, the soldiers of the Irish Legion moved in mournful procession around the death-bed, and, as they took their last look at him, I saw many a big heart heave and swell until tears gushed from many an eye and ran down the rough cheek of the roughest veteran.

Five days after the vault of Calvary Cemetery closed upon him, as the men he once commanded as a Captain, fired the farewell volleys. Never did the tomb close upon a more loyal citizen, never upon a braver soldier, never upon a truer Irishman. (Applause).

As a citizen and soldier I have spoken of him, as an Irishman it remains for me to say a few words.

Men of brilliant talents, men whose sympathies and brains find vent in poetry, in rhetoric, may have acquired a wider renown, a more glowing fame, but none even of the illustrious few that dared the most, suffered the most, achieved the most for the sake of Ireland, none were truer to the land of his birth, none loved her more sincerely, or had a more earnest desire to serve her, or did more to train and fit himself to take an eminent part in the achievement of her independence. (Applause). Indeed, the absence of showy and attractive talents, renders his patriotism all the more unquestionable.

Patriotism is a grand theme for poetry, supplies the orator and the painter with many a subject for the display of their genius or their art, supplies the neediest politician with illimitable capital and introduction to the best society at Washington or Albany. But for him who is neither a poet nor an orator, nor an artist nor a politician, neither vanity nor ambition, nor pride of intellect can animate him. The patriotism of such a man is patriotism of a simple and noble nature; and you can no more question it than you can question the light of the sun, or the flowering of the forest, or the depth of the sea, or the grandeur of the mountains. (Cheers.)

I said, a moment ago, that Michael Corcoran had no ambition. I was wrong; he had ambition — the ambition to be recognized as the native of a free, instead of an enslaved, an honored instead of an abject race. (Cheers).

Well did he know, and keenly did he feel, that the humble fortune and degraded condition, of the land that gave birth more or less affect the fortunes, the condition, the character of all those, who, true to her name, memories, faith and destiny, boast of their origin; well did he know and keenly did he feel that, in the celebrity and greatness of a nation the humblest that claims it for the nation of his nativity inevitably participates, and in proportion as it is elevated or degraded do its representatives abroad, whether they be laborers or merchants, conspicuous or obscure, find consideration or indifference. For his part, he was sensible of the humiliation and disabilities which an enslaved and impoverished country entails upon its people wherever they may scatter themselves, or however friendly may be the climes in which they stay their footsteps.

Thus, with him, did the glorious project of having Ireland re-established as a nation, with a fleet and army, a magistracy, a senate of her own — re-established in all the rights and privileges of a nation, the equal of the haughtiest, the oldest, the most powerful, with liberty and happiness, and the busiest life at home, with credit, respectability, and a just measure of national authority abroad; thus, with him, did this project become the ultimate aim of his military life; and this it was which gave so much earnestness and solidity to his character. (Great applause).

Hence it was that, convinced that they were upon the true road, he joined the Fenian Brotherhood, under the auspices of which, these commemorative words of their gallant Brother are this night spoken, and, finding in that Brotherhood men of his own high aim, did he remain faithful and serviceable to the last. (Cheers). How dear this organization was to him, and how sensitively he threw himself between it and whatever might impair its efficiency this letter to the Head Centre of the Brotherhood, Colonel John O'Mahony, abundantly testifies: —

"National Cadets' Headquarters,
69th Regiment, N. Y. S. M.,
"Arlington Heights, May 29, 1861.

"My dear O'Mahony, — I need not assure you I was sincerely glad to hear of your return, and truly gratified to hear from you. I deferred replying to you, with the hope of being able to do so more fully than even now, I find the severe press of duties will enable me to do. I can reconcile myself, however, to any drawback in this respect, being satisfied that you will understand the cause of it, and make the friendliest allowance for all shortcomings.

"As to your joining us, as you propose, that I must tell you frankly, I cannot listen to you for a moment. Irrespective of any other consideration, our Irish cause and organization in America would grievously, if not fatally, suffer by the withdrawal of your immediate services and supervision. It is absolutely necessary that you should remain at your own prescribed post — all the more necessary that others are compelled to be away for a time. That our organization will derive considerable impetus and strength from the military enthusiasm prevailing here at present amongst our race, and may, indeed, have favorable opportunities opened out to it by the events that are transpiring, I am strongly impressed, if not positively convinced. It is, therefore, most essential that a man like you should remain to enlarge and perfect it.

"All this, however, does not in the least dissuade you from coming here on a visit to the camp — on the contrary, I myself, am most anxious you should come, and come as soon as possible, so that we may have a thorough consideration of matters interesting and endeared, and sacred to us both. The officers and men, too, of the 69th, will be delighted to see you — every one of them; and whilst your presence, for a few days here, will cheer and stimulate them — recalling, as it will do, many of their most cherished memories and hopes — you, yourself, I am confident, will derive increased confidence in the availability of our race for high military achievements on their own soil from the appearance which the 69th presents.

"On the receipt of this letter I trust you will find it convenient to come off to us at once, and I beg you to believe me,

"Faithfully your friend,

"MICHAEL CORCORAN.

"To JOHN O'MAHONY, Esq., New York."*

But the faithful soldier, the faithful friend, the faithful Irishman sleeps to-night, not where he often wished, and prayed, and hoped he might be laid to rest — deep in the green sod, in the shadow of the pillar towers, with the great sea foaming as he was borne to his grave, with the ivied oak above his head, and with all the beautiful or heroic of the past speaking to those who came to bury him — speaking to them from the rath, the cairn, the cloister, the holy well, in the cadence of the stream, in the legend, in the lyric, in the voices of the mountains: in the same rain, in the same sunshine, in the same wind, underneath the same sky and shamrock he knew and loved and sported with in his childhood — deep in the

* John O'Mahony, wishing to "train his soul to lead a line," and also to set an example which it behooved all Irishmen who aspired to strike a blow for their country's freedom, to follow, had joined the 69th as a private. The exigencies of the organization in Ireland required his presence there in the winter of 1860, and notwithstanding that he left that land a proscribed outlaw in 1848, and as such was liable to arrest on landing, he risked life and liberty at the call of duty. When he heard that war had commenced in America, and that the 69th had gone to the front, he hastened back to New York, and from thence wrote to Colonel Corcoran announcing his intention of reporting for duty with his regiment. It was in reply to that announcement that the Colonel sent him the foregoing letter. O'Mahony immediately paid a visit to the camp, and by his report of the state of affairs in Ireland at the date of his departure, infused fresh courage into the hearts of his gallant comrades, who hoped to turn their experience as soldiers of the Union to the benefit of their native land.

green sod, in the midst of those shadows, with all these familiar voices, with all these wild, tender, and glorious sights and influences about him — did he wish and pray and hope to be laid asleep. Brothers, see to it that his wish, his prayer, his hope shall be fulfilled. (Cries of "Aye, aye!" and cheers). In the meantime let him rest in the soil that is sacred to liberty, under the starry arch of the Republic he so nobly served, and within sight of the city which honored him when dead as she honored him when living, and where his name will never sound strange to those by whom the ashes of Montgomery and Thomas Addis Emmet are gratefully and fondly treasured.

General Meagher concluded amidst loud applause.

Meagher a Fenian.

Though Mr. Meagher was himself an enrolled member of the Fenian Brotherhood, when, under the auspices of that organization, he delivered the "Funeral Oration" on General Corcoran, yet the society had been in existence for years before he sought admission into its ranks.

When, on the invitation of John O'Mahony, Michael Doheny, Michael Corcoran, and their associates of the "Emmet Monument Association Committee," James Stephens came to New York to arrange with them for the formation of co-operative revolutionary organizations in Ireland and America, he sought to enlist Thomas Francis Meagher in the project; but Meagher declined his overtures — on what grounds I cannot, positively, say. But that his refusal was not due to any change of principles or personal dislike to participating in a renewed battle for Irish freedom on Irish soil, the following extract from a speech delivered by him about that time before the T. F. Meagher Club, conclusively shows: —

"It may be, that the members of the T. F. Meagher Club, of the city of New York, recognize in the T. F. Meagher of 1858 the T. F. Meagher of 1848. If so, the members of the T. F. Meagher Club are not mistaken. Ireland may have changed, sir, but this heart has not — and never shall. The field of my duties and pursuits — of my social and political obligations — this field is no longer watered by the Suir, and the iron sceptre of the successor of Elizabeth, thrust across the gate, shuts out from his ancient home the Celt who, for crimes against a foreign magistracy, cannot find it in his heart to repent, and as a Republican citizen never shall apostatize.

"But for all that — for all the changes that have occurred — think not

that I shall stand with folded arms upon this new field, with an ignoble prudence and impunity awaiting the issue of the contest, if one of these days through the ocean there should flash from Valencia Bay the signal of a revolt in Ireland. Trampling upon the fragments of that sceptre — that iron sceptre sheathed in ivory and tipped with gold — as the rightful heir reinstated by his own right arm — it is thus alone that I desire to cross the threshold of my father's house."

I believe that Meagher's determination to join the Fenian Brotherhood as a *bona fide* working member, was come to on Patrick's Day, 1861, after he had witnessed the First Regiment of the Phœnix Brigade march under the "Green Flag," which had, on that morning, been presented to them by the patriotic Irish ladies of New York. His natural soldier instincts were aroused as they had never been previously — and with good cause, for never were Irishmen more devoted to the cause which that flag symbolized than those over whom it waved on that day; physically, morally and intellectually, they were true representatives of the flower of their race. This fact was tacitly admitted by their fellow-citizens at large, even those who did not understand the actuating motives of the Fenian Brotherhood, and had no sympathy with their aspirations, respected them for their disinterested earnestness, and evident determination of purpose — as evinced by the self-disciplined men, who were so enthusiastically applauded throughout their whole line of march on that occasion. Thenceforth, professional politicians, — who had heretofore attempted to sneer at them — learned to fear the men they could not cajole — for the healthy, self-respecting influence which they were perceptibly exercising on the masses of their fellow-countrymen.

It was only a short time previously that Meagher had returned to New York from his latest Central American tour, and this exhibition of the Fenian Brotherhood's disciplined strength was a new revelation to him. In it he perceived the visible result of the years of unremitting, self-sacrificing labor, heroically undertaken by the founders of the organization, and especially by O'Mahony and Doheny — the only two of his '48 compatriots who, in their exile practically adhered to the principles for which they and he had become armed rebels on their native hills. He resolved that, once again, his place should be by his old comrades' side. He would abandon the rostrum for the drill-room.

To one of his impulsive temperament — to form a resolution was to act upon it promptly, and that evening he took the first step on the new road he had chosen for his future course.

Since his arrival in America, he had habitually participated in the Patrick's-night festivities of the "Friendly Sons of St. Patrick."

This society was originally composed of wealthy residents of New York — the majority of them *Irish* — in name — not in heart — who, at their *post prandial* annual re-unions, were in the habit of toasting the health of the British Queen! — their slavish excuse for this exhibition of gratuitous flunkeyism being, that, "the omission of the toast might offend the invited guests from their sister societies of St. George and St. Andrew."

The officers of the 9th (Irish) Regiment determined to put an end, for ever, to this slavish custom, and, at the suggestion of Captain Michael Phelan, on St. Patrick's night, 1852, about a dozen of them attended the dinner with that object, and when, in due course, the obnoxious toast was proposed, they simultaneously reversed their glasses, while their selected spokesman, Captain John Brougham, gave expression to the universal indignation of his outraged countrymen in language so scathing that the flunkies were abashed, and thenceforth the offence was never repeated. Subsequently the most demonstrative of the pro-British members withdrew from the society, and, as this circumstance induced many genuine Irish gentlemen to join it, the association, in consequence, became respectable, though not as national as it might have been — for it still numbered a considerable percentage of "Once-a-year Irishmen!" on its list of members.

Now, it so happened, that one of these latter gentry — a purse-proud, self-conceited individual, accosted Meagher while on his way from witnessing the parade of the Fenian soldiers, and, in an offensively familiar tone, enquired: —

"Are *we* going to have the pleasure of your company at the dinner to-night, Mr. Meagher?"

Meagher, — who entertained a special antipathy to creatures of this class, — replied, coldly, that he "didn't know!"

"What?" retorted his provoking interlocutor, "sure you're not going to *desert us?*"

Scorning a reply, Meagher walked indignantly away, but the idea of being charged with *deserting* such fellows as that, so irritated him, that he proceeded to the Fenian Brotherhood office to relieve his mind by a recital of the incident to sympathizing friends, and especially to Doheny — whom he expected to meet there — (as his office was in the same building). There was no one in at the time but Mr. James Roche and myself, and to us he related his story, and, at the same time expressed the determination of keeping clear of all convivial celebrations for that night.

'Phœnix Brigade,' to be organized and commanded by our gallant countryman, THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER. — Carried."

April 21st, 1861,

'A special meeting was convened for this evening, for the purpose of taking action upon the resolution which was to be presented to Mr. Meagher."

'The following preamble and resolution were read and unanimously adopted: —

"*Whereas*, we have learned with delight that our esteemed countryman, THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER, (having returned to New York,) has determined to do his part in the renewed struggle for "the good old cause of the poor old country;" and it being our opinion that his proper place in that struggle would be at the head of an armed and disciplined body of his fellow-exiles, pledged to that cause, —

"*Therefore, be it Resolved*, That Mr. Meagher be respectfully requested to organize and command a second Regiment of the Phœnix Brigade in this city, and that we — the "Phœnix Zouaves" — solicit the privilege of constituting its first company — pledging ourselves that where his sword leads our bayonets will follow — to

'STRIKE FOR OUR OWN AGAIN!'

"Signed on behalf of the Company,

"THOMAS KIELY, *Captain*."]

He then told me that he was going to Connecticut that evening, on a lecturing engagement; that, on his return — in the beginning of the next week, he would call on me for the document, and commence the organization of the regiment without further delay.

But in the interval of Mr. Meagher's absence from New York, events transpired which upset our calculations, — changed and enlarged his sphere of action as a soldier of Liberty, — and exercised a permanent influence on his future destiny.

For the clouds which had long been ominously gathering on the political horizon, had, in those few days culminated in the zenith, and suddenly sent forth a thunderbolt which set the nation on fire: —

THE FLAG OF THE UNION HAD BEEN FIRED UPON!

CHAPTER LVIII.

OPENING OF THE WAR FOR THE UNION.

THE BANNER.

Little I know what hero hand
  First flung a "Banner" on the air,
And gave to every eye that scanned,
  The legend of its purpose there:—
But well I know it was a deed
  Of right heroic, pious strain,—
To lift the spell-word of its creed
  Above the slayers and the slain—
  Above the purple battle-rain—
Above the tumult-trampled sod—
And fly it, silent in the face of GOD!

MARTIN MACDERMOTT.

THOUGH, from the day on which Thomas Francis Meagher obtained his "certificate of citizenship," he professed the political principles of the Democratic party, and, occasionally spoke at its meetings, yet he never felt hampered by the trammels of partizanship. The spoils of office had no attraction for him. His convictions were based upon constitutional principles and not upon personal interests, or the exigencies of party. In the controversy between the North and the South his sympathies were entirely with the latter — up to the moment when, by an overt act of treason, the integrity of the Union was menaced and the mask of constitutionality cast aside.

"On the day on which we held the afore-mentioned interview I heard him relate the substance of an argument he had with his father-in-law before leaving the house that morning — which will show the warmth of his feelings towards the South. Mr. Townsend was an ardent Republican, and in the friendly controversy he doesn't seem to have been choice in his epithets, for he characterized the Southerners as a "set of rebels." Meagher, objecting to the disparaging phrase, retorted: —

"You cannot call eight millions of white freemen '*rebels*,' sir;—you may call them '*revolutionists*' if you will."

Continuing his narrative of that morning's experiences—he told that, while on his way down town, he went with a friend into "Delmonico's," and there found a party discussing the all-engrossing topic of the time. One of the disputants,—who had been vehemently denouncing the Southerners—turned, smilingly, towards Meagher, and remarked:—

"But perhaps I am going rather too far in present company."

To this Meagher—in his coolest and most distinctively incisive tone, replied:—

"If you refer to *me*, sir, I tell you candidly and plainly that, in this controversy, my sympathies are entirely with the South!"

I state those incidents here, for the purpose of showing the strength of his patriotism and his devotion to the maintenance of the Republic in its integrity—which, in a moment, overcame all personal predilections and preconceived opinions on the question at issue.

Meagher returned from Connecticut on Monday morning, April 22d, and called at the Fenian Brotherhood office, No. 6 Centre street, when I handed him the document embodying the resolution of the ("Phœnix Zouaves") company. He read it with evident satisfaction—and said:—

"I suppose I am expected to reply to this in writing."

I told him that I presumed the "boys" would be pleased to have him do so—at his leisure. He had the paper still in his hand—when our conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Lieutenant-Colonel Nugent, of the 69th Regiment—then under orders to proceed to Washington. Meagher had just transferred the paper to his breast pocket,* when Colonel Nugent enquired:—

"Well, Mr. Meagher!—what do you think of affairs now?"

Mr. Meagher answered:—

"I don't know what to think of them,—I never saw such a change in public opinion as has taken place during the past week.—I feel like one carried away by a torrent. The whole cry is—'The Fag!' 'The Flag!'

*In a collection of highly prized documents, in MSS. and print, connected with the General's military career, which has been kindly placed at my disposal by Mrs. Meagher, I find this Resolution of the "Phœnix Zouaves" carefully preserved.

Battle Flag of the Irish Brigade.

Then he exclaimed energetically — "*Damn them! that didn't let that 'flag' alone.*"

Colonel Nugent — observing how deeply Meagher was moved — then said:

"As you feel that way, Mr. Meagher, perhaps you might take a notion of coming with us?"

Meagher — after a moment's reflection, answered: —

"I do not know but I might."

Soon after Colonel Nugent went away, remarking, as he left: —

"You'll think over this, Mr. Meagher!"

The reply was — "I will think of it."

Wnen we were again alone, I earnestly enquired: —

"Did you mean that, Mr. Meagher?" (for knowing his sentiments, — as expressed a few days previously — to be so favorable to the South — I could not, at once, comprehend the cause of so sudden and radical a change — but he soon enlightened me, as in answer to my enquiry he said):

"Yes! I did mean it — for, looking at every aspect of the question, I do not see what better course I could take. Duty and patriotism alike prompt me to it. The Republic, that gave us an asylum and an honorable career, — that is the mainstay of human freedom, the world over — is threatened with disruption. It is the duty of every liberty-loving citizen to prevent such a calamity at all hazards. Above all is it the duty of us Irish citizens, who aspire to establish a similar form of government in our native land. It is not only our duty to America, but also to Ireland. We could not hope to succeed in our effort to make Ireland a Republic without the moral and material aid of the liberty-loving citizens of these United States. That aid we might rely upon receiving at the proper time. But *now*, when all the thoughts, energies, and resources of this noble people are needed to preserve their own institutions from destruction — they cannot spare either sympathy, arms, or men, for any other cause.

"Another thought forces itself upon me in connection with the hopes we entertain for Ireland. It is a moral certainty that many of our countrymen who enlist in this struggle for the maintenance of the Union will fall in the contest. But, even so; I hold that if only one in ten of us come back when this war it over, the military experience gained by that *one* will be of more service in a fight for Ireland's freedom than would that of the entire ten as they are now."

Such, in brief, were Thomas Francis Meagher's reasons for taking his stand promptly and unreservedly, under the symbol of the Republic's sove-

reignty. They were his first utterances on the subject, unpremeditated as they were, and springing spontaneously from his heart, they were enunciated with the deliberation and force of matured conviction, and, in their comprehensive grasp of all the issues involved, exhibited an intuitive clearness of perception that seemed akin to inspiration.

Those opinions were subsequently expounded more elaborately in the many eloquent speeches delivered by this devoted champion of liberty during the progress of the war.

I, although regretfully, felt compelled to coincide with his conclusions — rendered uncontravertable as they were by the stern logic of existing facts; and under the circumstances, I undertook to reconcile the Company to the acute disappointment which I knew they would all feel on learning his decision.

Requesting me to assure the "Zouaves" of his abiding appreciation of their regard, and of his hope of yet leading them on the field of their choice — he left me — to consult Colonel Corcoran, as to the most effective mode of carrying out his intentions.

When John O'Mahony went to Ireland, in the winter of 1860, Colonel Corcoran took his place as Chief Officer, *pro tem*, of the Fenian Brotherhood. Now, that urgent duty called him, also, away from his active labors in the cause of his Fatherland, to the defence of the flag of his adopted country, he keenly felt the gravity of the situation, and the onerous responsibility it devolved upon him.

He knew that the first shot fired at the flag on Fort Sumter revolutionized Irish political sentiment throughout the North, and he feared its effect on the ardent young spirits whom it had been his pride to train, — with the hope of one day leading them in disciplined strength on their native hills. Actuated by those feelings, when on Sunday, April 21st, he addressed the New York Fenian Brotherhood, he earnestly implored all who were not members of the State Militia to hold aloof from the fratricidal strife, and reserve their lives for the cause to which they were already pledged.

He said that there were ten times as many of their countrymen (who were not yet enrolled Fenians,) as he required — volunteered to join the "Sixty-ninth;" therefore, so far as the strength of the Regiment was concerned, there was no occasion for depleting Ireland's ranks to fill it. But, he added, that if, notwithstanding all he could say to dissuade them, any of his brother Fenians were still determined to go to the war, he preferred

that they should go with their own countrymen than have their services unappreciated, and their national identity lost among strangers.

He counselled those who stayed behind to make redoubled exertions during the absence of their comrades, so that, when they met again they would find the cause stronger than ever. Referring to the departure of the "Sixty-ninth"—on the following Tuesday, he invited his brothers—the "Phœnix Zouaves"—to act as the regiment's escort on their march through the city.

On the next day, General Corcoran issued the following official circular,—a copy of which was transmitted to every circle of the Fenian Brotherhood:—

"6 Centre street, New York,
April 22d, 1861.

"My Dear Sir,—A sudden emergency calls me for a time from the duty entrusted to me by Mr. O'Mahony. The call is so imperative that I must obey whatever consequences may follow. With the consent of the Directory, I have appointed Mr. John Murphy to act in my stead, but as his business will keep him away from the office, it has been deemed advisable that all communications should be addressed to Mr. Cavanagh, the Secretary. This will insure dispatch and regularity.

"I am leaving in great spirits and hope. My last wish and most ardent desire is that the organization should be preserved in its strength and efficiency, and that every man will do his whole duty. We will not be the worse for a little practice, which we engage in, with the more heart because we feel it will be serviceable on other fields.

"With the warmest wishes for yourself and your Circle,

"I am, my dear sir,

"Yours Fraternally,

"MICHAL CORCORAN."

But in spite of the Fenian Brotherhood's determination to hold aloof from the American party strife, the course of events inevitably drew the citizen soldiers of Ireland into the vortex which threatened to engulf the constitutional liberty of their adopted land. They could view unmoved the wordy war of political factions, embittered by sectional prejudices, but they could not stand the insult to the Flag under whose protecting folds they and theirs found shelter when driven by persecution from their old home.

When the Sixty-ninth responded to the Union's call,—as a matter of

course — all the young soldiers of the "Phœnix Brigade," who were affiliated therewith, promptly took their places in the ranks with their older associates, and personal friendship, and patriotic enthusiasm, led several of their brother-Fenians to accompanying them to the field. Such of them as joined the Union army in the month following the departure of the Sixty-ninth, generally followed Colonel Corcoran's advice — by concentrating in such Irish regiments as the Thirty-seventh N. Y. V., ("Irish Rifles,") the Forty-second N. Y. V., (Tammany Regiment,) and the Eighty-second N. Y. V., (formerly the "Second Regiment N. Y. S. M.") But on the whole — under the circumstances — the men of the "Phœnix Brigade" remained as steadfast as could be expected to their original purpose.

But when the war deepened in tragic intensity, and when, — at the call of Meagher and Corcoran — the "Irish Brigade!" and "Irish Legion!" sprang to uphold the nation's honor, and the ancient reputation of their heroic race, — *then* it was that the Fenian element made itself felt in the Union Army by its bravery and ability. The number of officers it contribued to the cause may be partly estimated from the annexed quota supplied by a single company — the before mentioned "Phœnix Zouaves:" One Lieutenant-Colonel, two Majors, three Captains, four Lieutenants; and of non-commissioned officers — two Sergeant-Majors, and two Sergeants.*

*Of these officers two were killed in action, and seven wounded.

CHAPTER LIX.

DEPARTURE OF THE SIXTY-NINTH,

APRIL 23D, 1861.

Oh! 'twas a gallant day,
In memory still adored,
That day of our sun-bright nuptials,
With the musket and the sword!
Shrill rang the fifes, the bugles blared,
And beneath a cloudless Heaven
Twinkled a thousand bayonets,
And the swords were thirty-seven.

CHARLES G. HALPINE.

OF the half million human beings who witnessed the ovation given the Sixty-ninth on their march down Broadway on that memorable 23d of April, 1861, but few of the survivors have forgotten the thrilling scene, and least of all those of Irish birth or blood. They alone could comprehend it, for they alone could sympathize with, and share in, the commingled feelings that found expression in the stormy cheers, and passionate prayers; the exultant pride, exuberant joy, and rapturous hope of the departing heroes; and the tears and blessings, the regrets, the caresses, and low, moaning wail of the dear ones who sorrowfully and lovingly bade them what *might* be a *last* farewell. Mother, wife, sister, sweet-heart, all giving free vent to the well-springs of feeling, bubbling fresh and pure from their impulsive, kindly Irish hearts.

Nor were those manifestations of genuine Celtic nature confined to the relatives and near personal friends of the soldiers. How could they, on such an occasion, and with such surroundings? Not a man or woman of their sympathetic race could witness their emotions without being similarly affected. This was observable in the pale or flushed faces, the quivering, compressed lips, and misty eyes, of rough, horny-handed toilers

who, commiseratingly, looked on in respectful though silent sympathy; and in the unrestrained tears and audible wailings of the maids and matrons who constituted half, at least, of the dense and ever increasing crowd that surged and swayed about their armed countrymen, during the hours in which the regiment was detained at the junction of Great Jones street and Broadway, by the delay of the military authorities in furnishing the necessary equipments.

A little before three o'clock a loud and prolonged cheer announced the arrival, at the right of the line, of Colonel Corcoran — accompanied by Thomas Francis Meagher and Judge Charles P. Daly. The last-named gentlem, on behalf of his estimable lady, presented the regiment with a handsome silk flag of the Stars and Stripes, which was placed beside the Green flag presented a short time previously by the citizens of New York to the Sixty-ninth, in appreciation of its action in declining to parade before the Prince of Wales. Then the long-expected command to march was given, and, under both flags, the regiment wheeled into Broadway, and proceeded down that noble thoroughfare on their way to the boat at Pier number four North River.

Then commenced the culminating scene of that eventful day — a scene the like of which has never been witnessed in New York, or (with, perhaps, one exception,) been participated in by the "Children of the Gael" — either at home or abroad.

MICHAEL DOHENY, one of the most interested and deeply-affected witnesses of this outburst of genuine Celtic feeling, — whose great, loving, Irish heart throbbed responsive to every emotion which swayed the hearts of the mighty multitude — drew a parallel between it, and the exception referred to above — the "Sailing of the Wild Geese;" — which, he, justly, observed, "must have surpassed it in the grandeur of its sorrow, but fallen short of it in enthusiasm." Continuing the description, he writes: —

"Every heart bled, every eye was wet, every face was flushed, every bosom palpitated. The highest passions of the Celtic race were stirred to their very depths. Vehemence, ardor, devotion, fidelity, strong, deep, untold love, were in the hearts and acts of all."

Yet, whatever, general resemblance there may have been between the picture of Sarsfield's veterans parting from wives and children on the quay of Cork, and that presented by the departure of the Sixty-ninth from New York, there was an essential difference in the emotions which swayed the hearts of the principal figures in either of these historical scenes. The "De-

fenders of Limerick" left country and kindred with hearts filled with blackest hate and an implacable thirst for vengeance on the treacherous foes who, at the last moment, prevented their families from accompanying them into voluntary exile, while utter despair overwhelmed the poor disconsolate victims thus abandoned, and found expression in that agonized, soul-piercing wail, which, in concentrated misery, has never had a parallel on God's earth: —

"Their women's parting cry."

But no trace of *despair* was perceptible in the impassioned actions or utterances of those Irish women and girls who lined Broadway on that sunny April afternoon, and gave free vent to their emotions as their countrymen swept past, — though "sorrow," "regret," and "pity" found frequent and audible expression, and fears for the safety of son, brother, or "friend" were occasionally whispered between sympathetic acquaintances.

But the sentiment which found most frequent expression from old and young, was *not* that of sorrow or regret that their countrymen were going to battle — but that they were *not* going to battle on another field.

"Oh! what harm if they were going to fight elsewhere?"

"What harm if 't was to *Ireland* they were going?"

These and similar expressions were repeated in such fervid and pathetic tones, all along the line of march, as to force sympathetic tears from nearly all who heard them — men, or women, of their warm-hearted race. At the halts along the route, — (and they were frequent and at brief intervals — owing to the difficulty of forcing a passage through the crowded street), — impulsive rushes would be made for the soldiers, — kisses and prayers showered on them by their affectionate, sobbing countrywomen — with a

"God bless ye, boys, and send ye safe home!"

While a strong grasp of the hand, and a fervid

"Remember your country, and keep up its credit, boy!" spoke the feelings of the men.

Little cared they — those exiled "Children of the Gael!" — what were their present surroundings, or who witnessed this ebullition of their feelings. They were parting "*their own*" — perhaps forever; and were oblivious to every thing else in that all-absorbing fact.

As "despair" found no expression in the emotions of their loving-hearted sisters, so neither had "hatred," or a thirst for revenge, a place in the hearts or thoughts of the brave fellows who were the recipients of

their affectionate leave-takings, and who resolutely marched to confront in deadly contest, men who, a week before, were their fellow-citizens, but *now* — through some inconceivable fatality, transformed into enemies of the Constitution and Flag they had pledged their lives to defend. Honest pride in their adopted country; a feeling of gratitude which intensified their sense of duty to that country in its hour of peril, and an abiding hope of being *some* day — if God spared them — enabled to devote their soldierly experience to the liberation of the land of their birth and first love, — these constituted their actuating motives, and nerved them for whatever fate was in store for them. And so they wended their way to the boat, far less impressed by the spirit-stirring music of the bands, or the thrilling cheers which, from sidewalk to house-top greeted them on their line of march, than by those plaintive, affectionate salutations, conveyed in the familiar accents which filled their hearts with tender memories of their old home — in that loved Isle beyond the sea.

It was near 6 o'clock, P. M., when the Sixty-ninth embarked on board the "*James Adger*," and sailed for Annapolis, Md. They reached Annapolis on the 26th, and were assigned quarters in the Naval Academy and the adjoining grounds. The next day they were assigned to duty in guarding the railroad between Annapolis and Annapolis Junction. Two days afterwards they received orders to march for Washington, by way of the railroad — which had been destroyed, and which it was their mission to repair and defend, as they marched over it to the capital.

Their services were so well appreciated by the government officials that, on the day of their expected arrival in the city General Spinner, afterwards Treasurer of the United States, addressed the following letter, on their behalf, to the Secretary of War: —

"TREASURER'S OFFICE, May 2, 1861.

"My Dear General:

"The Sixty-ninth New York regiment will be here to-day. The regiment has, as you know, been on active duty along the line of the railroad from here to Annapolis, and has, of course, had no rest. It is essential that it should have the best quarters that can be had. I have reasons for making the request.

"Very respectfully yours,

"SPINNER, M. C.

"Gen. S. Cameron, Sec'y of War."

Upon this suggestion the Secretary of War issued the following order:

"HEADQUARTERS, Department Washington,
May 4, 1861.

"The Sixty-ninth Regiment, New York, is authorized to occupy Georgetown Heights, and the College, until further orders.

"J. K. MANSFIELD,,
"Col. and Commandant."

In a letter to Mr. Richard O'Gorman, Colonel Corcoran thus alludes to their new quarters: —

May 8th, 1861.

"I could not finish my letter last evening in time for the mail. The President, with the Secretary of State, the Secretary of War and other members of the Cabinet, visited us to-day and reviewed the regiment.

"The Secretary of War sent an order to New York, for Thomas F. Meagher's Company and a few hundred whom I was obliged to leave behind. They are to march *via* Baltimore. I received Captain Meagher's letter, but am so busy, (even his case occupied me a little in endeavoring to arrange for his coming forward,) that I have to request you to have me excused for not writing to him. When I meet him here, which will be in a few days, I shall then make up for the matter, and make him feel happy — more happy than I could by writing twenty pages.

"The flag-staff is up, and the cheering has not died away. The pole is ninety feet high, made from two stately trees cut on this ground. I am desirous of describing our present quarters, but time will only permit me to do it very briefly. The rooms are large enough to drill in by Company; the dining-room accommodates five hundred at a time; the Company's store is capable of containing thirty days' provisions for the men. We have sixty-five water tanks for the men to wash in. There are pumps in all parts of the yard, four ball alleys, and all kinds of gymnastic exercises, an excellent parade ground, and miles of the most beautiful walks. I wish you could find time to run out and see us before we move.

"With kindest wishes to all friends,

"I remain very truly your

'MICHAEL CORCORAN,
"Col. 69th Reg't."

Before the Regiment was mustered into the service of the United States,

Colonel Corcoran, by personal application to President Lincoln, obtained an order from the War Department authorizing him to increase its strength by three hundred men. This reinforcement it was intended, should include a company of "Zouazes," commanded by Thomas Francis Meagher, and such members of the Regiment as had been unable to join it on the day of its departure from New York.

CHAPTER LX.

ORGANIZATION OF MEAGHER'S IRISH ZOUAVES. — REMINISCENCES OF FORT CORCORAN.

In his consultation with Colonel Corcoran — on the day before the Sixty-ninth left New York — Meagher ascertained that, — as the "Brigade Lancers," (which command was attached to the Sixty-ninth,) could not go with the Regiment — there was a vacancy of one company, "K," to be filled. This was the opportunity Meagher wished for, and he took immediate steps to organize the required Company. It had been arranged between himself and Colonel Corcoran that the new Company should be designated the "Irish Zouaves," and wear the Zouave uniform. Meagher's own uniform was made on the pattern of that worn by an officer of the "Phœnix Zouaves."

The following call for recruits was issued April 22d, 1861:

"YOUNG IRISHMEN TO ARMS!

"TO ARMS YOUNG IRISHMEN!

"IRISH ZOUAVES.

"One hundred young Irishmen — healthy, intelligent and active — wanted at once to form a Company under command of

"THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER.

"To be attached to the 69th Regiment, N. Y. S. M. No applicant under eighteen or above thirty-five will be enrolled inthe Company.

"Application to be made at 36 Beekman street, every day, between the hours of 10 A. M. and 5 P. M."

Before the end of that week the required number of recruits were enrolled, the officers elected, and the Company drilling industriously in one of Captain Phelan's large rooms, at his billiard establishment, corner of 10th street and Broadway. There they remained for three weeks longer, for, owing to the delay of the State Government in mustering them into the service, they did not leave for Washington until the 22d of May. Meagher had, pending the enforced delay, paid a visit to the 69th at their quarters in Georgetown, and returned to New York much pleased with the progress made by the Regiment in their military exercises.

On the night of the 23d he entered the National Capital at the head of his Company and about two hundred other recruits for the 69th.

A correspondent for one of the New York papers gives the following account of his reception:—

"Last night, about eleven o'clock, I was standing near the corner of Pennsylvania avenue and 11th street. The music of a fine band from the direction of the White House swelled down the street. I thought it was the band from the President's, Old Abe having held a reception to which the officers of the various corps now stationed in this city had been invited. As it came nearer it sounded extremely like the music of a New York band. See what instinct does! The band was accompanied by about two hundred men in full uniform, and quite a number of officers.

"A line was formed near 7th street, arms presented—the band struck up, and two mounted officers rode past. There was an unrestrainable cheer from the ranks, and if their hands had not been holding arms Celtic enthusiasm would have elevated some hats and caps in the air. The line of march was taken this time up the avenue: the two mounted officers, preceded by the band and commandants, and followed by the detachment.

"By this time, late as the hour was, a large concourse of people had assembled. The band was Robertson's—the troops a portion of the 69th. One of the mounted officers, as seen by the starlight and the glimmer of the lamps on the corners, was a moustached, stoutly built gentleman, dressed in a black coat and a hat looped up at the side. *He* was

the object of attraction. A citizen of Washington, commendably curious to know who was the stout, military-looking man, who sat his horse so well, asked a by-stander.

"'That,' said the party interrogated, 'is Thomas Francis Meagher, come on with another regiment from New York.'

"And so it was. Up the avenue the soldiers and the crowd went together. Past Willard's — by the Treasury Building — on still further, the lights in the reception rooms of the White House still burning, between the statues of Jefferson and Jackson, the Tribune went, followed by the crowd to his quarters at Georgetown.

"Opposite, or rather between the two figures, I stopped and watched the procession as it advanced. Going back to my quarters, the strains of the music floating downward from the hills above to the city below, under the quiet sky, I could not help reflecting much on the life of him who was the recipient of the night's honor. The youth inspired by 'the cloudy and lightning genius of the Gael,' a young generation, of whom I was one, hung upon his lips, and hoped to follow him to victory and the revivification of an old nation: the brave, sad effort, the trial, the transportation, the escape from bondage; and now a volunteer in the grand army of the Republic. Through all he has carried with him the same pure, proud, honorable heart; the same kindly and generous feelings and sympathies, and the same intense scorn for the base and venal. May he triumph!" J. B.

THE SIXTY-NINTH IN VIRGINIA. — CONSTRUCTION OF FORT CORCORAN.

On the day succeeding that of Meagher's reporting for duty at Regimental Headquarters, the Sixty-ninth received orders to cross the Potomac into Virginia. Before leaving Georgetown, Colonel Corcoran received a letter from the Mayor, expressive of that official's high estimate of the good order and patriotism of his Regiment.

The low range of hills known as "Arlington Heights," extend for about five miles on the Virginia side of the Potomac, and at an average distance of half a mile from that river. "Arlington House" is situated in about the middle of the range, and is directly opposite the city of Washington, and between the two bridges leading from the Virginia shore to that city.

The upper one of those bridges, known as the Aqueduct-Bridge, leads directly into Georgetown. Several deep ravines extend down the slope of the Heights to the river. At the commencement of the war, both the ravines and the whole eastern face of the Heights were thickly wooded.

The summit of the range constitutes a fairly level table-land, from which the ground slopes to the west at a gradual incline.

When, in May, 1861, the government determined to occupy Arlington Heights and Alexandria, a force of about eight thousand men crossed the river for that purpose, and each command immediately commenced the erection of strong earthworks on their several positions. To the Sixty-ninth was assigned the hill nearest the Aqueduct-Bridge, and commanding the road leading westward to Fairfax Court House.

On the level summit of this hill, the site of a bastioned fort, six hundred and fifty by four hundred and fifty feet, was staked out by the engineers, and the regiment at once set to work throwing up intrenchments and cutting down the timber in the vicinity of the camp. Such was the energy with which they labored, that the work which it was calculated would occupy three thousand men for three weeks, was finished by twelve hundred in a week.

During the progress of the work, the President, and several members of his Cabinet paid the Sixty-ninth a visit, and by their well-merited praises, gave much encouragement to the men in their arduous labors. Mr. Lincoln's affable manner and cheerful badinage made him an especial favorite with these rough-and-ready appreciators of genuine kindness and good humor.

Colonel Corcoran named these defences "Fort Seward," in honor of the Secretary of State, who had shown the regiment many acts of kindness, but the War Department, in consideration of the efficiency of the Sixty-ninth, and their unceasing physical exertions, and as a token of respect to their Colonel, insisted that the fort they built should bear his name, and be recognized in future operations as "Fort Corcoran!"

HOISTING THE STARRY-BANNER IN "DIXIE." — DEDICATORY CEREMONIES.

On the afternoon of Thursday, May 30th, the "Stars and Stripes" were unfurled to the breeze by Captain James Cavanagh of Company C, Sixty-ninth Regiment, to that company being delegated the honor of first raising in Fort Corcoran the flag of the United States.

HENRY WATTERSON, ESQ., — the distinguished journalist — was present on that occasion, and some time subsequently contributed to the Philadelphia *Press*, over the *nom de plume* of "Asa Trenchard," a description of the proceedings — entitled: —

"THE FIRST FLAG-RAISING OVER FEDERAL BATTLEMENTS IN THE OLD DOMINION,"

which, as an interesting historical episode in the carer of the gallant Sixty-ninth, cannot be omitted from any chronicle that would record the strength and patriotism which constructed Fort Corcoran.

Arriving just in time for the "grand, imposing spectacle," he says:—

"As I stood and surveyed the hastily-summoned regiment—thirteen hundred of them—some in red flannel shirts, with sleeves rolled up, exposing the grand sinews of brawny arms; some in blue jackets, soiled with the toil of the trenches; some in white flowing havelocks; some in cocked hats, and some bare-headed, it was impossible to repress an audible expression of admiration at the splendid material represented for the work or the glory of war. There the dark brows, lowering from massive foreheads over flashing eyes; there, pale but bleachless cheeks to fear, knit closely to impregnable lips, the craters of flaming and invincible breath, the pride and prowess of representative Ireland, the issue of that spreading Celtic seed which has sown the world with power, stood before me.

"The troops were drawn up in a semicircle, gradually rising within the amphitheatre formed by the mounds of earth-erected batteries, the front files sitting, the next grade stooping, and the rear ranks standing upon the declivity, as it sloped upward toward the 'outer walls,' the whole presenting the spectacle of a circus audience, seen from the centre-post in the ring; this centre-post being a noble shaft from which the banner now waves.

"The group around this 'pillar of light' were Colonel Corcoran (now General,) Colonel Hunter (now Major-General) of the regular army, Captain Meagher (now Brigadier-General,) John Savage, volunteer aid to Colonel Corcoran, and, of course, 'Asa Trenchard.'

"Now for the ceremony:

"First, Colonel Corcoran introduced Colonel Hunter, who had just been assigned the command of the Brigade of the Aqueduct, consisting of the Fifth, Twenty-eighth, and Sixty-ninth New York regiments, making some patriotic allusions to the flag. Colonel Hunter was, of course, received with loud acclaim. (He said he had never made a speech, but he would wish every success to brave, generous, and valorous Ireland).

"Then Meagher was called out by the throng. He stepped forward and

made a brief but patriotic and high-toned address, showing the devotion Irishmen should bear the flag which brought succor to them in Ireland, and to which, upon landing in this country, they swore undivided allegiance. It was heartily applauded throughout.

(Meagher commenced by saying that "he had labored under the expectation, in fact, the conviction, that he would be relieved from the obligations which Fate had decreed him in civil life, of making speeches, and indulging in oratorical display, wherever and whenever his presence might he discovered, but he found that even on the tented field, his inexorable destiny still pursued him. He continued for some time in one of those beautiful and happy efforts for which he was so pregnant, and concluded with the sentiment that he "hoped the 69th would stand by the flag until the banner of the entire Union had been replaced on every fort and arsenal from which it had been improperly, illegally and nefariously torn down.")

"John Savage, at the desire of Colonel Corcoran, sung the following song to the air of 'Dixie's Land.' It was written by himself, and is entitled —

'THE STARRY FLAG.

'AIR —DIXIES'S LAND.

'Oh the starry Flag is the Flag for me!
'Tis the Flag of life! the Flag of the Free,
Then hurrah! hurrah!
For the Flag of the Union!
Oh, the Stirry Flag, &c.
We'll raise that starry banner, boys,
Hurrah! hurrah!
We'll raise that starry banner, boys,
Where no power in wrath can face it!
On town and field
The people's shield,
No treason can erase it!
O'er all the land
That Flag must stand,
Where the people's might shall place it.

'That Flag was won through gloom and woe!
It has blessed the brave and awed the foe!
Then hurrah! hurrah!
For the Flag of the Union!
That Flag was won, &c.
We'll raise that starry banner, boys,
Hurrah! hurrah!

We'll raise that starry banner, boys,
Where the stripes no hand can sever!
On fort and mast
We'll nail it fast,
To balk all base endeavor!
O'er roof and spire
A living fire
The stars shall blaze forever!

'Tis the people's will, both great and small,
The right of the States, the Union of all!
Then hurrah! hurrah!
For the Flag of the Union!
'Tis the People's will, &c.
We'll raise that starry banner, boys,
Hurrah! hurrah!
We'll raise that starry banner, boys,
Till it is the world's wonder!
On fort and crag
We'll plant that flag
With the People's voice of thunder!
We'll plant that Flag
Where no hand can drag
Its immortal folds asunder!

'We must keep that Flag where it e'er has stood,
In front of the free, the wise and the good!
Then hurrah! hurrah!
For the Flag of the Union!
We must keep that Flag, &c.
We'll raise that starry banner, boys,
On field, fort, mast and steeple!
And fight and fall
At our country's call
By the glorious Flag of the People!
In God, the Just,
We place our trust,
To defend the Flag of the People!

'On board U. S. transport Marion,
Monday, May 13, 1861.'

"The enthusiam which this peculiarly stirring song, with its splendid refrain chorused by thirteen hundred brave voices aroused, while the Stars and Stripes floated proudly from the mast-head in the melting sunset on the sweet breeze from the river, cannot be described. It was electrical. There stood the author himself by the side of Meagher, both symbols of Irish patriotism; there stood those dauntless men, their brothers in arms and exile; and there, above all—the stripes vying with the red streaks of the west, and its stars with the silver globes that already began to break through the sky—waved the banner which had come to them when starving, which had protected them when flying, and for whose preservation and per-

petuation they now marched to the roll of the national reveille! Well might it awaken those grateful hearts; and no wonder that when the last thunders of the final verse, roaring like distant artillery, were rising up like vigils around the flag, they broke from their places and surrounded their chief, their orator, their priest and their poet in a general Irish 'hullabaloo,' as inspiring as a camp meeting.

"I must say it was very hard, between the comic, grotesque scene now presented to the eye, and the earnest heart-felt associations imaged to the heart, to refrain from mingled convulsions of laughter and crying."

Nearly twenty years after I first read the foregoing animated description of the flag-raising on Fort Corcoran, I had the great pleasure of making the personal acquaintance of the distinguished writer; and, by a happy coincidence — through the instrumentality of the "poet" of the occasion — our mutual friend, John Savage. It was during Mr. Savage's last visit to Washington in the summer of 1884. We were in the Capitol together, when we, accidentally, met Mr. Watterson, and our introduction followed. Mr. Watterson, in turn, introduced both of us to his father — a venerable, pleasant old gentleman — then hale and hearty. While we were exchanging salutations, we were joined by Mr. Thomas Seton Donoho, an old friend of Messrs. Watterson and Savage, but to me, until then only known by reputation as the "Poet of Ivy wall!" and a warm friend of John Mitchell's.

Mr. Watterson, junior, proposed that we should dine together at the House Restaurant, but his father, — having to fulfil an engagement — excused himself and bade us a cheerful "good-bye."

The few hours that followed were among the pleasantest of my life in America; for, though it was my first meeting with two of the party, those congenial spirits soon made me feel as if we were all old comrades — there were so many things in which we mutually sympathized. In the course of conversation I told Mr. Watterson that "Asa Trenchard's" description of the "Flag-raising on Fort Corcoran" first led to my knowledge of what an appreciative and sympathizing friend Ireland had in him, when he, laughingly told me that some of his, whilome, Southern friends, seemed to be exceedingly exasperated by these articles; that they accused him of being little better than a "Black Republican" at heart, and broadly intimated that "lynching" was about just what he merited.

"But," he added, turning to Savage, "do you know, Mike, that 'tis this fellow, — your friend 'Jack,' here — was responsible for it all — for 'tis he who first made me a 'Young Irelander!'"

I then proceeded to give them the following account of a visit I had made to Fort Corcoran, five years after the termination of the war, and of the gloomy contrast it then presented to that which "Asa Trenchard's" vivid description had indelibly impressed on my memory.

Reminiscences of Fort Corcoran.

When I visited Fort Corcoran, for the first time, in September, 1870, the place presented a melancholy contrast to what it did on the day the "Stars and Stripes" were first hoisted above it. The fort had been abandoned by the government some short time previously — the guns and platforms removed, the flag-staff cut down, and the stockade, which originally defended the side facing the river had also disappeared; even the heavy logs which supported the roof of the "magazine" had been partially displaced — (the door was gone altogether) — I presume to supply firewood to the dwelling which, with its garden, occupied a portion of the enclosed ground. The huge ramparts, however, appeared as if they were destined to last for centuries, — perpetuating the memory of the brave builders and their heroic commander: —

"The proofs of Irish loyalty —
The work of Irish hands."

The space enclosed within the limits of the fort contained between six and seven acres, including the house and garden — which overlooked the river and the city beyond it. The angles of the work faced the cardinal points. The south-west, or main face of the fort, overlooked a level field nearly half a mile long, flanked at the left side by the road leading towards Fairfax Court House, and on the right by a wooded ravine through which ran a small rivulet. This ravine approached to within a few yards of the north-western angle of the works, and, at the time of my visit, was covered with a thick growth of scrubby bushes — shoots from the stumps of the trees that had been cut down when the fort was erected — so as to afford no cover to foes approaching through the ravine.

I had some general idea of the main situation of the fort and its surroundings, derived from information given me by some of those by whom the works were erected, and as I slowly paced round the parapet and recalled many of the incidents I had heard from the lips of those dear friends, (now, alas! silent for ever,) I imagined I could locate the exact spots where they transpired. I felt certain of the position — outside the works — occupied by Company A, — "*Haggerty's Bullies!*" (as they were called —

after their gallant Captain). It was between the north-west bastion and the ravine, and I pictured to myself the scene of that midnight alarm on the 2d of June, '61, when the bugles of the Fifth, Twenty-eighth and Sixty-ninth New York Regiments sounded the "officers' call," and the drums beat to arms. I imagined I saw the regiment swarming from the tents and hastening to man the ramparts, their gallant Colonel coolly directing their movements, John O'Mahony — his volunteer Aid — mounted by his side, Judge Daly and Richard O'Gorman on the ramparts with the men, revolvers in hand, ready to take a share in whatever turned up; while John Savage — most practical of poets, wisely choose a more effective weapon — the old-fashioned 69-calibre musket — whose load of ball-and-buckshot was likely to do most execution in the dark. I could, in fancy, hear Captain Haggerty's familiar voice giving the command — "Double quick!" as with half his company he disappeared in the darkness out by the Fairfax Court House road — in which direction was heard the firing that caused all this commotion. They soon returned with the information that the alarm was caused by the rebel pickets firing on the outposts of the Twenty-eighth New York — who promptly returned the fire.

While musing over these reminiscences of the loved and lost, with a sadness of heart in keeping with the dreariness of the leaden-hued skies,— the mournful sigh of the evening wind through the neighboring thicket, and the tall, rank weeds that fringed the ramparts, I came upon an object that changed the current of my thoughts, and drew forth an involuntary, but most emphatic exclamation! There, at my feet, in one of the embrasures through which a formidable "sixty-eight-pounder" erewhile scowled defiance at the rebel foe — lay a "*figure-of-four trap*" *to catch rabbits.* My first impulse was to fling the thing into the ditch, with an imprecation on the pot-hunting scoundrel who selected that hero-haunted spot as the scene of his tricky operations. But when I reflected that the irreverent offender must be either an "ignorant Nigger," or, more unconscionable still, a "boy,' I merely turned away in disgust.

I hastened to where the flag-staff once stood, and secured a few of its chips from the vicinity of the stump — together with a rusty spike-nail used in fastening the halliard-cleat, which I still have as mementoes; then, after getting a drink of water from the "well" dug by the boys of the Sixty-ninth, I came sadly away, wishing that, at least, the old flag-staff might

be left to keep its place where brave men planted it, until it succumbed to the influence of Time.*

CHAPTER LXI.

THE BULL-RUN CAMPAIGN.

He seeks not safety, let his post
Be where it ought — in danger's van;
And if the field of fame be lost,
It won't be by an Irishman.

JAMES ORR.

FOR about six weeks after the completion of Fort Corcoran the Sixty-ninth remained in occupation, drilling assiduously by day, and kept constantly on the alert watching their wily and daring foe, by night. In addition to their own officers, ten West-Point cadets were assigned to them as military instructors, and the men were, in some measure, enabled to make up for the time spent in the trenches. During this interval, also, several of the more intelligent officers of the Phœnix Brigade — who had gone out with the Sixty-ninth as "privates" — were promoted to their proper position as commissioned officers, — some of them subsequently rose to the rank of General.

In the beginning of July Archbishop Hughes, accompanied by Bishop Timon of Buffalo, visited the camp, and was most enthusiastically received by the regiment. Well might they honor him, both as a venerable dignitary of their church and as a patriot, whose services to the Union cause were unsurpassed by those of any other of his fellow-citizens — clerical or

* In a recent visit to the site of Fort Corcoran I found not a vestige of the entrenchments — they were levelled and the ditch filled. Only the "well," and the excavation which marked the site of the "magazine," remain.

lay. The week after the Archbishop's departure, Father Mooney, the Chaplain of the regiment, also returned to New York. But his place was at once filled by the Rev. Father O'Reilly, the eminent Jesuit — who has since obtained well-deserved celebrity as a writer and champion of Irish liberty.

Other changes occurred at this time among the field and staff officers of the regiment. Lieutenant-Colonel Nugent was disabled by an accidental fall from his horse, and Captain James Haggerty of Company "A" took his place, and held it until he fell gloriously at the head of the regiment in the advance on Bull Run, just one month later. Major James Bagley being also absent in New York at this time, Captain Thomas F. Meagher acted as Major up to and after the battle of Bull Run, and in that capacity commanded the regiment on its return to Fort Corcoran.

On the evening of the 15th of July, — the Sixty-ninth being drawn up in close column on parade, — Colonel Corcoran read the special order for the march into Virginia on next day.

TRAITORS AND SPIES IN WASHINGTON.

Washington, at that time, harbored many bitter enemies to the Union. They permeated all ranks and classes of society, and some of them must have been amongst the most trusted officials of the Government. Owing to the treachery of those concealed traitors the Confederate leaders were kept regularly informed of the plans and purposes of the Government, as will be seen from the following statement of General Beauregard, commander of the Confederate forces at Bull Run, — taken from his account of that battle in the *Century*.

"Happily, through the foresight of Colonel Thomas Jordan, — whom General Lee had placed as the Adjutant-General of the forces there assembled before my arrival — arrangements were made which enabled me to receive regularly, from private persons at the Federal capital, most accurate information, of which politicians high in council, as well as War Department clerks, were the unconscious (?) ducts. Moreover, my enterprising, intelligent pickets were watchfully kept in the closest proximity to General McDowell's headquarters, and, by a stroke of good fortune on the fourth of July, happened upon and captured a sergeant and soldier of the regulars, who were leisurely riding for recreation not far outside their lines. The soldier, an intelligent, educated Scotchman, proved to be a clerk in the Adjutant-General's office of General McDowell, intrusted with the special duty of compiling returns of his army — a work which he confessed, without

reluctance, he had just executed, showing the forces under McDowell about the first of July. His statement of the composition and strength of that force tallied so closely with that which had been acquired through my Washington agencies, already mentioned, as well as through the leading newspapers of New York and Washington, Philadelphia and Baltimore, regular files of which were also transmitted to my headquarters from the Federal capital, that I could not doubt them."

Coming from such an authoritative source, these statements are interesting evidences of the general prevalence of treason in the capital at the period referred to, but further on in his revelations, General Beauregard gives a specific instance of treachery in high quarters — which, in the blackness of its criminality as well as in the importance of its consequences, — overshadowed the petty treason of eaves-dropping Department clerks and mercenary deserters.

"Just before Colonel Chesnut was dispatched on the mission of which I have spoken, a former clerk in one of the departments at Washington, well known to him, had volunteered to return thither and bring back the latest information, from our most trusted friends, of the military and political situations. His loyaly, intelligence, and desire to be of service being vouched for, and as I was extremely solicitous to hear the personal observations of so intelligent a gentleman as he was represented to be, he was at once sent across the Potomac below Alexandria by our agencies in that quarter, merely accredited by a small scrap of paper bearing in Colonel Jordan's cipher the two words, 'Trust bearer,' with which he was to call at a certain house in a certain street in Washington within easy rifle-range of the White House, ask for the lady of the house, and present it only to her.

"This delicate mission was as fortunately as it was deftly executed.

"In the early morning, as the newsboys were crying in the as yet empty streets of Washington, the intelligence that the order was given for the Federal army to move at once upon my position,(?) that scrap of paper, apparently so unmeaning, reached the hands of the one person in all that city who could extract any meaning from it. With no more delay than was necessary for a hurried breakfast, and the writing in cipher by Mrs. G—— of the words, '*Order issued for McDowell to march upon Manassas to-night*," my agent was placed in communication with another friend, who carried him in a buggy with a relay of horses as swiftly as possible down the eastern shore of the Potomac to our regular ferry across that river.

"Without untoward incident the momentous dispatch was quickly deliv-

ered into the hands of a cavalry courier, and by means of relays, it was in my hands between eight and nine o'clock that night. Within half an hour my outpost commanders, advised of what was impending, were directed, at the first evidence of the near presence of the enemy in their front, to fall back in the maner, and to positions already prescribed in anticipation of such a contingency, in an order confidentially communicated to them four weeks before, and the detachment at Leesburg was directed to join me by forced marches."*

Who was this "Mrs. G——," the confidential spy of the Confederates, and who was the official in high quarters who gave her the important information which resulted so disastrously to the Union army?—are questions that are still unanswered.

THE SIXTY-NINTH IN ADVANCE.

The most graphic and interesting account of the experiences of the Sixty-ninth after leaving Fort Corcoran, is that furnished by THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER, in his narrative entitled "THE LAST DAYS OF THE 69TH IN VIRGINIA," from which the following extracts are selected:—

"ADVANCE ON FAIRFAX COURT HOUSE.—FIRST SIGHT OF THE ENEMY.

"It was fully 10 o'clock, on the morning of the 17th of July, when the 69th came in sight of Fairfax Court House, the road along which the regiment passed being obstructed, every half mile almost, with enormous heaps of fallen trees, which the Confederates had levelled and massed together, and which had to be cut through by our axe-men, before the slightest progress could be made. In this rough and dangerous pioneering, the Engineers of the 69th, under the command of their high-spirited young Captain, did quick and clear work, splendidly maintaining their character with the regiment for usefulness, promptitude and boldness.

"Arriving in sight of Fairfax Court House, and within easy cannon-shot of it, the 69th, leaving the Ohio and other regiments drawn up in line of battle along the road, striking off at right-angles to the left of the main line of march, passed on so as to flank the village and cut off the retreat of the Confederates.

"Proceeding in the execution of this movement, we came in sight of

* "The Battle of Bull Run, by General Beauregard." The CENTURY, November, 1884

a portion of the enemy, apparently from one thousand to one thousand five hundred strong, drawn up in line of battle outside the village in a field, directly fronting our line of march. The order to halt was promptly given, the right wing of the 69th was thrown into the fields to the left, and uniting there with the 2d New York — as vigorous and spirited a body of men as any one would wish to see — moved rapidly down upon the enemy.

"As they neared him, however, he retreated into the village, and then out of it towards Centreville, leaving it to be peacefully entered, a short time after, by the forces from Arlington Heights, and the encampments between that and Alexandria and beyond it."

IN GERMANTOWN. — AN ACT OF VANDALISM IN BRITISH STYLE.

"At 12 o'clock the Green Flag was planted upon the deserted ramparts of the Confederates at Germantown; the Stars and Stripes were lifted opposite to it, at a distance of fifteen paces, and between the two beautiful and inspiring symbols — the one of their old home and the other of their new country — the 69th passed in triumph, hats and caps waving on the bayonet points, and an Irish cheer, such as never before shook the woods of old Virginia, swelling and rolling far and wide into the gleaming air.

"Defiling through the deserted earth-works at Germantown, our Brigade bore off to the left, taking position in line of battle in the open fields spreading northward from the village. Skirmishers were thrown forward, and the village also being found deserted, the march was renewed, the position of the regiments being altered — the First Wisconsin taking the right, and the 69th bringing up the rear of the Brigade.

"Over the streaming bayonets, through the swaying colors and the clouds of dust rolling densely upwards from the trampled earth, riding at the head of the 69th beside our Colonel, I saw the handful of little wooden houses, known as Germantown, rise up and dilate before us. One house, however, particularly struck me, even at that distance, and notwithstanding the dust, confusion and tumult through which I noticed it, — a two-storied house, well proportioned, — with a white, cheerful face; roses and woodbine, as I took them to be, coiling and clustering about the trellissed porch; young ornamental trees in front of it; a clear and handsome feature in the clouded picture against which we were moving — it was the first pleasant object, of the quieter and friendlier order of things, we had fallen in with since we pushed on that morning from Vienna.

"'*That house is on fire*,' Father O'Reilly, the Chaplain, hurriedly observed, as he whipped his horse up beside the Colonel.

"The words had scarcely fallen from his lips when a round mass of black smoke rolled out of the windows of the house and buried it in darkness. In another moment, the red flames were leaping through the smoke, and the crackling of timbers, pierced and rifted with the fire, was heard distinctly above the tramp and tumult of the march. The only ornament of the village, in hot haste and fury, was plunging into ashes. In half an hour it would be, at best, a heap of smouldering charcoal.

"Whose was the scurvy and malignant hand that fired the deserted homestead? It is for the regiments of the Brigade, in advance of the 69th to answer. With them rests the responsibility of this savage riotousness and mischief. The house was doomed irrevocably when the 69th came up. The Irish regiment swept by the blazing ruin, cursing the ruffians who had played the barbarous prank, and maddened with the thought of the disgrace it would bring on the Federal Flag."

Under Fire.

"A shout, hearty and prolonged, soon told us that Centreville, also, had been evacuated. The huts, cresting the rising ground on the left, were stripped to the very leaves and branches of which they had been built. The *redoubt* between the house and the road was emptied too, nothing falling into the possession of the Federal troops but a few ammunition boxes. It was a clean sweep the Confederates made, as they fell back, abandoning position after position, until they fiercely stood their ground in that fatal labyrinth, bristling, four miles ahead, between us and Manassas. It was there they wanted us; and their abandoned positions at Vienna, at Fairfax, at Germantown, at Centreville — wherever they had been grouped between Bull Run and Falls Church, up to the evening of our advance, — were but so many artifices, elaborately arranged along our line of march, to entice us headlong, breathless and breadless almost, to destruction.

"At noon on the 18th of July, the Stars and Stripes were flying over Centreville. The regiments under Colonel Keyes, accompanied by Brigadier-General Tyler, moved down the southern slope of the hill already mentioned, and disappeared. Sherman's Brigade broke into the fields to the right of where we halted on the road — arms were stacked — haversacks and canteens were brought into play — and the sore-footed volunteers, their blankets spread above them on rails and muskets, so as to shade them somewhat, enjoyed a lunch of biscuit and hot water, and four hours' repose.

"Little they seemed to heed the cannon which, at long intervals, —

intervals of from ten to twenty minutes — when it first began to boom, off there in the hazy woods below, — told them that the enemy was found at last. One might have thought that every man of the 69th had been a hardened and callous veteran, so coolly, so indifferently, so lazily did they take those dread intimations that death had commenced his havoc amid the lightnings, and with all the pomp of war.

"The fact is — what with constant alarms at Fort Corcoran, forced marches and precipitate expeditions two or three times a week — being under arms upon the ramparts every second night or so, lying in ambuscade at the Alexandria and Loudon railway from midnight until dawn, and undergoing all the hardships, violences, and most of the shocks of war, the men of the 69th had become familiarized by anticipation and analogy with the scene which, at that moment, was being played out with such terrible effect amid the beautiful green trees of Virginia, and on one of the oldest high-roads to her capital. Hence the strange coolness with which they heard those bellowings of the conflict, awaiting the summons that would fling them into its fierce currents, and whirl their banner into the blackest and wildest eddies of the storm.

"At four o'clock in the afternoon that summons came. Sherman's Brigade was ordered up to relieve the regiments that had been under fire for five hours and more. The 69th led the way, and, as they hurried up the hill, the elasticity and enthusiasm of their race seemed to pervade them thoroughly. Of those thousand men, sweeping on to battle, through choking clouds of dust, and under that smiting sun, there was not one but carried himself right gallantly — not one who did not feel that the honor of his race and of its military character was staked that hour upon the conduct of the 69th; and who, feeling this, and lifting his eye in rapture to the Green Flag as it danced above the rushing column, did not swear to meet the thrusts of battle with a fearless heart.

"An hour's rushing — for the marching of the 69th to Bull Run that evening cannot otherwise be described — brought the regiment to the brow of the hill descending into the little meadow, where the Federal troops, regiment after regiment, had faced and stood a tempestous fire from batteries of rifled cannon — masked as well as naked batteries — the fire of rifle-pits — a downright torrent and whirlwind of balls and shot, all of the deadliest cunning and ripest pattern.

"And here they encountered several of the 12th Regiment of New York Volunteers hurrying from the bloody arena in the woods below, some of

them dragging dead or bleeding comrades along with them, others with bandaged heads or legs or arms, staggering through the dust and the vengeful storm from the rifled cannon which still pursued them. Here, too, they met the 13th of Rochester on its retreat, this fine young regiment having stood its ground until broken and overpowered.

"Seeing a body of men making through the woods from where the murderous hail was pouring in upon them thick and sharp and fast, and taking them to be the Southerners in pursuit of the 12th New York, the boys of the 69th instinctively brought their bayonets to the charge, and were on the point of plunging upon the 13th, when Captain Haggerty dashed along the line and struck the bayonets upwards with his sword. It was the bold act of a cool, strong, decisive brain, and in an instant it stayed the 69th with an iron hand, as it were, and held it in a masterly suspense.

"The next moment we were ordered to lie down in double file, in the wood overlooking the field of battle, with our faces and muskets to the road, and in that position, keeping perfectly silent and collected, to await further orders. For more than three quarters of an hour did the regiment keep its position there — without a word from the ranks — without a breath almost — whilst shot and shell, and every sort of hellish missile, swept and tore, whizzed and jarred, smashed and plunged through the trees all about, and close to us overhead, in hurtling and deafening showers on either flank, in front and rear.

"While we lay under that torrent and hurricane of round shot, spherical ball, shell and canister, whilst we patiently submitted to this butcherly rain, Captain Haggerty stood upon our extreme right, contemplating with undisguised satisfaction, the perfect coolness and subordination of the men, the Colonel taking it just as coolly in the centre as though he had been dictating some unimportant order in his *marquee* at Fort Corcoran, with a pitcher of ice-water close at hand.

"Between six and seven o'clock, General McDowell came upon the ground with a brilliant escort, including the young Governor Sprague of Rhode Island, and he, comprehending at a glance the situation of affairs, the sheer deadliness of the conflict, and the utter fatuity of attacking the hidden enemy in his lair, ordered the 69th to return to the hill overlooking the little village of Centreville, and there await further orders, which would be forthwith issued."

(Owing to the lack of rations, and the necessity for information, General McDowell was detained at Centreville for the next two days, spending the

time in reconnoissances. This delay was of considerable advantage to his opponent, for, meanwhile General Johnson joined him with six thousand men and twenty guns from the Shenandoah Valley, and General Holmes with one thousand three hundred men and six guns from Acquia Creek).

MEAGHER'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED. — HOW IRISH SOLDIERS PREPARED FOR BATTLE.

"Were it not for the visit of Father Scully, the young and devoted Chaplain of Colonel Cass's Irish Regiment, from Boston, who, having heard of Thursday's fighting, dashed across from Washington, over five-and-thirty miles, to see and learn all about us, Saturday, despite of the glaring sunshine, would have been a gloomy day indeed. His hearty words and presence lit up afresh the life and fire of the 69th; and he came in good time, and most kindly staid long enough to relieve our own beloved Chaplain, Father O'Reilly at the confessional. There were few of the 69th who failed to confess and ask forgiveness on that day. Every one, officers as well as privates, prepared for death. Sincerely and devoutly they made their peace with God. This is the secret of their courage, and the high, bright spirit with which they bore all the hardships, the privations, the terrors, and the chastisement of the battle.

"It was, in truth, an affecting sight — that of strong, stalwart, rugged men — all upon their knees, all with heads uncovered, all with hands clasped in prayer and eyes cast down, approaching, one by one, the good, dear priest, who, seated at the foot of an old bare tree, against which some of our boys had spread for him an awning of green branches, heard the confessions of the poor fellows, and bid them be at ease and fearless. Long as I live, I shall never forget that scene. It was not less impressive than that of Father O'Reilly's passing along our line, as we knelt within range of the enemy's batteries on one knee, with bayonets fixed, expecting every instant to be swept upon, and the final benediction was imparted.

"Father O'Reilly has told me since, that the earnestness and devotion with which poor Haggerty received that benediction, singularly struck him, and that the attitude and expression of this truly honest and heroic soldier, at that solemn moment could never leave his memory."

Meagher concludes his narrative with the following observations on the battle of Bull Run, and the subsequent retreat of the 69th to Fort Corcoran: —

"Of subsequent incidents and events, the world, by this time, has heard enough. Concerning the advance from Centreville, the battle, the retreat, the alarm and confusion of the Federal troops, columns and volumes have been filled. I can add nothing to the history of the day but my testimony, that wherever the Federal troops had a fair chance — wherever, indeed, they had the slightest opening even — there and then they whipped the Confederate forces, utterly overwhelmed and confounded them. In every instance where the Federal infantry came in contact with that of the seceding States, did this occur. In no one instance, not for a second, did it happen that the Federal forces were driven back by, or received the slightest check from, the Southern Infantry. We yielded to their batteries, and despite of every effort and determination were compelled to do so. It was impossible for men to override that tempest. Three times did the 69th launch itself against it. Three times, having plunged head-foremost into its deadliest showers, was it hurled back. We beat their men — their batteries beat us. That is the story of the day.

"Repulsed the last time from the enemy's works, following the regiment as it was fiercely driven out, I was knocked head over heels, and fell senseless on the field. A private of the United States Cavalry, galloping by, grasped me by the back of the neck, jerked me across his saddle, and carried me a few hundred yards beyond the range of the batteries."

[NOTE. — In reference to the gallant soldier who rescued Meagher from his perilous position on the above occasion, the annexed interesting letter was written at the time. It is fitting that his fame should be commemorated in connection with that of the hero whose life he saved, and on whose staff he subsequently served in the Irish Brigade. I am happy to state that Captain McCoy is still living in Washington, — where he holds an important clerical position in the Adjutant-General's office.

"WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 20th, 1861.

"*To the Editor of the Irish-American:*

"The young hero who so daringly rescued Capt. Thomas F. Meagher, in the very face of the enemy, at the battle of Bull Run, was Joseph P. McCoy, of Co. "B," 2d U. S. Cavalry, (formerly a student of St. Francis Xavier's College, in your city). It is, therefore, needless to remark that he is as accomplished as brave. * * * * * From this brave young man I have elicited the following circumstances connected therewith, i. e., that after the heroic 69th (as he styled them,) were repulsed for the third and last time, the cavalry were ordered to move towards the road leading to Cen-

treville, in order to hurry on the stragglers, and, on the heights above the Stone Bridge, to make a stand with Ayres' Battery, and the 2d U. S. Infantry to cover the retreat. The moment the order was given, it was put in execution. It seems, however, that instantaneously with the word of command, McCoy saw Capt. Meagher on the ground, within a couple hundred yards of the enemy's batteries. One look was sufficient — to break from his companions was but the work of an instant. He would rescue the gallant Captain, or perish in the attempt. It is needless to remark how ably it was done. * * One incident only remains to be added to show the real worth of the young hero. He informed me privately that he had not eaten a morsel since 2 o'clock that morning (the time of the retreat being about 5 P. M.,) save a piece of cracker and a little water, and that for three days his horse had had but one *substantial meal* (SIX EARS OF CORN); that he himself was so weak, that he expected every moment to be precipitated from the saddle by the weight of Capt. Meagher, whose exhaustion was so great that he was barely able to retain his hold on his young ally. Over hills and ravines McCoy rode with his charge, util he reached a place of safety, and joined his company; when tenderly assisting him to dismount, he coupled the action with the words, '*Captain, were I a Volunteer, this horse should be yours, but being a Regular, it is, I regret, impossible.*' [These words I have from several members of his Company, who all knew and instantly recognized Thomas F. Meagher.] Justice to the young hero, as well as the champion of '48, compels me to disclose to the public what was given to me alone as a mere anecdote of the war.

"I am very respectfully yours,

"CHAS. H. NORBURY."]

"When I got upon my feet, I found myself in a group of Fire Zouaves and a number of the 8th and 71st, New York, who very quietly, without the least flurry or trepidation, were retracing their steps to the camping ground at Centreville. I walked with them until an artillery wagon came up, when, from that out, until we came to the stream which crosses the road between Centreville and the field of battle — half-way between these two points — I had as hard a jolting as any one could well endure. Here I was pitched into the water, one of the horses of the wagon being shot by the Black Horse Cavalry which dashed upon us from the woods on our left, and the wagon tumbling over. Here, too, it was that the panic took place. Up to this point, there was no fright, no alarm, no confusion, not the least apparent uneasiness.

"These fragments of regiments were coolly and steadily returning to

the fields from which they had set out — as coolly and unconcernedly as though they were strolling along the Bloomingdale road of a Sunday evening in the Fall — when, all of a sudden, down came Commissariat wagons, ambulances, hospital carts, artillery forges, and every description of vehicle, dashing and smashing each other, and with one fearful wreck blocking up the river.

"A few yards off, there were two or three hundred of the Black Horse sweeping into us with their carbines. But for a couple of guns of Ayres' battery, which, dashing up from the crowd, were thrown with the quickness of lightning into position, and which flung on the enemy a torrent of cannister, there would, I believe, have been a terrible havoc wrought at that bridge and ford. As it was, the only disgraceful episode of the battle was written there.

"Struggling through the river, however, I fell in again with the throng of retreating soldiers, and soon after reached the field where we had encamped the three previous nights. Here I found Dr. Smith and about fifty of the 69th. Learning that three or four hundred of the regiment were on the road to Fairfax, I hurried after them to ascertain their intentions, Dr. Smith having insisted on my taking his horse for the purpose. They were bound for Fort Corcoran — the Colonel, wounded and exhausted, had passed ahead in an ambulance* — Colonel Sherman had told them so — and wherever the Colonel of the 69th was, there the 69th should be.

"At 3 o'clock on the morning of the 22d of July, weary and worn, famished and naked almost, the 69th passed through the familiar gates of their old quarters, and after a battle which had lasted for eight hours and more, and a march of five and thirty miles, laid themselves down to sleep."

With the modesty characteristic of the truly brave, Meagher is silent as to his own share of the credit accorded by friend and foe to his gallant regiment for their conduct at Bull Run.† His brother officers, however,

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*This was a mistake; Colonel Corcoran was then a prisoner.

† The Memphis Argus, in commenting on the battle, said:—

"No Southerner but feels that the Sixty-ninth maintained the old reputation of Irish valor,—on the wrong side through misguidance, not through treachery to the old cause; and not one of us but feels that the day must come when a true understanding of the principles at issue will range their fearless hearts in line with their brethren of the South."

On the Union side, President Lincoln and the veteran, General Winfield Scott, bestowed the highest encomiums on them; and Judge Holt, of Kentucky, in an address which he

were not so reticent in his regard. They have placed upon record their testimony as to his services on that eventful day, in the annexed card — which they published to confute some equivocal inuendoes concerning him, made by that malignant traducer of his race — Russell — the notorious correspondent of the London *Times*: —

"Allusions to Capt. Thomas Francis Meagher, in one or two of the more recent letters of Mr. Russell to the London *Times*, seeming to imply that at and immediately after the battle of Bull Run he was wanting in his duty, and did not exhibit the steadiness and bravery for which the American public have given him credit, we, the undersigned, officers of the Sixty-ninth, present at the battle of Bull Run, consider it due to Captain Meagher emphatically to state that no officer or soldier could have borne himself more gallantly, nor with more perfect coolness and intrepidity, than he did all through the labors and terrors of that battle.

"Acting as Major of the regiment, and special aid to Colonel Corcoran, his exertions were incessant throughout the day — now delivering orders — another time encouraging the men — hastening up stragglers on the march — keeping the men compact and silent in the ranks — doing everything an officer could do to excite the ardor and insure the efficiency of the regiment. Riding coolly and deliberately along the line, in front of the enemy's batteries, from which a tempest of ball and shell swept the field, whilst in the act of delivering the Colonel's order to prepare to charge, Captain Meagher's horse was torn to pieces by a cannon shot. From that out he took his place with his company of Zouaves on foot, advanced upon the enemy's batteries, cheered and inspired the men as they rushed upon the works, and in the face of the deadliest fire, with his head uncovered, stood his ground, waved his sword, rallied the Sixty-ninth in the name of Ireland, when the regiment was twice repulsed, and was among the last, if he himself was not the very last, to leave the fatal spot where so many of his honest-hearted countrymen were slain.

"In the confusion which followed the final repulse from the batteries, and in the smoke and uproar of the batteries, we lost sight of Captain Meagher, and he of us.

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delivered to the Kentucky Volunteers, held them up as a bright example in the following words:—

"Leonidas himself, while surveying the Persian host that, like a troubled sea, swept onward to the pass where he stood, would have been proud of the leadership of such men."

"We did not see him again until he came up, a mile or so beyond the village of Centreville, to the main body of the regiment, which, in good order, was on its return to Fort Corcoran, it having been reported to the officers by Brigadier Sherman that Colonel Corcoran had gone on there in an ambulance, being badly wounded. Yielding to the unanimous request of both officers and men, Captain Meagher took command of the regiment at this juncture, and brought it back steadily to Fort Corcoran, where it arrived a little after three o'clock the morning after the battle, after an uninterrupted march of thirty miles.

"In conclusion, we take the heartiest satisfaction in bearing witness — once for all, against all insinuations or assertions to the contrary, and from whatever source they come — to the exemplary and chivalrous conduct of Captain Thomas Francis Meagher upon every occasion since he attached himself to the Sixty-ninth. In the camp no officer was more diligent, active and indefatigable in the discharge of his duties; on the march no one was more eager in battle; none more reckless of his life.

JAMES KELLY,	Captain company H.
JAMES CAVANAGH,	Captain company C.
PATRICK KELLY,	Captain company E.
THOMAS CLARKE,	Captain company D.
JOHN BRESLIN,	Captain company F.
WM. BUTLER,	Lieutenant company I.
JOHN COONAN,	Lieutenant company I.
THEODORE KELLY,	Lieutenant company A.
WM. M. GILES,	Lieutenant company B.
ED. K. BUTLER,	Lieutenant company K.
JAMES QUINLAN,	Captain Engineers.
DANIEL STRAIN,	Lieutenant company A.
D. L. SULLIVAN,	Lieutenant company A.
THOMAS LIDDY,	Lieutenant company B.
LAURENCE CAHILL,	Lieutenant company B.
JAMES SMITH,	Lieutenant company C.
JASPER M. WHITTY,	Lieutenant company C.
RICHARD DALTON,	Lieutenant company D.
MICHAEL O'BOYLE,	Lieutenant company D.
WM. S. MCMANUS,	Lieutenant company E.
PATRICK DUFFY,	Lieutenant company F.
JOHN A. NUGENT,	Lieutenant company F.
HENRY J. MCMAHON,	Lieutenant company G.

MATTHEW MURPHY, . . .	Lieutenant company G.
JAMES LOWRY, . . .	Lieutenant company H.
FRANCIS WHELPY, . . .	Lieutenant company H.
THOS. M. CANTON, . . .	Lieutenant company I.
WM. FOGARTY, . . .	Lieutenant company I.
MAURICE W. WALL, . . .	Lieutenant company K.

CAPTURE OF COLONEL CORCORAN.

For some days after the return of the 69th from Manassas, the most intense anxiety regarding the fate of its gallant colonel was manifested by his friends throughout the North. The first reliable information as to what had become of him after the regiment had recrossed Bull Run on the retreat, was conveyed in the following letter from himself to his friend, Captain Kirker: —

"RICHMOND, VA., July 24th, 1861.

"CAPTAIN JAMES B. KIRKER.

"My Dear Captain: — I know you will regret to hear of me being here a prisoner of war. The circumstances connected with the affair are easily told. My regiment was twice engaged during that hard-contested fight on the 21st inst., and left the field with the thanks of Gen. McDowell for their services. I brought them off in admirable order, having formed a square, to defend against the cavalry, who were advancing. I moved in the square until reaching a wood, when, having to pass through a defile, and over very broken ground, I had to march by a flank until I reached the road, where we got mixed up with two other regiments who were retreating in disorder. I soon ordered a halt to correct our line, and scarcely had the command been given, when the cavalry of the enemy were seen advancing, and immediately the other regiments went over the ra..-fence into the field, and mine with them. I dismounted (my horse being wounded,) and, following into the field, took the colors and called out to rally around it. My voice was drowned amid the roar of our artillery and the discharge of the cavalry carbines, consequently only two officers, Capt. McIvor and Lieut. Connelly, with nine privates, were all I had. This delay caused our arrest. The cavalry surrounded us at a small house which I was about to use as a means of defence, and made prisoners of my gallant little band. Many others were made prisoners in the same field and immediate vicinity, who had fallen down from exhaustion, making a total of prisoners from the Sixty-ninth of thirty-seven, who are all here, and a list

of whom I send you, that you may publish it for the information of their friends.

"We lost many a brave and manly spirit on that day, which fills me with the deepest sorrow. My beloved acting Lieutenant-Colonel Haggerty was the first who fell. Captain Meagher, who acted as Major, I have not seen since the fight, nor any person who could give me any information. My imprisonment is deeply embittered from the want of knowledge of the fate of my beloved soldiers since my last sight of them.

"There are about forty officers here, amongst whom are Capts. Manson and Farrish, Lieuts. Irwin, John White, Ives and Campbell, of the 79th; Lieut. Gordon, Second United States Dragoons; Drs. Powers and Connolly of the Second; Drs. Norval and McKlechy, of the 79th; Lieut. Goodenough, of the Fourteenth Regiment of Brooklyn; and Captain Griffin, of the Eighth New York.

"There are about six hundred prisoners in this building, belonging to different regiments — the Second, Eighth, and Seventy-First New York, and Fire Zouaves. I send you some lists; publish them for the benefit of their friends.

"Give my love to Mrs. Corcoran and all friends, and believe me your sincere and affectionate friend.

"MICHAEL CORCORAN,
"Colonel Sixty-ninth Reg., N. Y. S. M."

In a subsequent letter to Captain Kirker Colonel Corcoran thus alludes to the faithful few who rallied at his call around the "Stars and Stripes."

"I described briefly, in my last letter to you, the circumstances under which I was arrested, as also Captain McIvor, Lieut. Connolly, Sergeants Murphy and Donohoe, Corporal Owen Duffy, and a few privates — all of whom shall always be among the first in my affection, and especially Lieut. Connolly, who was in advance, yet on looking and seeing me make a stand, he turned back, and stood by my side, ready to share his fate with mine."

Among the privates who stood by their colonel on this trying occasion was James M. Rorty — of whom, — as one of the bravest and most talented young officers in the Union Army — I shall have more to say in due time.

After sharing his Colonel's imprisonment in Richmond for nearly two months, Rorty and two of his comrades succeeded in making their escape. On his return to New York, Mr. Rorty published a long and highly inter-

esting account of his experiences during the campaign — in the *Irish American*. From this I select some additional details relating to the manner of Colonel Corcoran's capture, and of his life in prison: —

"When our attack failed, and the retreat began, Colonel Corcoran endeavored to cover it by forming his men in square, in which order he moved to the point at which we crossed Bull Run, where, on account of the woods and the narrowness of the path down the bluffs that formed the west bank, it had to be reduced to a column. Sherman, who was in the square, told the men to get away as fast as they could as the enemy's cavalry were coming.

"This prevented Colonel Corcoran from reforming the men in square on the other side of the Run, a movement which would have not only effectually repelled the enemy, but would also have covered the retreat of every battery lost subsequently. It was in his endeavors to remedy the disorder and straggling caused by this "*license to run*," that Colonel Corcoran (who, from the unfortunate and irreparable loss of Haggerty, and the absence of all his staff, was obliged to be somewhat in the rear,) was cut off from the main body of the regiment by the enemy's horse, and being able to rally only nine men, moved into a small house, to make a better defence, but was induced by some of his officers to surrender, as resistance was hopeless. Meantime about half a dozen men had joined him at the house, of whose arrival he was ignorant. Trifling as this reinforcement was, he surrendered so reluctantly that I verily believe had he known of it he would not have surrendered without a desperate fight.

"As I shared all his subsequent misfortunes, and witnessed the manly fortitude with which he bore them, the consistent dignity with which he repelled all overtures for any parole that would tie up his hands from the Union cause, and repulsed some Southern friends who endeavored to seduce him from it, it may not be improper to sketch his prison life.

"Owing to the inadequate arrangements for our accommodation in Richmond, it was the afternoon of the 24th before some of us got anything to eat, so that we had eaten only once in four days. The colonel was extremely exhausted, but he desired all his men to be brought to him, 'that he might take a look at — and know,' as he said, — 'those who had done their duty to the last.'

"Learning that some had no money and wanted clothing badly, he gave twenty dollars out of his own scanty resources for their use. He also purchased and sent a number of shirts to the wounded of his corps, and

sent some money to many of them also. He was never allowed to go out, not even to the hospital, to see his wounded men, which latter I heard him complain somewhat of. He was kept quite apart from us who were in the same building, although some of us managed to see him daily, or oftener.

"I wish to contradict, however, a statement which has obtained universal currency about him, and which is an unmitigated falsehood. He was never in irons, nor was he threatened with them from his capture until his removal to Charleston on the 10th ult., when we last saw him. Rigidly as he was watched, and great as was the importance attached to his safe-keeping — the consistent bearing of which I have already spoken, had won for him the respect of every Southern; and though it at first drew on him the virulent abuse of the Richmond press, even *it* ultimately changed its tone, and declared 'that the consistent obstinacy of that most impudent and inveterate of the Yankee prisoners, Colonel Corcoran, was preferable, by far, to the repentant professions and cringing course of some prisoners to obtain a parole.'

"As to our general treatment it was harsh, although as long as any hope of the Government making an exchange remained, our guards were courteous and communicative, and I feel bound to say that the cavalry to whom we surrendered (the Clay Dragoons,) acted in every respect like chivalrous and honorable men."

CASUALTIES OF THE SIXTY-NINTH AT BULL RUN.

Officers killed, 1; wounded, 3; prisoners, 5.

Non-commissioned officers and privates. — Killed, 40; wounded, 85; prisoners, 60.

CHAPTER LXII.

FROM THE RETURN OF THE SIXTY-NINTH TO THE McMANUS FUNERAL. — THE WELCOME HOME.

On July 24th, 1861, the order to break camp and return to New York reached the 69th at Fort Corcoran. That evening they marched to Washington, and bivouacked for the night in the White House grounds. At noon, next day, they took the train for Baltimore. In marching through that city, on their way to the Philadelphia depot, they were loudly cheered, — a tribute of respect paid to no other Federal corps in that disaffected city. In Philadelphia the regiment was accorded a genuine and most enthusiastic welcome — in which the Fenian Brotherhood — as was natural — took the foremost part. Owing to various impediments on the road, it was not until the morning of the 27th that the regiment arrived at New York. They landed at the Battery, — having come by steamer from Perth Amboy.

The scene at their reception was such as had rarely, if ever, been witnessed — up to that time — in New York. Indeed, with the exception of that of the triumphant return of Colonel Corcoran, a year later — it was never surpassed in enthusiasm. It was simply indiscribable in words, though some idea of its character may be conceived from the fine painting which commemorates it, that can be seen in the "Governor's Room," in the New York City Hall.

Captain James Kelly, as the senior line officer, was in command of the 69th — which was then without field officers. By his side rode Captain Thomas F. Meagher. With the first news of the disastrous battle, he had been reported killed, and the joyous enthusiasm with which his well-known form was greeted by his delighted admirers, could scarcely have been more intense had he actually come back to them from the dead. His brother soldiers participated in the ovation tendered him. Every man of them, — officer and private — proudly felt, that, as far as men could do, they had redeemed the pledges which he made in their behalf on the day they left

the city to meet the enemies of the Union. They felt that they had justified, by their conduct in the presence of these enemies, the confidence their friends and fellow-citizens reposed in them on that memorable day, and therefore, ragged, dusty, and travel-stained as they were — a portion of a defeated army — *they did not feel themselves beaten*, and would not accept the shame of a defeat for which *they*, at all events, were not responsible.

And yet amid all the exciting tumult, the salvos of artillery, the crashing of bands, the cheers of the mighty multitude which lined their route — the prayers, the blessings, the congratulations and caresses of loving kindred and friends, there was scarcely a man amongst them who did not feel a pang of sadness chill his exultant heart-throbbings owing to the uncertainty of their beloved colonel's fate. That same reflection permeated the hearts of other thousands who missed the hero from his accustomed place at the head of his gallant command.

Meagher Eulogizes his Comrades.

In private conversation a few days after his arrival in New York, Meagher gave some interesting details of the recent campaign, which were not embodied in his published narratives.

Of the bravery, and steadiness of all the line officers of the 69th he spoke in the highest terms of commendation. He particularly eulogized captains James and Patrick Kelly, Breslin, Cavanagh, Clarke and the Butlers; lieutenants William of Company "H," and Edward K. Butler of the "Zouaves," lieutenants Maurice Wall and MacMahon — "Soldier Mack." He declared that "Harry Lorrequer" never drew the picture of a more rollicking, daring and dashing soldier than Sergeant Welpley proved himself throughout the three months' service; "a thorough soldier — no one was smarter, readier, or braver."

[Note. — Frank Welpley First Sergeant in Company "H," Sixty-ninth Regiment, at the outbreak of the war, was, at the same time, Captain of Company "A" in the First Regiment Phœnix Brigade. As a military instructor he had no superior, and but few equals in either organization. Originally trained by the lamented Captain Haggerty, that officer felt proud of his pupil. Without any exception he was the most zealous and successful recruiting officer in the military department of the Fenian Brotherhood, and a universal favorite — for his genial temperament and warm affectionate heart. His patriotism, amiability, and general fitness for the position, caused him to be selected as the representative delegate of the Phœnix Brigade at the McManus funeral. On his return from Ireland, in the spring of 1862,

he aided colonel Matt. Murphy in organizing the 69th. N. Y. S. M., for its four months' service at the front.

When General Corcoran organized the Irish Legion in the autumn of that year, Frank Welpley was appointed Captain in its first regiment (the 69th). He participated in every battle of the "Legion" until he was killed at Ream's Station, Va., August 5th, 1864. No better or braver soldier ever died for the cause of the Union.

Captain Welpley was buried by his trusty comrades on the field where he fell, but, in the following year, his patriotic and true-hearted Irish wife had the remains of her gallant soldier disinterred, and, under her loving care, conveyed to Ireland, where she consigned them to a grave among those of his kindred in his native town of Skibbereen.

O! ERI MO CHROIDHE 'TA M' INTINN ORT.*

TO THE MEMORY OF MY BELOVED COMRADE CAPTAIN WELPLEY, CORCORAN'S IRISH LEGION.

One still Christmas night, by the Potomac river,
Our army lay cantoned in long ordered lines;
The keen frosty air made the sentinels shiver.
And icicles fringed the dark leaves of the pines.
The bells, in the distance, were cheerily ringing,
"Great tidings of joy!" to humanity bringing,
While stretched by his camp-fire, a soldier lay singing—
'O! Eri mo chroidhe 'ta m' intinn ort!'

"I've loved you, dear Eire, as the mother that bore me,
With her milk I imbibed deadly hate to your foe;
And I longed, as a man, like my fathers before me,
To strike, for your freedom, a soldier's strong blow.
But I saw, famine-stricken, your children lie dying,
And maddened, I 'rose' with my comrades, defying
Their slayers. We failed! then o'er ocean sped signing—
'O! Eri mo chroidhe 'ta m' intinn ort!'

"Since I first set my foot on this fair 'land of freedom,'
In your service I've labored by night and by day;
I have trained your true sons, hoping *sometime* to lead them
In disciplined strength on your hills, far away.
In the camp, on the march, in the hot rush of battle,
'Mid the soldier's wild cheers and the rifle's quick rattle,
When the foe fly before us like panic-struck cattle—
'O! Eri mo chroidhe 'ta m' intinn ort!'

* * * * * *

Long he fought in the ranks of the brave "Irish Legion,"
Then fell!—his last thought on the land he loved best;
But his name shall go down Eri's history's page on,
And he sleeps in his own "Holy Isle of the West!"
On the bright wings of glory his soul fled upspringing,
To his Brothers whose thoughts are to Ireland still clinging,
'Mid angelic hosannas their voices join singing—
"O! Eri mo chroidhe 'ta m' intinn ort!"]

*O Erin, my heart, my mind is on thee! (Pronounced "O Airie, mo hree, taa m' intinn ort!")

On August 3d the 69th was mustered out, and discharged from the service of the United States.

"Within a few days thereafter, Captain Meagher returned to Washington to see after some of the wounded men of the regiment, who were left in the hospitals of that city. He paid a visit to Fort Corcoran and found it occupied by three companies of U. S. Artillery, while a division of eight thousand men were encamped in its immediate vicinity — the Ninth Massachusetts Volunteers — Colonel Cass's famous Irish regiment, being in the advance and engaged in the construction of an extensive redout to protect Fort Corcoran, and command Ball's Cross Roads, — the point of intersection of the Fairfax, Leesburg, and Alexandria turnpikes.

During his stay at the capital, Captain Meagher was proffered by the War Department a captaincy in the regular army, which, however, he respectfully declined, with a request to the Secretary of War to transfer it to some other officer of the Sixty-ninth Regiment, who from a longer term of military service and a larger amount of practice than he could claim, might be better entitled to the distinction. He suggested to the Secretary's favorable consideration Captain James Kelly, the senior Captain of the Sixty-ninth, who subsequently was appointed to the position.

At the same time, owing to the influence and energy of one of Captain Meagher's most devoted friends in Washington, the services which, as the most influential man of his race on the continent, he was capable of rendering the cause of the Union, were recognized by some of the leading statesmen in the capital, one of whom, the Hon. Frank P. Blair, called Major-General Fremont's attention to the importance of the subject, whereupon General Fremont promptly sent the annexed dispatch to the gallant Irish soldier: —

"HEADQUARTERS, Department of the West,
St. Louis, Mo., 15th August, 1861.

"Captain T. F. Meagher, New York.

"Will you accept the position of Aid de-Camp on my staff, with the rank of Colonel? If so, report to me.

"JOHN C. FREMONT.

"Major-General Commanding."

Much as Meagher appreciated the compliment thus delicately proffered, he could not accept it in view of the fact that his brother officers of the 69th had it then in contemplation to reorganize the regiment for three years'

service as United States Volunteers, and he could not be induced to sever his connection with his battle-tried comrades.

He had previously declined the proffered command of a new Irish regiment — then known as the "Third New York Irish Regiment" — and on similar grounds — as will be seen from the following correspondence: —

"HEADQUARTERS, 17 Centre Street,
New York, July 31th, 1861.

"CAPT. T. F. MEAGHER.

"Dear Sir, — The glorious example set to the Irish adopted citizens by the gallant 69th induced the formation of the "Third Irish Volunteers," and its principles are the same as theirs: — if the Irish perform a brave act, let *them* get the credit of it.

"The 'Third Irish' have been accepted by the United States Government for the war, and will be ready to enter the field in a very short time. The officers, one and all, respectfully ask if *you* will be the *man* to lead them, they pledging themselves that you will never regret having accepted the command.

"On behalf of the regiment, the following officers cheerfully subscribe their names.

"With every mark of respect,

"Respectfully yours,

"P. D. KELLY, Lieutenant-Colonel.
"JOSEPH MCDONOUGH, Capt. and Acting Adjutant.
"JOHN A. MCSORLEY, Acting Commissary."

Captain Meagher's reply: —

"NEW YORK, August 5th, 1861.

"Gentlemen: — In reply to your very complimentary and friendly communication of the 31st of last month — which press of duties in connection with the 69th prevented my acknowledging until this late moment, I beg to say that, whilst I should esteem it a high honor to be at the head of the regiment you are organizing, I am too strongly attached to the 69th to be induced, — however powerful the temptation, — to break the ties which bind me to it. Those ties were formed and strengthened amid scenes and under influences which frequently give rise to and confirm the most fervent friendships. Having been in camp and battle with the 69th I cannot find it in my heart to part from my tried and honored comrades, and, in memory

of the days during which I shared their fortunes, prefer the humblest position in their ranks to the highest I could hold with newer friends.

"With sincere regards for each of you personally, and the friendliest wishes for the success of your regiment, I have the honor to be, gentlemen,

"Most faithfully yours,

"THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER,

"Capt. Co. K, 69th Regt.

"To Lieut.-Col. P. D. Kelly, Capt. Jos. McDonough, and Acting-Commissary McSorley, 3d Regiment Irish Volunteers, New York."

[The "Third Irish Volunteers" subsequently served under the man of their choice as the "Sixty-third New York Volunteers" — "Irish Brigade."]

When the call was issued for volunteers to serve for three years or during the war, the idea of organizing a distinctive Irish Brigade originated among the officers of the 69th, who served in the three months' campaign. They intended that the command of the Brigade should be tendered to their most distinguished military countryman — the veteran General James Shields. Meagher entered into the project with his accustomed ardor, and immediately devoted all his abilities to carrying out the plan systematically and energetically. It was intended that the organization should comprise five regiments of infantry, with a proportionate force of cavalry and artillery — three of the infantry regiments to be raised in New York, one in Massachusetts, and one in Pennsylvania; the nucleus of the New York contingent to be formed by such officers and men of the 69th as choose to reënlist for three years. As a first step, Meagher was deputed by the great majority of his brother officers to communicate with the War Department on the subject contemplated, in their behalf.

His offer was promptly accepted, as will be seen by the following official document: —

"WAR DEPARTMENT, Washington.
August 30th, 1861.

"Colonel Thomas F. Meagher, New York.

"Sir — The regiment of infantry known as the Sixty-ninth infantry, which you offer, is accepted for three years or during the war, provided you have it ready for marching orders in thirty days. This acceptance is with the distinct understanding that this Department will revoke the Commissions of all officers who may be found incompetent for the proper discharge of their duties. Your men will be mustered into the United States

service in accordance with General Orders Nos. 58 and 61. You are further authorized to arrange with the Colonels-commanding of other four regiments to be raised to form a Bridade, the Brigadier-General for which will be designated hereafter, by the proper authorities of the Government.

"Very respectfully,

"Your obedient servant,

"THOMAS A. SCOTT,

"Assistant Secretary of War."

That there was no mistaking the choice of the officers as to who should be in command of the proposed Brigade, the following letter from Meagher to his friend and fellow-countryman — B. S. Treanor, of Boston, satisfactorily demonstrates: —

"NEW YORK, Sept. 5, 1861.

"My Dear Treanor, — Won't you be able to set to work and start an Irish regiment in Boston for the Irish Brigade? Do so, and do so at once. There's no time, not a day to be lost. General Shields may be here in a month; and the Brigade should be ready for him. In case you undertake the preliminary steps necessary to the organization of such a regiment, select none but intelligent, active, steady young men — men of decent character, and with a proper sense of the duties and dangers of the service.

"A grand rally should be made right away, by all of us, in support of the friendliest government Irishmen have ever known, and the overthrow of which is at this moment the eager desire and evil scheme of the ruling class in England, — a power which has been, as all the world knows, the inveterate enemy of our race, — of its happiness and liberty at home, — of its success and good name abroad. Let the gallant Irish of Boston and Massachusetts generally be up and stirring in the national cause. Every blow dealt against the great conspiracy beats back the insolence and base plots of England.

"Most faithfully your friend.

"THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER."

While thus ardently engaged in lighting the fires of patriotism in the hearts of his living countrymen, Thomas Frances Meagher was no less mindful of the claims which the gallant dead had upon the duty, the pride, and the affection of their race. The heroes who found crimsoned graves among the green woods of Virginia, as well as their returned brothers, whose

wounds incapacitated them from earning a livelihood, had many a dear one dependent on the fruits of their toil when living, and whom their death or disability left utterly destitute.

To mitigate the sufferings of these bereaved parents, widows and orphans, — in so far as material aid and heartfelt sympathy could do so, — became the paramount duty and loving care of their fellow-citizens, — and more especially so, of the surviving comrades of the loved and lost. Bravely, hopefully, and fraternally did the latter undertake the sacred obligation. A festival, on an unprecedented scale, for the benefit of the widows and orphans of the Sixty-Ninth, was announced to take place on the 29th of August, in Jones' Wood, the chief attraction of which was to be an Oration by Thomas Francis Meagher.

SIXTY-NINTH FESTIVAL.

> ..eep for him! oh, weep for him! but remember in your moan, —
> That he died in his pride — with his foes around him strown.
>
> THOMAS DAVIS.

The attendance at the "Sixty-ninth Festival" was never equaled in point of numbers by any gathering on Manhattan Island to which an admittance fee was charged. At the lowest estimate there were fifty thousand persons present. About one-fourth of the multitude congregated in front of the grand stand, from which Thomas Francis Meagher delivered — what was universally admitted to be — the grandest oration he had, up to that time, given in America. It was the first of a series of five magnificent addresses, which, in as many weeks, he delivered before immense assemblages, in Boston, Bridgeport, Brooklyn, and New York. Those speeches were published in every leading journal throughout the loyal States, and their effect in favor of the Union cause was incalculable. It is no exaggeration to say that they influenced ten times as many Irishmen to enrol themselves in defence of the "Stars and Stripes," as the orator personally commanded in his famous "Brigade;" and should these speeches, together with his many others in the same cause, be collected and published in a permanent form, they will constitute a stronger claim on the admiration and gratitude of the American people than will the imperishable record of his splendid services in the field.

From the magnificent oration at "Jones' Wood" I select two brief passages, — the first extract being taken from his beautiful and pathetic tribute to his dead comrades: —

"Peacefulness and joyousness and glory — such as no home on earth, however blest, confers, nor the most affluent city, in the fullness of its gratitude and grandeur can decree — be for eternity to those who fell, on that terrible Sunday in July, in the tempest which swept with flames, and beat back, on a deluge of carnage and consternation, the army that had advanced to restore in an insurgent State the supremacy of the national authority. Peacefulness, and joyousness and glory be to those who fell in this great endeavor, wherever they may have been born, at whatever altar they may have worshiped, to whatever school of politics they may have belonged. Peacefulness, and joyousness, and glory, eternal and supreme, be to those who, venturing here from Ireland, — conceived in her womb, nourished at her breast, nurtured and emboldened as her children only are — went forth without a thought of home, of reward or danger, of any ties however dear, of any compensation small or great, of any consequences however desperate and fatal they might be, to maintain in arms the authority of the government to which they swore allegiance, and in the perpetuation of which their interests, as emigrants driven by devastating laws and practices from their native soil are vitally involved.

"As this prayer goes forth, the scene before me seems to pass away. Dense white clouds rise from the earth and intercept it. Lightnings sweep through those clouds, and in the brightest sunshine that can bless the earth a tempest opens which shakes the forests and the mountains with its thunders, and floods the meadows with a rain that turns to red their greenest blades of grass. Again the scene changes. The storm has ceased. The white clouds have vanished. On the glowing horizen the mountains of Virginia blend their grand forms with a sky of speckless blue, and, silent as the pyramids of the desert, overlook the wreck and ravages which the exhausted storm has left behind it. As they seem to me — their vast webs of emerald green, interwoven with the golden skeins which the sun flings out — in their restored freshness and beauty, the woods, where the storm most fiercely raged, deepen and expand for miles. The grass of the meadows grows green again, and the streams which had been troubled and stained like them, pursue their old paths in peacefulness and purity, as though no flashing hoofs and wheels, no burning feet pressing in thousands to the charge, no shot or shell had harrowed them.

"But on the silent fields which these noble mountains overlook, and those deep groves shadow, I see many a strong and gallant soldier of the Sixty-ninth whom I knew and loved, and they lie there in the rich sunshine discolored and cold in death. All of them were from Ireland, and as

the tide of life rushed out, the last thought that left their hearts was for the liberty of Ireland.

"Prominent amongst them, strikingly noticeable by reason of his large, iron frame, and the boldly chiselled features on which the impress of great strength of will and intellect was softened by a constant play of humor, and the goodness and grand simplicity of his heart — wrapped in his rough old overcoat, with his sword crossed upon his breast, his brow boldly uplifted as though he was still in command, and the consciousness of having done his duty sternly to the last animating the Roman face — there lies JAMES HAGGERTY — a braver soldier than whom the land of Sarsfield and Shields has not produced, and whose name, worked in gold upon the colors of the Sixty-ninth, should be henceforth guarded with all the jealousy and pride which inspires a regiment, wherever its honor is at stake and its standards are in peril."

The other extract which I give from this splendid address, contains a declaration of the principles which actuated the speaker in his efforts to maintain the integrity of the Union, and may be said to constitute the text from which all his subsequent arguments in favor of the national cause were drawn: —

"Will the Irishmen of New York stand by this cause — resolutely, heartily, with inexorable fidelity, despite of all the sacrifices it may cost, despite of all the dangers into which it may compel them, despite of the bereavements and abiding gloom it may bring upon such homes as this day miss the industry and love of the dead soldiers of the Sixty-ninth. but in some measure to console and succor which the festivities of this day have taken place?

"*For my part, I ask no Irishman to do that which I myself am not prepared to do.* My heart, my arm, my life is pledged to the national cause, and to the last it will be my highest pride, as I conceive it to be my holiest duty and obligation, to share its fortunes. I care not to what party the Chief Magistrate of the Republic has belonged. I care not upon what plank or platform he may have been elected. The platform disappears before the Constitution, under the injunction of the oath he took on the steps of the Capitol the day of his inauguration. The party disappears in the presence of the nation — and as the Chief Magistrate, duly elected and duly sworn, is bound to protect and administer the national property for the benefit of the nation, so should every citizen concur with him in loyal and patriotic action, discarding the mean persuasions and maxims of the local

politician — and substituting the national interests, the national efficiency, the national honor, for the selfishness, the huckstering or the vengeance of a party."

The McManus Funeral. — Meagher and Mitchel. — A Thrilling Incident.

Great as were the demands made on Meagher's time at this period by his indefatigable exertions in behalf of the national cause — in organizing, traveling, and exhorting — in glorifying the dead who fell in its defence, or mitigating the sufferings of their destitute bereaved ones, he was not unmindful of the claims which the cause and the comrades of his early manhood had upon his duty and his love.

In a previous chapter I have recorded the important part which he had taken in the movement for the transfer of Terence Bellew McManus's remains to Ireland. That was before the outbreak of the war called him to the front; but on his return, in the midst of the other onerous duties devolving upon him, he resumed his former position on the Obsequies Committee with his associates O'Mahony and Doheny, and labored therein with his accustomed energy.

Pursuant to a call of the Executive Committee a public meeting of all the citizens of New York favorable to the project, was held at Irving Hall on Thursday evening, September 5th, Thomas Francis Meagher in the chair.

In the course of the proceedings allusion was made to the manner in which the Irish soldiers distinguished themselves in every battle field from Dunkirk and Fontenoy to Bull Run — whereupon some one in the audience called for "three cheers for Thomas Francis Meagher — who fought so bravely at Bull Run." Three ringing cheers were given. Three more were then called for Colonel Michael Corcoran. A most enthusiastic burst of applause — again and again repeated — greeted the name of the gallant chief of the Sixty-ninth. Pausing until the cheering had subsided, Meagher, with gleaming eye and quivering lip, and his cheek flushing with the rich blood that welled up from his proud, loving heart, cried out: —

"Now that you have testified your loving admiration for the brave Irish soldier of the Union, I call upon you to give three cheers for the two sons of John Mitchel, who are fighting as bravely on the other side."

The effect was electrical. None who witnessed it could ever forget it. The wild, ringing cheers, repeated over and over, shook the banners that

festooned the walls, and showed that a chord in the Irish heart had been struck, — as none but Meagher could strike it, — and those responsive notes testified to the feeling with which those fiery-eyed Celts — many of whom were among the first to spring to arms in defence of the "Starry Banner" — regarded the name of Mitchel; for they loved and venerated the father of those gallant boys, not only for the sufferings he so heroically endured in the cause of their common country, but because he, above all his cotemporaries, was the man who most truly and forcibly gave expression to that country's national ideas.

What John Mitchel, on his part, thought of his countrymen in the Union ranks may be seen in the annexed extract from one of his Paris letters dated August 7th, 1861. It shows that there was "no love lost between them.":—

"For the sake of the island that bred them I am rejoiced that the 69th Regiment did its duty in the bloody day of Manassas. — They have seen some service at last, and of the sharpest; so that I imagine the men who faced Beauregard's artillery and rifles until Bull Run ran red, will not be likely to shrink on the day (when will it dawn, that white day?) that they will have the comparatively light task of whipping their weight of red-coats."

Arrival of McManus's Remains in New York. — Archbishop Hughes and Meagher

On the afternoon of Friday, September 13th, the remains of Terence Bellew McManus arrived in New York on board the steamship Champion. On Saturday morning they were landed and conveyed to the Stevens House — to lie there in state until Monday, under a guard of honor. A committee was appointed to wait on Archbishop Hughes in relation to the performing of a solemn high requiem mass on Monday morning. Thomas Francis Meagher, chairman of the committee, was on terms of most friendly intimacy with the Archbishop — who was then heartily and most efficaciously coöperating with him in his efforts to maintain the integrity of the Union. In response to the request of the committee as conveyed through their chairman, the Archbishop said that there would be a solemn requiem mass at half-past ten on Monday morning, and he suggested it would be best not to have the remains brought to the Cathedral until then, as their presence there on Sunday would interfere with the ordinary services held in the sacred edifice, from the fact that they would be continually visited by

crowds of people. For the same reason he recommended that, after the religious ceremonies were concluded, the remains should be transferred from the Cathedral to the receiving vault in Calvary Cemetery, there to remain until the time came for their transmission to Ireland. His Grace also promised to be present at the religious services, and make a few remarks befitting the occasion.

In reply to the invitation of the committe that he would attend the public funeral demonstration — the Archbishop said that —

"Nothing would give him more gratification than to identify himself with the honors to be paid to our deceased countryman, Terence Bellew McManus, that nothing would prevent his attending, but he had made a rule for the last twenty years, much against his disposition in many instances, and his heart in most, not to participate in any funeral honors, even to those most dear to him, that therefore, (though he liked McManus, who, he believed, did all he had done for pure love of country, and not with the view of personal honor or emolument,) he felt obliged to decline the invitation."

The Archbishop also informed the committee that, "on the occasion of the religious services, he wanted no secret societies to enter the Cathedral in their regalia."

(That His Grace did not intend this interdiction to apply to the military organization of the Fenian Brotherhood was evidenced by the fact that, on the occasion in question, the Guard of Honor — which escorted the remains into the Cathedral, and were assigned pews on either side of the bier, — was selected from the "Phœnix Zouaves.")

At the appointed hour on Monday, September 14th, the coffin containing the remains of the Exile of 'Forty-eight was brought into the Cathedral, and placed on pedestals in the middle aisle. The Executive Committee and the officers of the new Irish Brigade were provided with reserved seats in its immediate vicinity, after which the doors were thrown open and the church was immediately filled.

A solemn high mass of requiem was then sung by the clergy and choir, the Rev. Father Starrs, V. G., celebrant. During the celebration of mass the venerable Archbishop occupied a seat at the right side of the sanctuary. At the termination of the rites he arose, assumed his full pontificals, and descending to the first step of the sanctuary, the old man, in a voice clear and strong, delivered this ever memorable address: —

ARCH-BISHOP HUGHES'S ADDRESS OVER TERENCE BELLEW MCMANUS.

"It is a great deal for us to know and to be able to state that the deceased, whose remains are now before the altar, loved his country. In all times, in all nations, and under all circumstances, whether of savage or civilized life, love of country has always been held as a virtue; and the Catholic Church always approves of that virtue, for in the teaching of her doctrines the love of country comes next to the love of God, next to that comes the love of friends, relatives, neighbors and society.

"Now this love of country has generally been understood as that by which men defend their native or their adopted soil, and support its government when that government is lawful and not oppressive. If that government should degenerate into oppression and tyranny then would come the love of country, but not its government. This has been the rule, not by authority but by recognition of the Catholic Church, in all ages, and throughout the world.

"It is manifest, and it is sometimes made a reproach, that our principles lean, as some say, too much to the side of what is called conservatism. This is to a certain extent true; but if true, it is the more derserving of approval.

"We have not read that in the propagation of the Catholic faith, even in the times of the Cæsars, of the Neros, the Caligulas, the Dioclesians, Christians ever took the case into their own hands and rebelled. They had not in the Gospel which they came to teach any precepts to that effect. Whenever they went to other and distant nations to proclaim the truths of the Gospel they did not find in the charter of their mission any special authority to overthrow the established civil state.

"Nevertheless, some of the most learned and holy men of that church have laid it down with the general sanction of authority that there are cases in which it is lawful to resist and overthrow a tyrannical government.

"The instances, indeed, in history are not many; but there is one to which all English-speaking people refer, and that is the contest between King John and Cardinal Langton and the Barons of England at Runnymede. That was a lawful resistance, and it was one to which the tyrant had to succumb. But on the other hand it must be observed that those rebellious Barons sought only the recovery of rights of which that tyrannical Prince sought to deprive the English people. Little by little the throne had been encroaching upon the rights of the people; and those men,

as protectors of those rights, took their stand, and finally succeeded in obtaining what is called a Magna Charta, the great broad seal of English liberty. And yet no man ever saw that Magna Charta, either in manuscript or in print. It was handed over to the keeping of tradition, and the violation of it would be a cause of justifiable resistance against the government down to the present day.

"This is a right which the Catholic Church recognizes.

"The only difficulty is to know at what given point an attempt to redress the grievances complained of may be commenced. The same authorities to which I have referred, particularly St. Thomas Aquinas, lay down three distinct conditions to authorize such an attempt.

"The first of these is that the grievance should be a real one, an actual oppression, for it is very difficult to reëstablish a government when once overthrown. And we have seen that it is not more than twelve or thirteen years ago when new ideas gained the mastery over old governments. Changes were made, but the reforms were very few. The conditions then laid down — first, the grievance must be a real one, either a new oppression, or an old one magnified almost beyond endurance.

"The second is, that a war of resistance — that is, the impulse to resist — should be a general one, taking in the whole population of the injured country with their united will, their common sense of the wrong inflicted, and their determined purpose to stand by each other, shoulder to shoulder, till they obtain redress.

"The third condition is, the possession of the means and ability wherewith to accomplish, with a reasonable hope of success, what they undertake; for if they have not the ability and the other conditions requisite it becomes a crime to undertake the task. It is at all times and under all circumstances an immense responsibility to commence a revolution, an insurrection, a rebellion, or by whatever name it may be called. It is attended with immense risk to the bodies and frequently to the souls of those who undertake it without feeling their way and knowing thoroughly what they are about.

"Nevertheless, in the case to which I have referred there can be no reproach. The young man whose brief and chequered career has come to an end in a distant land, and to whose memory and remains you pay your respects, was one who was willing to sacrifice — and I may say *did* sacrifice — his prospects in life, and even his life itself, for the freedom of the country which he loved so well, and which he knew had been oppressed for centuries. When the effort was made it is true he did not stop, he did not

dally to inquire about the circumstances as laid down by St. Thomas, but he went into it disinterestedly, and willing to undergo all the risks and responsibilities of the contest.

"But this is not all. The traditions that surround his name represent him to us as a man, not perhaps of the most brilliant capacity, but one of a constant heart and mind, and what is still more, one who, because he loved his country, did not cease on that account to love his God.

"Through life, with whatever imperfections are common to humanity, he never forsook his religion; he loved his church and died in her Holy Communion. And it is for this, beside the public honor you pay to his remains, that those remains are brought before the altar of God, and every prayer and solemn rite is offered up for his eternal welfare. This is the part of the occasion which would refer to me more particularly, and it now only remains for you to unite your prayers for the repose of the departed soul, and reflect that, whether taken away in the prime of life or at an advanced age, all must reach the same end at last. This is the end of life, and if any one wishes to study the whole of his nature and the great object for which God placed him in this world, he will know that it is to do his duty to God and man, and by so doing to prepare himself for the enjoyment of another world, in which there will be no insurrections, no oppressions, nor tears, nor sorrows."

At the conclusion of the Archbishop's address, a procession was formed from the altar to the coffin, when his Grace and the clergy intoned the office for the dead, the choir assisting. The Archbishop then incensed and asperged the coffin, which was replaced in the hearse and conveyed to the vault in Calvary cemetery, where it remained until the time arrived for transferring it to the steamer for Ireland.

For over a month the remains of T. B. McManus rested in Calvary cemetery. During that time all the necessary preparations for their transmission to Ireland and their reception there, had been perfected by the Obsequies Committees of New York and Dublin. It had been decided that they should leave the former city on Saturday, October 19th, and that the funeral procession should take place on the day previous.

As the representative of Waterford, Thomas Francis Meagher was nominated one of the thirty-two pall-bearers, but, as he was unavoidably absent from the procession — having been detained in Albany by Governor Morgan on business connected with the Irish Brigade, — his place in the funeral was occupied by his friend John Savage.

He was, however, present at the departure of the steamer on the next day to take his last leave of all that was mortal of his gallant comrade. I met him on the pier, and, as I was about to accompany the remains to Ireland, and he was certain to proceed with his Brigade to the seat of war before we could meet again, our farewell interview was what may be expected under the circumstances.

He had felt considerably annoyed for some time past, by the manner in which Irish demagogues and journalists had been persistently and malignantly misrepresenting him to the people there — in respect to his course on the war — (for but one influential national journal — the *Irishman*, — and but one of the leading Confederates of '48, then in Ireland, P. J. Smith, — stood manfully by the Union in this crisis). The so-called "liberal" papers, metropolitan and provincial, having gone as far as they dared in reëchoing the sentiments of the Tory press, and in reproducing the calumnious slanders and inuendoes circulated by a kindred gang of cowardly traitors amongst the loyal Irishmen of the Northern States — in the interest of the South, and for the gratification of their own envious natures.

In his great speech, delivered in the Music Hall, New York, a few days previously, Meagher thus expressed his opinion of those Irish intermeddlers and their congenial American traitors: —

"For my part — discharging my duty as an American citizen, and holding myself responsible alone to the Republic from which that citizenship was derived, and the God who was the implored witness of my oath — for my part, I reject with a disdain which the veriest meanness, paltriness and obsequiousness could alone provoke, the opinions of the Irish politicians on this war — the demagogues and oracles, whether they be scribblers or spouters, who intrude their ignorance into this conflict, and with their raw notions of liberty and democracy endeavor to wean the Irish-born citizens of the American Union from their duty to the laws, the magistracy, and the sovereignty of the Republic from which they derive the only political consequence they have ever as yet possessed.

"Indeed, I should not have wasted one syllable in the repudiation of the drivelling commentators who, from their dungeons and obscurity, look out upon and scrutinize the trials of a nation which, consecrated to peace, was so remotely disposed and so inadequately prepared for war — I should

not have wasted one syllable in the repudiation of these abject, inane, and melancholy drivellers, if it had not been, that here, in this very city, they have had for their sophistries something like an influential reiteration. You know it well. Every body who hears me will confirm the assertion. There are men in this city, there are indeed, men throughout the North in every State, town, village, ward and parish of it — whose business it is, in their peculiarly sly way, to disparage the National cause, extenuate or exalt the South, and worming themselves amongst the Democracy, arrest and impede the enlistment under the National banners of those brave fellows who have no other instinct but to be where the Stars and Stripes demand their services."

Being aware of his sensitiveness regarding the attitude of the Irish people on the war, and his position therein, I assured him that, soon after our arrival in Ireland, it would be made manifest to the world that those impudent traducers of the National character to whom he referred, spoke but their own slavish preferences, and those of the canting, hypocritical class who were always opposed to the National sentiment except where it suited their personal interests to assume the role of patriots, and that, as we knew, — better than any other living men — the motives that actuated him in assuming the position he held in the controversy — our brothers in Ireland should know it too — and then let his maligners there continue their work — if they dare.

And so we parted — for the time — with high hopes for the cause of liberty in our native and adopted land.

IRELAND'S ATTITUDE ON THE AMERICAN QUESTION.

The McManus funeral, as a demonstration of National sentiment and National power, was a grand success — despite the efforts of the, so-called, Irish Liberal Journals, who tried to "throw cold water" upon it — and on every other manifestation of the National spirit — after their slippery fashion, and who, on the American question, tried to turn the sympathy of their readers from the side to which they were led by instinct, reason, and affection; a side in which thousands of their kith and kin were engaged, and on the success of which they believed that the hope of achieving the liberty of their native land, in a great measure, depended.

To stem the tide of calumny which the pro-British organs and their

Irish toadies were directing against the cause of "Union and Liberty," the Nationalists of the Irish metropolis requested Colonel Doheny, of the American Delegation, to deliver an address on the subject which then occupied the attention of tyrant and patriot, freeman and slave, the world over, and in response thereto, the Colonel, on the 18th of November, delivered a lecture in the Theatre of the Mechanic's Institute, Dublin, on

"THE PRESENT ASPECT OF AMERICAN AFFAIRS."

The concluding sentence of that eloquent appeal was most enthusiastically applauded by the discriminative audience:—

"They who drag a single star from that sacred constellation of liberty should have the hand of every man against them. They would have against them the prayers of every man, from the Rhine to the Danube, who pined in a dungeon, died on the field, or perished on the block in the sacred cause of liberty."

This lecture was subsequently repeated by Colonel Doheny in other portions of Ireland. He thus served to prepare the public mind for the great National demonstration of sympathy with America which the Irish Revolutionary Brotherhood, under the leadership of James Stevens, and in conjunction with the American Fenian representatives, got up in Dublin a few weeks later, when, on account of the peremptory demand made by the British Government for the surrender of Mason and Slidel, war between England and America was considered inevitable by the friends and foes of both nations in Ireland.

That the British government were inclined to recognize the Southern States, even after they knew that Mason and Slidell were to be given up, was made apparent from the jeering and defiant tone of the chief organs of both political parties in England.

These taunts and threats brought the manhood of Ireland to their feet, and they determined to give them the lie direct — so far as their country was concerned. So the meeting was held in their metropolis, the sympathy of the Nation declared to be in favor of the American Union, the English government defied, and dared to attempt the carrying out of their nefarious designs on the great bulwark of human freedom.

This timely warning did not pass unheeded. The partizans of the government in Ireland, terrified at the unexpected display of national power and organized discipline manifested in the McManus demonstration in Cork and

Dublin, felt that they were standing on a rumbling volcano, and so warned their masters and protectors. The result was that the "British Lion"—though snarling and showing his decayed fangs, kept his distance, and let the Americans fight it out.

CHAPTER LXIII.

DEPARTURE OF THE IRISH BRIGADE.—FLAG PRESENTATIONS.—MEAGHER AND SHIELDS.

"Oh, land of true freedom! Oh, land of our love,
With your generous welcome to all who but seek it;—
May your stars shine as long as the twinklers above,
And your fame be so grand that no mortal can speak it!
All the winds of the world as 'round it they blow,
No banner so glorious can wake into motion;
And with peace in our own land, you know we may go
Just to settle some trifling accounts o'er the ocean!

CHARLES G HALPINE.

AFTER three months' unwearied exertion, in which many annoying impediments were encountered, Meagher had the Irish Brigade ready for marching orders. It consisted of three regiment of Infantry and two batteries of artillery—all New York troops;—for the Governors of Massachusetts and Pennsylvania, refused to allow the Irish commands recruited in those States, to join it.

The First Regiment of the Irish Brigade was designated the 69th N. Y. V., of which Lieut.-Colonel Robert Nugent (of the old 69th) was Colonel; James Kelly, Lieut.-Colonel; and James Cavanagh, Major.

(The "Second" place in the organization was intended for the Boston regiment).

The "Third" was the 63d N. Y. V., Richard C. Enwright, Colonel; Henry Fowler, Lieut.-Colonel; and Thomas F. Lynch, Major.

The "Fourth" was the 88th N. Y. V., Henry M. Baker, Colonel; Patrick Kelly, Lieut.-Colonel; and James Quinlan, Major.

The two Batteries of Artillery were commanded by Captain William H. Hogan, and Captain Henry J. McMahon.

The 69th left New York for Washington on the 18th of November, 1861, the 63d on the 28th of that month, and the 88th with the Batteries on the 16th of December.

Previous to the departure of the 69th, each regiment of the Brigade was presented, by the ladies of New York, with an American and an Irish flag, together with the usual regimental guidons. The "Green Flag" was emblazoned with the national emblems — the "Sunburst," "Harp," and "Shamrock-wreath." The ancient Gaelic motto on its scroll was furnished by the eminent Irish scholar, John O'Mahony, who adopted it from Oisin, the Fenian bard.

The heroes for whom that motto was selected proved how appropriate it was by their fidelity to its injunction.*

The presentation of the flags took place in front of the residence of Archbishop Hughes, on Madison Avenue. It had originally been intended that the Archbishop should make the presentation in person; but he had been hurriedly dispatched to Europe by the Government on an important mission, and in his absence the Vicar-General, Dr. Starrs, officiated.

JUDGE DALY presented the flags to the 69th in a spirited and effective speech, in which he recalled many historic attestations of Irish valor when regulated by discipline, as stimulating examples to those he was addressing.

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*"Riamh nar dhruid o spairn lann!" i. e. "Never retreat from the clash of spears!"

The original idea from which this phrase was derived is embodied in a stanza of a poem attributed to Oisin, entitled the "Agallamh!" — ("A Dialogue Between Oisin and St. Patrick."]

The Saint having asserted that all the bard's old associates were in hell, because of their unbelief in the true God, the incredulous old Pagan indignantly retorted:—

"Do m-biadh Fionn agam a's Mac an-Loin —
Dias nar dhruid o ghleo-na-lann;
D' aimdheoin do chliar agus a g-clog,
Is aguinn do bheidheadh, an ball."

Which may be thus rendered into English verse:—

"Were Fionn and Mac an Loin with me,—
(Two who ne'er shunned the clash of spears;)
Despite thy clerics, bells and thee —
We'd hold — where Satan domineers."

"Mac an-Loin" — the name of Fion MacCumhall's spear.

He concluded by a well-merited tribute to Colonel Corcoran, pointing him out as an Irish example of the faith and fidelity that is due by a soldier to his flag, "for, though now within the walls of a Southern prison that gallant soldier had the satisfaction of feeling that he owed his sad yet proud preëminence to having acted as became a descendant of Sarsfield."

COLONEL NUGENT received the colors on behalf of his regiment, and thanked the lady donors in a brief but appropriate speech.

MR. MALCOLM CAMPBELL then led forward MRS. THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER, who, with a charming dignity, presented a like set of Irish and American colors to the 88th Regiment, N. Y. V., of Fourth Regiment Irish Brigade. Mr. Campbell then on her behalf, and that of the other lady donors, addressed the regiment in a spirit-stirring speech winding up with the impassioned hope of THOMAS DAVIS—

"That, in some day to come the "Green" shall flutter o'er the "Red."

MR. JOHN T. DOYLE, leading MISS MARY DEVLIN, presented the standards to the Artillery in an eloquent speech, which was responded to by THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER, then Colonel of the 10th Artillery, and the Acting-Chief of the Irish Brigade.

The 63d had their colors presented to them at their camp on David's Island by HON. WILLIAM E. ROBINSON.

On the 23d of November Meagher sent the following telegram from Washington:—

"The 69th—the First Regiment of the Irish Brigade—were reviewed yesterday by General Casey, along with four regiments from Pennsylvania and Maine. The appearance of the 'new 69th' was extraordinarily perfect and brilliant. The 'Irish Brigade' leads the way in the National Army, in the hopes and hearts of the Government and people of the American Republic. War with England is imminent: *the Irish Brigade will be the first to meet the music.* The Fourth and Fifth Regiments must hold themselves in readiness for marching orders. *Ireland's* day has come!

"THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER."

When the loyal citizens of the United States hailed with universal jubilation the action of Captain Wilkes, in taking the Confederate Envoys, Mason and Slidell, from off an English steamer on the high seas, and when Congress endorsed the deed of that gallant officer by passing a vote of

thanks in his honor; when the country was left for over a month under the impression that this attitude was proper and dignified — becoming the honor of the Nation — less impressible men than Meagher might be excused for crediting the Government with more consistency than they exhibited when put to the test in that diplomatic game of "bluff" by their wily "Anglo-Saxon cousins" — over the water.

Meagher and Shields.

On the 16th of December the Fourth and Fifth Regiments of the Brigade, under command of Meagher, left New York for Washington, and two days after the 88th joined the 69th, and 63d at "Camp California," on the Fairfax turnpike near Alexandria, The "Batteries" were detained for instruction at the artillery camp near Washington.

Up to this time no answer had been received from General Shields in relation to the offer made him to take command of the Irish Brigade. He had left California for Mexico before the news of his appointment could reach him, and it was not until some months after that he received the communication. In the meantime it was rumored that he would not accept the position of Brigadier-General of Volunteers — as it was beneath the rank he formerly held in the service. Though this rumor was unfounded in fact, and was, most probably, circulated for nefarious purposes, yet it was plausible, and received some credit among the officers of the Brigade, who thereupon turned to Meagher as the man of their choice to lead the command which he was chiefly instrumental in organizing.

As a preliminary step in this direction, a meeting of the officers of the "Fourth" and "Fifth" Regiments of the Brigade was held at Fort Schuyler on the evening before their departure for Washington, Colonel H. M. Baker in the chair, and Captain Maxwell O'Sullivan, Secretary, "for the purpose of giving an expression of opinion as to the appointment of Colonel Meagher to a Brigadier's office." The following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted: —

"Firmly impressed, as all the officers of the Irish Brigade are, with the absolute necessity of the appointment of Colonel Thomas Francis Meagher, of the 10th Regiment of Artillery, to the Brigadier-Generalship, both from the very decided feeling of the men of their commands on the subject, as well as to the patent fact that to him, his influence, eloquence and worth, the existence of the Brigade is solely and entirely owing,

"*Resolved*, That a deputation from the Eighty-eighth and Tenth Regi-

ments, consisting of the field, staff and line officers of the two Regiments, be requested to wait on the President of the United States, and submit to him the reasons why the above appointment is considered of vital importance to the successful efforts of the Brigade in the field, and to impress on him that the officers of the Brigade are altogether influenced by the most heartfelt desire of serving their adopted country most efficaciously, by requesting an early and careful investigation into the claims of Thomas F. Meagher to the above command."

On the 19th of December, a deputation of the officers of the Brigade waited on President Lincoln to urge Meagher's appointment as the choice of the whole Brigade. They were introduced by Senator Preston King, and ably seconded by General Frank P. Blair. The result was that, on next day the President sent the name of Thomas Francis Meagher to the Senate for confirmation for the position of Brigadier-General of Volunteers in the service of the Union.

But a secret clique was at work to defeat Meagher's confirmation. It was, most likely, the same jealous, selfish plotters who circulated the false reports concerning General Shields in connection with the Brigadier-Generalship, for now they brought forward the old veteran's name again, championing his claim as against that of Meagher, and insidiously charging the latter with supplanting the older and more experienced soldier, and thus causing the loss of his valuable services to the Union. By this contemptible course, the plotters hoped to influence Shields's friends in the Senate against Meagher, but they were foiled by the opportune arrival in Washington of the old hero on whose reputation they traded.

Shields made his appearance in the capital on the 5th of January, and his powerful influence with the Senate was promptly used in Meagher's favor. The officers of the Irish Brigade serenaded the veteran at his hotel, and presented him with an address. In his reply thereto, he confounded the scheming hypocrites who sought to create dissention between himself and Meagher — by making the following public statement: —

"I am very glad to meet, on this occasion, you, officers of the 'Irish Brigade,' and I wish to say a few words relative to myself and the Brigade. I was in the Western States of Mexico, endeavoring to recruit my shattered health, when I received intelligence of my appointment as General of the Irish Brigade. I at once replied to that communication — my answer is on file in the Department; — I did not decline the appointment, as my answer will show. I said my health was in a bad state — that I was not

then fit for anything; but that I would report at Washington in person. As soon as possible I returned to California and took the first vessel for the North. On my arrival in New York, I was waited on by various gentlemen friends of mine, and was sorry to find that there was a misunderstanding relative to General Meagher and myself. I told them, and I tell you now, that I have no better friend than Thomas Francis Meagher. He is a high-minded, honorable and brave man; and if I had any doubt of his fidelity and friendship for me — which I never had — that doubt would be removed by what the President said to me yesterday, when he informed me that it was at the request of Thomas Francis Meagher I was appointed Brigadier-General.

"I know General Meagher well. You did right in selecting him to command your Brigade; he is much better qualified for that position than three-fourths of the men who have been appointed to similar commands; he has the right stuff in him, and he will bring it out at the right time. In honoring him you honor me, you honor yourselves. I again thank you for your kind attentions to me, and hope to have the "Irish Brigade," with its gallant Brigadier, at some future day in my division of the army."

A few days later another deputation of the officers of the "Irish Brigade" waited on General Shields to thank him for the aid he had given towards securing the confirmation of General Meagher by his personal influence with the United States Senate. On that occasion, Meagher, — addressing his gallant and true-hearted old countryman — said: —

"General Shields, I have accompanied the officers of the 'Irish Brigade,' to thank you in person for your kind remembrance of me, in this generous and unsolicited act. It was unexpected. I did not expect, after your public indorsement of me a few evenings ago, that you would again renew your kindness towards me in so emphatic a manner. Much as I appreciate your kindness on my own account, be assured I do so more for the sake of those gallant and brave gentlemen who have so unreservedly placed their confidence in me. I will only add that I trust we shall soon see an Irish Division, with you, sir, for its Major-General, — in which hope I know every officer and member of the 'Irish Brigade' most cordiadially joins."

To these words, — so characteristic of the generous, impulsive nature of Meagher, General Shields replied as follows: —

"What I have done was no more than my duty, — my duty to Gen. Meagher and the public. I know that he possesses all the qualities neces-

sary to make a good General, and only wants the practice and opportunity to develop the powers I know him to possess.

"When I was in the mountains of Mexico — *forgotten by the Government* — my friend, Meagher, did not forget me. He showed me that there was one kind, generous heart that still remembered an old friend. He called the attention of the President to me, and I was appointed to a high position in the army.

"No one has dared, in my presence to oppose his qualification for the position of Brigadier-General; I would not listen to them if they did. No matter how it might be attempted, they cannot estrange us; we love each other too well for that; *we have too many purposes in common which bind our hearts together. We look beyond this present dispute to a glorious future for another land*, when the differences now existing here shall have been happily ended.

"I know that some little opposition has been attempted against General Meagher's confirmation, and that it has been insinuated that he ought to give way to me. I, however, never desired it; it is not necessary. He is entitled to the position for which you have recommended him; and when you nominated him as your Brigadier-General you did right. I approved of it the moment I heard it. You could not have done otherwise. You had not heard from me; you believed I had declined it; and I am proud that you have placed him in the position you have. I would say to the 'Irish Brigade' be sober, be obedient. Temperance is a vital necessity in the army. Let whiskey alone while the war lasts; and when victory crowns our efforts — as it assuredly will — we can all take a *jorum* together in true Irish style."

"Turning to General Meagher, the glorious old veteran grasped him cordially by the hand, and continued: —

"No, Meagher, they can never estrange you and me; we understand each other too well for that; and I trust the love of brothers will always exist between us. We, Irish, are a great race, capable of great deeds; but, unfortunately, in small matters, we are too apt to break up into little contemptible cliques and factions. But, with all our faults, if left to ourselves, there is something noble and generous in us."

CHAPTER LXIV.

MEAGHER COMMISSIONED BRIGADIER GENERAL. — ADDRESS TO HIS OFFICERS. — THE IRISH BRIGADE AT FAIR OAKS.

"Prompt at the gathering summons,
True as the lifted steel,
Into the foremost phalanx,
See where their columns wheel."— ENGL.

ON February 3d, 1862, the United States Senate confirmed the nomination of Thomas Francis Meagher as Brigadier-General. Five days after he received the following notification from the War Department: —

"HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
Washington, February 8th, 1862.

"Special Orders,
No. 38.

"Brigadier-General THOMAS F. MEAGHER, Volunteer Service, will report to Brig.-General EDWIN V. SUMNER, U. S. A., for assignment by him to the command of a Brigade of his Division.

"By command of MAJOR-GENERAL MCCLELLAN.
"J. WILLIAMS,
"Assistant Adjutant-General.

"GENERAL MEAGHER."

In compliance with the foregoing order, General Meagher reported in person at General Sumner's Headquarters, Camp California, and, by the annexed order, was officially assigned to the command of the "Irish Brigade:" —

"HEADQUARTERS SUMNER'S DIVISION,
Camp California, Feb. 11th, 1862.

"Special Orders,
No. 14.

"Brigadier-Gen. Thomas F. Meagher, Volunteer Service, having reported to these Head Qrs. for assignment in accordance Special Order No. 38, Hd. Qrs. Army of the Potomac, Feb. 8th, 1862, is hereby assigned to the command of the 2nd (Irish) Brigade of this Division.

"By order of GEN. HEINTZELMAN.
"I. W. TAYLOR,
"Capt. U. S. A.,
"A. A. A. C."

On General Meagher receiving his commission he rode out from Washington to Camp California, and formally assumed command of the Irish Brigade. He was accompanied by General Shields and a brilliant array of military men, and by a number of civilian friends, all of whom rejoiced at his well-merited promotion. The occasion was celebrated in the camp with due honors. There was a grand review and dress parade of the Brigade. General Shields was the reviewing officer, and addressed the Brigade in words of soldierly advice and patriotic import. After the review the officers of the Brigade gave a banquet to their beloved General and his friends.

When the health of the "Chief of the Irish Brigade" was proposed, it was received with unbounded enthusiasm. In his response, General Meagher thanked his officers and men for this proof of their affection, after which he spoke as follows, on the duties and hopes, the aspirations and responsibilities attaching to his and their positions as Irish American soldiers: —

"I shall say nothing of the final hazard upon which, in assuming the command of the 'Irish Brigade,' my own fortunes and name are irrevocably staked. Personal considerations, even of a nature so vital and an aspect so agitating, are subordinate to those which develop themselves from the obligation I acknowledge of the American nation and its cause, — to the Irish race and its military reputation, — and to this Brigade, its welfare and its honor. It is not, surely, ascribing an exaggerated importance, nor attaching fictitious liabilities to the command of the 'Irish Brigade,' when I assert that the interests and consequences to the American nation, so far as the conduct of three thousand armed men can affect them, — are involved in it, and that, so far, I am responsible. Nor is it less or more than the sheer truth to remind you that the military reputation of the Irish race is, in the

opening story of this, your Brigade, equally involved. The blundering or the wavering, — any conspicuous irregularity, — any want of steadiness or decision on the part of the Brigade, at some eventful moment, would reflect discredit, and might entail disaster on the army of the American nation; — and, in speaking of the American nation, it will be understood, as I know it will be codially approved, that I recognize no nation with that high title, whose shield and crest of sovereignty fail to exhibit the four-and-thirty stars which, in their expanding constellation have announced and typified its progress. In like manner, and with even yet a more fatal influence, would such grave errors or violation of duty reflect upon and wound the quick pride, if it would not break the heart, of the people, *the Green Flag of whose proscribed, but promised nationality*, we carry into this war, in honored and hopeful companionship with the 'Stars and Stripes.'

"Truthfully and inspiringly did my generous and chivalrous friend General James Shields, the other day, observe that the honor of two nations was committed to the zealous custody and vindication of the 'Irish Brigade,' and that, whilst, in the blended flags of those two nations, the Brigade had a double incentive to distinguish itself, it had likewise a double obligation of which it should be ever watchful and eager to acquit itself.

* * * * * * * * *

"As for the soldiers of the Brigade — the three thousand ready, sturdy hearty, fiery, headlong, fearless fellows, whose bayonets are to clear a way for the returning authority of the American Republic, — the familiar knowledge I have of their readiness to obey, their aptitude to learn, and their zeal in the execution of the more perilous duties of the service, — a knowledge gathered from my intercourse with them, day after day, in the recruiting offices and the fort where they were gradually mustered, — until they reached a force of three thousand men, — this knowledge also inspires me with confidence.

"One promise, however, — despite all my natural misgivings as to my own qualifications for a high command, I do not hesitate to give. Strict attention to the condition and requirements of the Brigade, thorough devotion to its interests, and the liveliest solicitude at all times, for all that concerns its health, its happiness, its efficiency, and its good name; — special care of the sick, and a determination that the humblest soldier shall have in me a protector whilst he has a superior, and a friend in whom he can trust whilst he has a chief to whom he must submit; — these, at all events, shall characterize my leadership of the Irish Brigade; and so far I can pledge myself to be serviceable to it.

"But another consideration, besides those I have mentioned, has affected me. In the presence of General Shields, — *one to whom rightfully belongs the command of the Irish Brigade*, — who, as an Irish soldier, — the first and most illustrious in the Republic, who has won his title to such a command, not only by the most conspicuous display of bravery, but by the acquisition of military history, military science, and what I may call the philosophy of great military movements, — studies in which his sagacious mind delights to indulge, — in the presence of such an Irishman I feel abashed in taking the position to which you, gentlemen, have insisted upon lifting me, and have done so with such a burst of exultation.

"I am reconciled, however, to what might seem, on my part, to be, in his presence, a most ungracious and unjust assumption, by the conviction that a loftier and worthier position awaits him, and that I shall have the privilege and advantage of serving under him, as a subordinate, in an Irish Division, of which he shall be the chief. In any case, I shall look to him constantly for advice, for instruction, for encouragement; and whilst it shall be my ambition to imitate his endurance and intrepidity in the field, it shall be no less my ambition to emulate him in his love of work, his diligence, and the other less brilliant, but no less essential qualities which render a soldier's life a life of exemplary usefulness, and moral as well as intellectual improvement. Nor shall his generous friendship for me, manifested as it has been recently, in so prompt and decisive a manner, be ever forgotten by me. The recollection of it, whilst it teaches me that there is some sterling truthfulness still flowing in the midst of the falsehood and perfidy which have been the peculiar visitation of our confiding race, — will animate me, — in scenes far different from that, in the light and joyfulness of which I now speak, — with the assurance that, if I but do my duty well, there will be one staunch friend, at least to do me justice.

* * * * * * * * *

"But whilst with these views discharging honestly and zealously our duty to the Government of the American Republic, there is for us, Irishmen, an animating thought. Foreign intervention, foreign rule, civil strife, sectarian conflicts, the sword of invaders, the torch and faggot of the religious persecutor, penal laws, periodical famines — to whatever scourge or plague it may be ascribed, the race which is represented here in arms this night has been stripped of all its functions and insignia as a sovereign element in the authentic transactions of the world. Politically considered, it is a subjugated, if it be not an obliterated race. In the higher achievements of genius, however, in the arts that animate, improve, adorn, illuminate, and glorify the

earth, its genius exhaustless and irrepressible — various and affluent as the rivers which keep green forever the old land from which that race has sprung — undecaying and lofty as the mountains that overlook that land from the clouds which are so solemnly like to its brooding memories of its destiny in the past — this genius has made itself manfest in an illustrious line of master intellects, — whose wit, poetry, song, creative faculty or power of golden speech, not all the sorrows, nor all the humiliations, nor all the martyrdom of the Irish race could impair, much less suppress.

"Great, indeed, has been the consolation which many a prostrate Irishman, mournfully bent over the annals of his country has derived from the recognition with which everywhere throughout the informed and educated world, their intellectual triumphs have been encircled as with a zodiac of glory. But greater still has been his consolation and still more vehement has been his pride, when, looking abroad into other lands he has seen the Irish soldier maintaining, generation after generation the traditional and lyric splendor of his race — as a race of instinctive warriors, and on battlefields where the older dynasties have been crushed, or from which communities of a new and higher order have arisen, giving proof of that courage and enthusiasm which, more than laws, more than institutions, more than any system of domestic magistracy or foreign policy, however liberally and sagaciously devised, — or more than the spirit of commerce, however daring it may be, — is, after all, the true soul and defence of nations.

"The reputation of the Irish soldier, achieved in the wars of France, of Austria, and of Spain, in days long gone by — transmitted to the New World, and there renewed and replenished in the struggles that gave birth to the Republics which disenthralled the Andes from the yoke of Spain, and which, at a still later day, proved itself fresh as ever, and bright as ever in the full blaze of that sun which blazed, fiercely as the death-dealing arrows of Apollo, upon the plains of Cerro Gordo, — the reputation of the Irish soldier thus made good and thus transmitted is now to be maintained and still further to be perpetuated by the Irish Brigade, fighting for the honor, the integrity, the authority of the American Republic.

"To the officers and men of the Irish Brigade this thought must be an inspiring one.

"A soldier's life, in time of war, is, for the most part, a life of severe privation, hardship, self-subjection and self-denial. For the time being, he does no less than abdicate his freedom and renounce his home. In most cases his tastes, his pursuits, his very character undergo a stern change,

and he accepts a yoke which, if borne with a soldier's spirit, will be light indeed, but otherwise is most burdensome and galling. A proud, high sense of duty, ever animating the soldier through the day, under every discomfort and restraint, is sufficient of itself to invigorate and cheer him, and, in truth, will do so in every case where his heart is not incurably vicious or his mind brutified. Where a just cause, an upright cause — the sustainment of the kindest and most encouraging government that a people has ever had, and with that a territory and resources, and broad avenues opening up into positions the brightest and most easily accessible that man, the poor man especially, has ever had — where such a cause stimulates the soldier's sense of duty, it should be an easy task for him to accept with cheerfulness all the requirements, rigorous though they may be, of a soldier's life.

"More fortunate still is the Irish soldier in the army of the American Republic. To this high, proud sense of duty — to this stimulating grandeur of a just and noble cause — he has superadded the incentives, which the conviction of what he owes to the military reputation of his race traditionally affords. A splendid volume, imperishably recording the fidelity and bravery of the Irish soldier — the chapters of which, headed by such words as those of Cremona, Landen, Fontenoy, as you have this night wreathed in appropriate and suggestive evergreens on the walls of this pavilion, and to which should have been added those of Castlefidardo and Spoleto, were it not that the hand which recalled those older memories with such artistic grace bore an honorable weapon in those no less honorable transactions of a later date, — this splendid volume has come down to us, and it is for us to blacken its pages or add a new chapter, which, with its brilliancy, will render it an unblemished work.

"There is still another consideration — one which although it may have its root in the past has its promised blossoming in the future. This war which, like all other wars, brings with it its calamities and ruin, likewise brings with it its lessons of wisdom, of practical advantages — its improvement of individual character, its development of traits and virtues, which no other ever might perhaps evolve; and better still, it sows the seeds, it plants the laurels, which, — like those that grew around the grave of the young hero in Virgilian song, — will germinate in weapons for the land which, in a communion of hope and martyrdom with Poland, with an immortal piety and zeal, in millions of hidden hearts, aspires, prays, pants and chafs for freedom.

"Thanks be to God this war has brought to us, Irishmen, a field and an opportunity for the acquirement of military knowledge — for the acquirement of that discipline, that subordination, that self-abnegation, combined with enthusiasm, that practiced and matured soldiership — which knowledge may yet fructify on the soil of Ireland, and bring forth in inexhaustible abundance the harvest for which so many hands have toiled, so much sweat has been expended, so much blood has been poured out, and over which the kindly sunshine of heaven, through the perversity of man, has been till now dispensed in vain.

"Let the truth be boldly told and boldly known! Whilst we, here, with all our hearts, devote ourselves to the maintenance and re-affirmation of the American Republic, in its legitimate plenitude, and whilst we are prepared to die in that great, just effort — all the greater that it is so just, to attain this end is the hope, the prayer, the inspiration of every officer and soldier in the ranks of the Irish Brigade, — the hope, the prayer, the inspiration, that will nerve his arm as it could never otherwise be nerved, and precipitate him to victory, in the teeth of the most desperate odds; — it is the hope, the prayer, the inspiration that this Irish Brigade, here on the Southern bank of the Potomac, together with every other Irish soldier in arms for the American Republic, will be in the advance-guard one day, — and that not far distant, — the green flags and ringing trumpets of which will awaken the true soul of Ireland to the dawn of the Easter Sunday which has been so long promised, so faithfully awaited, and so fervently prayed for.

"This, then, must be with every man of the Irish Brigade a thought which will have the power of a rapturous passion. To-day it is for the American Republic we fight — to-morrow it will be for Ireland — creditably acquitting ourselves in this great struggle — advancing under orders from the General-in-Chief of the armies of the American Republic, heeding no other orders — blind to every newspaper, whater it may teach — deaf to every word that comes not to us through the regular milltary channels — ceasing to be politicians — utterly annihilating ourselves as such — determined to be soldiers and to be nothing else, until the Stars and Stripes float over every inch of their legal domain — let us be true to our oaths which we have taken on entering the military service of the American Republic, and stand fast, push on or dash ahead as the order of the General-in-Chief commands us. Should we be ordered on — should we be ordered to plunge ourselves into the thickest of the most desperate fight, it will be my rapturous happiness to lead the Irish Brigade. In such an event many are sure to fall.

"Should I survive, and the cause of the American Republic prove successful, my soldiership shall not cease; for, having fulfilled my duty, — and a willing and proud one it will have been — I shall still have one more duty to perform, and that will be, for a second time, to risk my life in an effort to give to Ireland — that is, to all who are true to the traditional, the immemorial, the inextinguishable hopes and claims of Ireland as an original and ancient European nation — that which she has never voluntarily abdicated, and for which her resources, industrial, military and social, qualify her, in an eminent and abundant degree, whatever the emasculated purveyors and marrowless leeches, preying upon a chained and apparently exhausted or subject people may to the contrary assert.

"Sould I fall in this conflict, other men, better qualified in every respect, will survive me, and they will not descend into their graves until the effort I have spoken of shall be made. But falling in the conflict, if it be the will of God that it shall be so, I have one desire, that those who shall have been the witnesses of my fidelity to the Irish Brigade, in its origin, in the camp and in the field, shall write upon my gravestone, should such a stone be ever placed over me, and a nobler epitaph no Irishman — no exiled Irishman like me — could more justifiably aspire to —

"'Fighting for the honor and integrity of the Irish exile's happiest, proudest, and most prosperous home, Thomas Francis Meagher, an Irish exile, died at the head of the Irish Brigade.'

"This is my last speech until the war is over; and I am perfectly willing that they should be my dying words."

The hope expressed by Meagher — of having the Irish Brigade constitute a portion of an Irish Division under General Shields, — was, however, frustrated by the action of the narrow-minded politicians whose prejudices were stronger than their patriotism or sense of justice.

On the 24th of February, a deputation of the officers of the Brigade, headed by General Meagher, waited on the Secretary of War, to express to the Administration, through him, the unanimous desire that the various Irish-American regiments scattered through the army, should be aggregated into a Division, to be placed under the command of General James Shields, thus giving that gallant officer the rank of Major-General. The same thing had already been done with the German regiments, and General Blenker, who had left New York as Colonel of the 8th N. Y. V. (or "First German Rifles,") had been made Division General. But though the Secretary of War promised to represent the matter favorably to the President, no action was taken thereon; and, though General Shields, subsequently ob-

tained command of a Division — (and proved his ability by his defeat of Stonewall Jackson at Winchester — the only defeat that gallant Confederate officer ever sustained.) — yet it was not a Division composed exclusively of Irishmen — as his countrymen desired.

But it appears that it was not in accordance with the views of certain officials that the Irish element in the army should be rendered *too* conspicuous, — for, when General Meagher requested to have the 37th N. Y. Volunteers — ("Irish Rifles,") — assigned to his command, he was refused, and he got instead the 29th Mass. — (which, however, was subsequently replaced by the 28th Mass. — a thoroughly Irish organization).

MARCHING AND COUNTER-MARCHING.

On the 15th of March, 1862, General McClellan issued an "Order of the Day" to the Army of the Potomac, announcing that — "the time for action had at length arrived." General Meagher read the order for the Irish Brigade on the same day. It evoked the wildest enthusiasm. On the next day, the Brigade, with the 69th in the van, left their bivouac on the hills above Union Mills, and took the road to Fairfax Court House. The road was crossed by a stream called Pope's Head, which the rains of the preceding days had swollen into a torrent. A rude bridge had been thrown over it by a detail from the Brigade under command of Major Cavanagh, and the men were thus enabled to cross in comparative comfort, while General Meagher and the mounted officers forded the stream on horseback.

Writing of this march — Captain Turner — the chronicler of the Brigade, thus refers to the gallant leader of the left wing of the 69th:—

"In front you observe, if you have eyes, the sturdy, high-minded, thorough and complete soldier, Major Cavanagh — one of the best of men, and one of the most reliable soldiers of the Irish Brigade. If ever the "Old Land" needs a soldier, or the new a sacrifice and a leader, neither can find, I give you my word, a man of nobler mind or more soldierly instincts and intuitions. Only that I have heard the utterance in private, and where one should never repeat, either in print or speech, the words of comrade or companion, I could tell you how often in private and in solitude, I have heard a real old Irish Nationalist say: 'Would it were upon the mountains or the plains of Ireland we were marching, and that those were the English watch-fires yonder.'"

From Fairfax Court House the Brigade took the road to Centreville to

reinforce General French at Manassas, against whom the Confederates were making some demonstrations. On the morning of St. Patrick's day, the Brigade crossed Bull Run — being the second time that many of those in its ranks had passed that now historic stream. The 88th Regiment was assigned the duty of guarding the bridge. Here they were posted for the ensuing week.

On the 25th of March General Sumner's Corps — to which the Irish Brigade was attached, was moved to Warrenton, on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad; but they were not long there when an order came to the Irish Brigade to return to Camp California, preparatory to embarking for Fortress Monroe. For the army, in obedience to orders from Washington, was about to be transferred to the Peninsula.

From Camp California the Brigade marched to Alexandria, where they embarked for Fortress Monroe. They were landed at Ship Point, from whence they proceeded to Camp Winfield Scott, in front of Yorktown, which was held by the Confederates and strongly fortified. On the 4th of May, General McClellan succeeded in forcing the enemy to abandon Yorktown, and fall back upon their next line of defence at Williamsburg, where they were again defeated in a hotly contested battle on the 5th, and compelled to fall back towards Richmond.

During the progress of the battle reinforcements were called for, and the Irish Brigade started from Yorktown at nightfall, in a teeming rain, and on a road covered with mud so deep and tenacious that the batteries of artillery in advance got stuck in the ruts every five minutes. Owing to these repeated delays but slow progress was made, and at 2 o'clock, A. M., the Brigade received orders to halt and bivouac in a wood, and there they remained for the rest of the night. Next morning they learned the result of the battle, and in the evening, were again on the march towards Yorktown, without having an opportunity of exchanging a shot with the enemy.

THE 37TH N. Y. V. ("IRISH RIFLES,") AT WILLIAMSBURG.

But though the men of the Irish Brigade were denied the privilege of participating in the opening battle of the campaign — the old race was nobly represented thereat by their brothers of the 37th (Irish Rifles.) as will be seen by the following extracts from the report of Colonel Hayman, commanding that regiment: —

"HEADQUARTERS 37TH N. Y. VOLUNTEERS,
Camp at Williamsburg, Va., May 6, 1862.

"CAPTAIN: In obedience to a circular from brigade headquartes of this

date, I have the honor to submit the following report of the part performed by my regiment in the action of yesterday:

"After a fatiguing march through mud and rain from camp near Yorktown the regiment reached the place of engagement, located in heavy timber and undergrowth, near Williamsburg, about 3 o'clock, P. M. It was placed in position on the left of the Fifth Michigan, parallel to the supposed line of the enemy, and Company B, Capt. James T. Maguire, was deployed as skirmishers nearly perpendicular to my line, to protect my left flank. An almost continuous fire was soon opened upon the regiment by a concealed foe, which lasted about an hour, and which was returned with spirit for some time, when I ordered the fire to cease until the enemy could be seen, to avoid an unnecessary loss of ammunition.

"A scout was now sent to my front to observe the enemy, which soon returned and reported him moving to my left. This seemed to be confirmed by his fire, which was delivered in front and on my left. The whole regiment was now moved some distance to the left, and six companies deployed in extended order in a line, making something less than a right angle with my original line, as it was upon these six companies that the enemy exerted his greatest efforts, and they compelled him to abandon his design in that direction and retire entirely from the woods after a contest of probably an hour's duration. The companies on the right accomplished a like result in reference to the enemy in front. The enemy carried most of his wounded with him, but a considerable number of his dead and some wounded were left, and three different parties seeking for the dead were captured by my pickets during the night.

"After the enemy had retired eight companies of my regiment were deployed as skirmishers, extending from my original right to the left as far as the plain in front of Williamsburg. The other two companies were detached by order of Brigadier-General Berry — one to man, the other to defend the battery. No sign of the enemy was discovered by the pickets during the night, except small details looking for his dead.

"The conduct of all my officers I consider worthy of commendation.

* * * * * * * * *

"It is but just to say that the courage of the officers of the six left companies were most severely tested, and on that account their commanders are worthy of special notice. They were commanded by Capts. James T. Maguire, Clarke, De Lacy, O'Beirne,* and Diegnan, and First Lieutenant

*Now, General James R. O'Beirne of New York, than whom, as a gallant soldier and thorough-going Irish patriot, no better or braver representative of his race exists — on either side of the Atlantic.

Hayes. I also deem worthy of notice First Sergt. Lawrence Murphy, Company K, and First Sergt. Martin Conboy, Company B.

"The conduct of the enlisted men of the regiment is deserving of the greatest praise, and without individual courage, under the circumstances of the engagement, but little could have been accomplished, and it is therefore to this circumstance I attribute in a great measure the success of my command.

* * * * * * * * *

"I would also commend to the special consideration of the general commanding the following men, who, after being severely wounded, captured a number of prisoners: Company C, Corpl. Patrick Kiggan, Corpl. James Boyle, and Private Charles O'Brien; Company F, Private Henry Brady.

"The regiment has to deplore the loss of two of its most valuable officers, First Lieuts. Pat. H. Hayes and Jeremiah O'Leary,* who were kiled whilst gallantly leading their men in the most destructive fire of the enemy. The colonel commanding feels in the loss of these officers, and the brave men who fell with them, the great sacrifice incurrred in the success of the regiment.

"Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"S. B. HAYMAN,

"*Colonel, Commanding Thirty seventh New York Volunteers.*"

THE BATTLE OF FAIR OAKS.

From Yorktown the Irish Brigade advanced to the Chickahominy, on the banks of which they encamped for a fortnight in comparative inactivity. To vary this monotonous life, they improvised a series of steeple-chases, in which Captains Gosson and Cavanagh were the most successful competitors. On Saturday evening, May 31st, just as one of those races was finished, the deep boom of artillery was heard coming from the woods bordering both sides of the Chicahominy. This was quickly followed by the faint

*Lieutenants Patrick H. Hayes and Jeremiah O'Leary—the only officers of the "Irish Rifles" killed at Williamsburg—were, previous to the war, two of the most zealous and efficient officers of the Phœnix Brigade, the former being First Lieutenant of Company A, (Capt. Welpley's Company), and the latter Captain of Company C. They sleep together on the field where they fell. Their faithful Fenian Brothers dug their grave at the foot of an oak tree, and laid them, tenderly and lovingly, side by side, their arms twined around each other's neck—covered them with the greenest of shamrocked sods, and, with fervent prayers for their soul's repose—left them to await a happy resurrection

but continuous rattle of musketry, a sure sign that a hard fight was in progress on the opposite side of the river.

That was the battle of the Seven Pines, in which the Union forces under General Casey contended ineffectually against the Confederates led by General Joe Johnson.

The Chickahominy was flooded, and the bridge carried away; but, by hard work, it was replaced before morning, and the greater part of General Sumner's Division were across the river, and hurried to the front.

During the latter part of the night the Irish Brigade bivouacked in the woods, and woke up at dawn to find themselves within pistol-shot of the enemy, who, no doubt, shared in their astonishment at the unexpected *rencontre* — coming as it did without the least warning. From General Meagher's lucid description of the situation, and of the battle which ensued, I select the following passages:—

"The Pamunkey and Richmond railroad ran within five hundred paces of the Brigade line, and almost parallel to it. Two miles to the rear, was the Chickahominy. Richardson's Division, of which mine was the Second Brigade, occupied in two lines a wide corn-field, the crop on which had been thoroughly trampled out of sight, nothing in the way of vegetation remaining above the soaked and trodden surface but the blackened stumps of the pines that formerly covered it. To the right were tall, beautiful, noble woods; to the extreme left, the same. Between the left of our line and the railroad was a smaller wood. On the other side of the railroad was a long thick belt of handsome trees — full of glittering and rustling leaves — the beams of the dawning sun veiling them with transparent gold — not a breath of wind wakening them from their grand repose. This superb belt, however, concealed an ugly swamp, and the perplexing and almost impervious undergrowth with which it was interwoven. Richmond was but four miles distant from the colors of the Sixty-ninth New York Volunteers, the right of the Brigade. One of the pioneers of the regiment — formerly a sailor — an immense, shaggy, iron-built fellow, with a tanned skin and a tempestuous eye, agile and daring as a tiger — darting up a towering pine close to the railroad, saw the dome of the Capitol flashing through the smoke of the city, the church-spires, and shining fragments of the bridges over the James River.

"The object of the enemy was to drive us from the railroad, back to the Chickahominy, and into it if possible. They had surprised General Casey the day before, on the other side of the railroad, and had nearly cut his

Division to pieces. Sedgwick, however, coming up rapidly on the right, and Kearney on the left, the enemy were promptly checked, and fell back for the night. At daybreak he resumed the attack.

"A few minutes after the volley I have mentioned, Howard's Brigade had crossed the railroad, and were blazing away at a Brigade of Georgians in that magnificent forest in front of us, forcing and tearing their way through the underbrush, through the swamp, over fallen trees and mangled bodies, in the full blaze of a blinding fire. French's Brigade followed. Our turn came next.

"The Sixty-ninth swept down to the railroad, and reaching it, deployed into line of battle on the track. This they did under a hurricane of bullets. Once in line, however, they paid back the compliments of the morning with the characteristic alacrity and heartiness of a genuine Irish acknowledgment. The exchange of fervent salutations was kept up for an hour. The chivalry of Virginia met its match in the chivalry of Tipperary.

"In the meantime, the Eighty-eighth New-York, piercing the small wood which, as I have said, lay between the railroad and the left of the Brigade, debouched from it into a pretty deep cutting of the road, in which the regiment threw itself into line of battle, as the 69th had done a little higher up, and got to work with a dazzling celerity. In front of the cutting was an open space, some ten or twelve acres in extent, forming a half-circle. A rail fence ran across it, a hundred paces from the railroad. Here and there, behind the fence, were clumps of shrubbery and wild blackberry bushes. The whole was girt by a cincture of dark pines, closely set together, in the limbs of which, hidden by the leaves and shadows of the trees, were swarms of sharp-shooters; whilst the wood itself, and the clumps and bushes were alive with Rebels. Climbing the embankment of the cutting, so as to enable them to rest their muskets and plant their colors on top of it, the Eighty-eighth threw their first fire in one broad sheet of lightning into the fence and wood. From both fence and wood came, an instant after, a scorching whirlwind, tearing and ploughing up the grass and corn-stalks in the open space, and ripping the colors, as it made them flap and beat against the flag staffs.

Close to where the colors were planted stood a log-built cottage — the property of a lethargic German with pink eyes and yellow hair — and two or three auxiliary structures devoted to pigs, chickens, and bees. These served as an excellent cover for a company of the Eighty-eighth, detailed for special practice against the sharp-shooters.

"On the opposite embankment there stood a very dingy and battered little barn, abounding in fleas and mice, and superabundantly carpeted with damp hay. This was appropriated as the hospital of the regiment. The red flag was displayed from the roof, and in a few minutes it was the scene of much suffering, tenderness, devotion, thought and love of home, heroic resignation, and calm bravery under the inexorable hand of death. There, indeed, were to be seen in many instances the sweetness, the cheerfulness, the strength, the grandeur of character which proved the fidelity of the private soldier to his cause, the disinterestedness with which he had pledged himself to it, the consciousness of his having done well in the face of danger, and leaving to his home and comrades a memory which would brighten the sadness of those who knew, loved, and honored him.

"There was to be seen the good, kind, gentle priest of the old and eternal Faith calming the fevered brain with words which at such moments express the divinest melody, and gladdening the drooping eye with visions that transform the bed of torture into one of flowers, and the cloud of death into a home of splendor.

"Driven back on the right by Sedgwick — on the centre by Richardson — on the left by Kearney — baffled, broken, routed at all three points at one and the same time — at noon that day the Rebel forces were pursued by Hooker. Had he been permitted he would have followed them to Richmond. Kearney was mad for the pursuit — so was Sumner — so were French and Sedgwick — so was every one of our officers and soldiers. It was the instinct and passion of the entire army.

"'Now that we've got them on the run' — as a Sergeant of the Eighty-eighth knowingly observed — 'the thing is to keep them running,'

"It would have been the telling game to play. Followed up briskly and with determination, the enemy would not have faced about this side of Richmond. As it was his retreat could hardly have been more fearfully disordered. Thousands of muskets were flung away—cartridge-boxes, blankets, everything that ever so slightly checked or slackened the rapidity of that wild flight — for it was nothing short of that — were torn off, dropped on the road, or whirled impatiently into the woods."

[Captain Field, of the U. S. Artillery, gives this graphic account of the battle, and of the part played by the Irish Brigade in their first general engagement: —

"We could follow the fluctuating fortunes of the day by the way the fire advanced and retired, accompanied by the solid cheers of our men and

the sharp continuous yell of the enemy. Presently the fire came nearer, with an increased crash on the other side and a perceptible slackening on ours. In a few minutes stragglers and wounded men began to emerge from the timber. The first brigade of our division was being driven in. General Sumner sent in the next brigade, Howard's, and with this fresh force the fire again resumed its full volume, reaching the climax of the battle.

"A nearer approach of the fire, another lull in our direction and wild yells, meant a second repulse, and now we saw General Sumner ride up to the Irish Brigade, but a bare quarter of a mile off on our right front. We saw his hat off and his gray locks bared as he evidently made a short speech, probably the only one of the old hero's life. We learned afterwards that he told them that they were his last hope; if they failed him all was lost, 'but,' said he, 'I'll go my stars on you,' pointing to his shoulder-straps. 'I want to see how Irishmen fight, and when you run I'll run too.'

"A hearty cheer greeted his last words, and the brigade moved into the woods with the air of men who were going to stay. A fresh crash showed when they struck the enemy. For a few minutes the fire was deafening, then it began to retire The yells gave way to long continuous cheers, an aid galloped up to order a section of artillery to follow our advancing line, and the battle of Fair Oaks was won.

"It was an inspiriting opening of a heroic history, and from that day General Sumner swore by the Irish Brigade.

"During the latter part of the action, an officer dashed up to General Sumner — wearing a cap heavily laced with gold, jacket similarly ornamented, with long grizzled moustache curled up to his eyes. He saluted and gave a report of the close of the action.

"General Sumner said, 'That was a gallant charge of your brigade, Captain Gosson.'

"'Begad, sir,' said Jack, raising his cap, 'we gave them a healthy dash.'"]

CHAPTER LX V.

FROM FAIR OAKS TO MALVERN HILL.—MEAGHER IN NEW YORK.

"I'll fight you every day you rise."
THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

DURING the three weeks succeeding the battle of Fair Oaks, the Irish Brigade was engaged in the onerous duty of guarding the front of the Union entrenchments. An idea of the work they performed and the hardships it entailed may be formed from the following extract from Capt. Turner's correspondence.

"CAMP NEAR RICHMOND, June 22, 1862.

"The Irish Brigade have just completed the severest round of picket duty ever performed by the same number of men. In fact, for eight whole days they have kept the front, until the men became so worn out that they could hardly keep awake in the ranks from fatigue and want of rest. Caldwell's brigade are now in our front.

"During the action of the 19th the enemy made a desperate attack on our pickets, shelling the position for some time from the woods beyond; and following this up by throwing out a force to reconnoitre. Company I, of the 63d, under command of Captain John Kavanagh and Lieut. William F. Meehan, were in advance, and gallantly maintained their ground. The enemy poured a hot fire of musketry on them, but not a man flinched, while the ready aim and coolness with which they gave their return volleys soon made their opponents retreat. None of the 63d were hurt. Major Cavanagh was in command of the pickets, and his report of the affair so pleased General Meagher that he issued the annexed complimentary order:

'HEADQUARTERS MEAGHER'S BRIGADE,
Fair OAKS, Va., June 22, 1862.

'*Capt. John Kavanagh, 63d Regt, N. Y. V.*

'CAPTAIN, — I am directed by the Brigadier-General commanding this Brigade to congratulate you on the coolness and steadiness shown by yourself and the officers and soldiers under your command, during the attack on our pickets on the afternoon of June 19, 1862. The Brigadier-General takes this method of thanking you for the gallantry and patriotism which animated those under your command, that he might express in a formal manner how much gratified he feels at the bravery and courage displayed by any portion of the Brigade which he has the honor to command.

'The motive for this congratulation was the conduct of your company, as reported by Major Cavanagh, field officer of that day.

'I am, Captain, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

'JOSEPH S. MCCOY, Ass. Adj.-Gen.'

"A similar order was issued respecting Capt. Leddy's Company of the 69th, which also exhibited great bravery on the occasion."

Strong reinforcements having reached General Lee's army at Richmond, it became evident to General McClellan that he had not soldiers enough to fight the enemy in front and to maintain the base of his supplies on the Pamunkey River, and guard his connection with it by railroad. Accordingly, he determined to effect a change of base to James River, — where he could receive his supplies directly by water.

This retreat across the Peninsula, in the face of an enemy superior in numbers, involved great risk, and resulted in a series of desperate battles lasting continuously for a week, but it was eventually accomplished, though at a great sacrifice of men and war material to the Union army.

As, during the retreat, the Irish Brigade constituted a portion of the rear of the army, it had its full share in repulsing the attacks of the persevering enemy.

In the first of those great battles — that of Gaine's Mill, fought on the 27th of June, the timely reinforcement of French's and Meagher's brigades saved Porter's overmatched forces from an overwhelming disaster — for it was only by a determined bayonet-charge of a company of the 69th that the stream of fugitives pouring towards the bridge of the Chickahominy was check-

ed, and a rally made behind their rescuers — whose ringing cheers — as they dashed into the woods darkening in the evening gloom,— checked the advance of the exultant foe; and so, without having fired a shot, those gallant twin brigades gave Porter's forces an opportunity of crossing the river and rejoining the main body of the army under cover of night — the Irish Brigade guarding the approaches to the bridge until all had passed over in safety — when the structure was destroyed before the baffled enemy could muster resolution to renew the attack which was so suddenly checked by the cheers they learned to know so well at Fair Oaks.*

It is not necessary to enter into details of the action of the Brigade in the subsequent battles of that eventful week — "Savage Station," "Peach Orchard," "White Oak Swamp," and "Malvern Hill." There is, however, one characteristic episode related of the last-named engagement which I cannot refrain from reciting here. Captain Field, (then serving with "Pettit's Battery" — the artillery attached to the Irish Brigade,) is the narrator.

A Regimental Duel.

"An interesting episode in the history of the Brigade was the encounter at Malvern Hill, in the dusk of the evening, between the Eighty-eighth Regiment and the well-known 'Louisiana Tigers' — as a battalion from New Orleans, commanded by the famous Colonel Wheat, was called. They were the desperadoes of the Southern service, and, meeting the Irishmen

*General McClellan, in his report of this battle, thus refers to the action of French's and Meagher's brigades.

"About 5 P. M. General Porter having reported his position as critical, French's and Meagher's brigades, of Richardson's division (Second Corps,) were ordered to cross to his support. The enemy attacked again in great force at 6 P. M., but failed to break our lines, though our loss was very heavy.

"About 7 P. M., they threw fresh troops against General Porter with still greater fury, and finally gained the woods held by our left. This reverse, aided by the confusion that followed an unsuccessful charge of five companies of the Fifth Cavalry, and followed as it was by more determined assaults on the remainder of our lines, now outflanked, caused a general retreat from our position to the hill in rear, overlooking the bridge.

"French's and Meagher's brigades now appeared, driving before them the stragglers who were thronging toward the bridge. These brigades advanced boldly to the front, and by their example, as well as by the steadiness of their bearing, reanimated our own troops and warned the enemy that re-enforcements had arrived. It was now dusk. The enemy, already repulsed several times with terrible slaughter, and hearing the shouts of the fresh troops, failed to follow up their advantage."

unexpectedly at close quarters, fought with their knives and pistols. The Irishmen, ignoring their bayonets, which they had not time to fix, clubbed their muskets, and so in the dark and thick timber the savage grapple went on. In the thickest of the *melee*, a gigantic member of the Eighty-eighth spied a mounted officer cheering on the Tigers. Striding up to him, he grasped him with his enormous hand, and with the exclamation, 'come out o' that, you spalpeen!' fairly dragged him from his horse and captured him.

"An incident connected with this encounter fastened the brigade to General Sumner with hooks of steel. On the prolonged Seven Days' Retreat, some muskets were of course lost and thrown away, but astonishingly few, all things considered. Every case that came to General Sumner's notice angered him beyond bounds. When one morning an officer of the Eighty-eighth came to him with a requisition for quite a number of muskets, Sumner broke out violently, denounced bitterly men who would lose or abandon their arms, and ended by saying, 'You shall not have those muskets, sir, I'll take them all away from you and make your men dig trenches Such men are not fit to carry arms.'

"The officer listened calmly to this tirade and then said, 'You're mistaken there, General. We've not lost them nor thrown them away.'

"'Where are they, then?' said Sumner.

'Outside, sir. I thought maybe you'd be wanting to see them.'"

The General went out, and found a pile of muskets with cracked and splintered stocks, bent barrels and twisted bayonets.

"'How is this?' said he.

"'It's the Eighty-eighth, sir,' said the officer. 'The boys got in a scrimmage with the Tigers, and when the bloody villains took to their knives, the boys mostly forgot their bayonets, but went to work in the style they were used to, and licked them well, sir.'

"As Sumner gazed on these speaking witnesses of desperate pluck his rugged face softened, and, generous as he was hasty, he said a few words which warmed the hearts of every Irishman in the army that heard of them. From that time we used to say that the General thought he could whip Lee's army with the Irish Brigade and Pettit's Battery."

Incidents of General Meagher's Visit to New York.

While the Army of the Potomac lay encamped at Harrison's Landing, enjoying a temporary rest after their seven days and nights' alternate march-

ing and fighting, General Meagher was given a brief leave of absence for the purpose of proceeding to New York to make arrangements for recruiting the depleted ranks of the brigade.

At that time the enthusiasm — which actuated the masses of the loyal States at the outbreak of the war — was perceptibly abated, and it required extraordinary efforts to obtain recruits, of the class required for the Irish Brigade, more especially as Meagher's personal and political enemies insidiously circulated the report that "extra risk was to be encountered in his command — it being notorious that the Irish Brigade was assigned more than the average share of the hard fighting."

They, moreover, — openly or covertly — as it suited their purpose — either boldly asserted or left it to be inferred, that Meagher's desire for personal distinction was responsible for this exposure of his followers — for — unscrupulously mendacious as they were — they never ventured to deny that *they were his followers* in every instance where danger was to be encountered.

As it happened, there was just enough of foundation for the general assertion to base the lying personal charge upon, and the friends of Meagher and the cause he advocated found it difficult to counteract the efforts of the calumniators' treachery. They set themselves nobly to the task, however, and in many instances were nobly assisted by their fellow-citizens without distinction of race, creed, or place of birth. A few instances of individual liberality, taken from the New York papers of the time, are worth recording here.

The members of the New York Corn Exchange, by personal subscription, raised a fund sufficient to pay — in addition to the Federal, State, and City bounties, the sum of $10 each to the first 300 men who joined the Irish Brigade.

In the same patriotic spirit the firm of Austin Kelley & Co., sent the following letter to the Colonel of the 69th, and nobly fulfilled the obligations therein assumed:

"OFFICE OF AUSTIN KELLEY & Co., 28 Canal St.,
New York, August, 13, 1862.

"*Col. Nugent, 69th Regt, Irish Brigade.*

"Dear Sir, — Anxious to see the present rebellion terminated as speedily as possible, and at the same time being fully cognizant that there is but one way to do so — that is by active and immediate enlistments — the mustering of thousands under the old flag — we hereby offer, in addition to

the Government, State, and other bounties, ten dollars to each of the first fifty recruits of the Irish Brigade: and feeling that those dependent on the men who volunteer in a cause so glorious should not be left wanting, we further agree to furnish constant employment during the war to the wives and daughters of such men, if desired.

"Sincerely yours,

"AUSTIN KELLEY & CO."

In the paper from which the above letter was taken, I find the annexed interesting account of an occurrence which transpired on Broadway, in front of the Irish Brigade headquarters:

"On Friday of last week our old friend, Mr. John Hennessy, who is one of the most earnest workers on behalf of the Brigade, was addressing a number of persons outside the Headquarters on the duty of every citizen to defend the Union in its hour of danger, when Mr. Isaac Selligman, of the firm of Selligman & Stettheimer, 334 Broadway, stepped forward and said: "Sir, I admire the manner in which you advocate the cause of America. I admire your glorious Irish Brigade, and its heroic conduct before the enemy. I will, therefore, offer twenty dollars to the first two young men that will join you." This announcement was enthusiastically cheered, and two young men named Robert Davidson and John Maloney instantly stepped up and offered themselves as recruits. At this moment, ex-Mayor Tieman arrived on the scene and applauded Mr. Hennessey for his efforts. "Go on," said he, "Mr. Hennessey, and believe me, I will assist you to the utmost of my ability and interest." Mr. Selligman here came forward a second time, and gave twenty dollars more for the next two men who should volunteer. Four men named William Burrisson, Michael Brannagan, John Nugent and Francis Connolly stepped forward and were accepted. In one hour the entire six had passed the medical inspection and were mustered into the service. Mr. Selligman was so delighted with the result of his liberal donation to the Brigade, that the next day he and his brother waited on Mr. Hennessey and presented him with $100 to be given to the next ten recruits."

[John Hennessey was at that time and for many years previously one of the representative men of his race in New York. None of his fellow countrymen were more universally known personally or more esteemed for his sturdy independence of character and his demonstrative patriotism. His towering stature made him conspicuous in every assemblage convened in the interest of Ireland, and his heart was proportionally large; his spirit was as fiery and as quick to resent an insult to his country or her friends, as

his brawny fist or the formidable *souvenir* of his native Kilkenny woods, which it usually carried out of doors, was to impress the offender with a salutary sense of his rashness in venting his anti-Irish spleen while "Big John Hennessy" was around. Like all genuine Irishmen, he was enthusiastically proud of Thomas Francis Meagher, and from the arrival of the latter in America, he was among the warmest and most esteemed of his personal friends. As stated in a previous portion of this work, the Irish patriot's advent in this country was followed by a series of scurrilous attacks in the British papers and their anti-Irish satellites in America. Foremost among the subsidized scribblers engaged in this dirty work was an English adventurer, who masqueraded under the self-assumed title of "Count Johannes." The blackguard's insignificance protected him, for the time being, from the consequences which his malevolence richly merited. But he was not destined to go unpunished forever. Years afterwards, in an unlucky hour, his evil genius led him to John Hennessy's house on some business or other. He was personally unknown to Mr. Hennessy; but no sooner did he reveal his identity to the stalwart John than the irate Graignamana man thundered out: "So you're the scoundrel who villified Thomas Francis Meagher!" and without giving the dumb-founded culprit time to stammer forth a denial or excuse, he incontinently ran him to the open door, and by a vigorous and scientific application of his ponderous foot propelled him from the top of the high stoop to receive a repetition of the galvanic shock from contact with the curbstone, and there left him to sigh involuntarily.—"*Oh! what a fall was there!*"

As soon afterwards as the graceless "Count" was able to limp around on crutches, he had the assailant of his doubly-injured honor summoned before the Police Court, where he dramatically recited his serio-comic story to the infinite amusement of his unsympathetic audience, who, when "His Honor" dismissed the case with a caution to the *plaintiff* to beware how he repeated his offence, passed a unanimous verdict of: "*Served him right!*"]

Up to this time I had not seen General Meagher, since our parting on the pier nearly ten months previously, on the day of my departure for Ireland. I had been back in New York about three months, when one morning, while in the office of the Fenian Brotherhood, 6 Centre street, I was surprised and delighted by the entrance of "Frank Murray," one of my old comrades of the "Phœnix Zouaves," who had gone into active service with the Irish Brigade, by way of advancing his military education.

Frank was a tall, handsome, and athletic young fellow, and when Col-

onel Nugent offered him the position of Sergeant-Major in the 69th — he accepted it — conditional on his getting the consent of his Company. On his stating the case to his comrades one of them suggested that if he was to go with the regiment, he had better take the position of First-Sergeant in one of the companies, inasmuch as he was well fitted for that, while his inexperience in battalion movements hardly qualified him for the one proffered him.

His answer was unanswerable: —

"That's *their* look-out — not *mine:* for, be jabers! if they offered to make me a Major-General instead of a Sergeant-Major — I'd accept."

Of course after that, there was no further impediments thrown in the way of such an aspiring genius. He got *carte blanche* to follow the bent of his laudable ambition.

Well, in my brave Frank's first fight — "Fair Oaks" — he got a ball through the thigh, and was laid up in hospital (in Philadelphia, I think,) for over two months. When he was able to walk around with the help of a stick, he felt an irrepressible longing to see his friends and comrades in New York and applied to the Surgeon in charge for a "furlough," but was refused. He then took the responsibility of going without leave, and — "here he was."

In reciting his story he unbuttoned his coat and showed me the gold-embroidered green vest of the Zouaves" — which he had carried with him from New York, and constantly worn during his absence — as, if 'twas his fortune to fall in battle — he wished to die with "the color of his father-land" over his heart. He wished to leave me a "Power of Attorney" — in case he fell in any future engagement — to receive whatever money was belonging to him and convert it to the use of the company. This I positively refused to do, and was trying to laugh him out of the gruesome thoughts of will-making — when the door opened and in walked—General Meagher.

We both jumped to our feet. I to grasp his outstretched hand and respond to his cordial greeting. Frank to assume a military attitude and salute his General.

Meagher was evidently as much surprised as was Frank at the unlooked for recontre — as his tone implied when he remarked: —

"Is it here you are, Murray?"

"It is, General?"

"Did you get a furlough from the hospital?"

"I did not, General. I asked it from the doctor, but he refused my request."

"And so you left without permission!"

"Yes, General."

"Hem! — Did you get your pay yet."

"I did not General."

"Well, you had better go the Paymaster's office and get it, and then return to the hospital as quick as you can, and if any questions are asked concerning your absence, say you saw me in New York, and explained your presence there to me."

Whereupon Frank again saluted and took his departure — for the time. No sooner had he left than the General, addressing me, said: —

"That's all the fault of you Fenians. There's such a mysterious attraction in your Brotherhood that no risks to be incurred, can keep ye apart."

I answered that, in the present instance, I would assume the responsibility — on behalf of the rest of us — of whatever blame he may attach to it — which, however, I thought would be very little — after he had all the circumstances explained. I then related Frank's whole story, and when I mentioned the incident of his wearing the Zouave vest, he was visibly affected, and said — in a tone of admiration — "Poor fellow! how devoted he is to the old cause."

We then had a long conversation over the events that transpired since our last meeting. He was peculiarly gratified by the action taken by the Irish Nationalists at the great meeting convened in Dublin to sympathize with the cause of the Union, and on the effect produced thereby on the Irish people at large, and their enemies — the English Government and their landlord garrison,

A few evenings afterwards, General Meagher addressed a large and most enthusiastic meeting in the Armory of the Seventh Regiment, N. Y. S. N. G., (that which has for some years past been occupied by the 69th). Then it was that he related the incident which gave rise to the Rebel General's bitter exclamation—

"*Here comes that damned Green Flag again!*"

On that occasion, also, he read a letter from Captain John H. Donovan, of the Sixty-ninth, Irish Brigade, who had an eye shot out at Malvern Hill, was left for dead on the field, and fell next day, into the hands of the enemy. When he fell, (as he thought mortally) wounded, he requested

a comrade to take his sword — that it might be secured from the enemy: and when questioned about it by his captors he told them that the sword was "where they would never get it." Whereupon one of the rebel Generals remarked — alluding to the hero's fearful wound —

"*You'll* never require it again, any way."

To this Donovan retorted: "I have one eye yet to risk for the Union — and when that, too, goes — then — I'll *go it blind.*"

CHAPTER LXVI.

ANTIETAM. — FREDERICKSBURG. — CHANCELLORSVILLE.

> Oh! Hurrah! for the men, who, when danger is nigh,
> Are found in the front, looking Death in the eye."
>
> DAVIS.

NOTWITHSTANDING the efforts of General Meagher and his zealous friends in New York, the progress of filling up the depleted ranks of the Irish Brigade was not commensurate with their expectations. The time was not propitious for obtaining Irish recruits of the quality desired, for several reasons — of which, perhaps, one of the most consequential was, that only a few weeks had elapsed since the 69th N. Y. S. M., under Colonel Matthew Murphy, had volunteered for a second three months' service in response to a call from the President, and, as the original members of the 69th Regiment constituted but a mere nucleus of the new organization, the balance was mostly made up of the Fenian associates of the popular young Colonel — the very element that would most promptly respond to Meagher's call — had it been the first made.

Such recruits as had been obtained were hardly prepared to join the Brigade in the field before the latter were called on to enter upon a new campaign, and one entailing more sacrifices than that which terminated at Malvern Hill.

The evacuation of the Peninsula had been ordered from Washington, and McClellan superseded by Pope; but the defeat of the latter at Manassas — and the consequent invasion of Maryland by Lee's victorious army, induced the authorities to recall McClellan to the chief command, and send him in pursuit of the invaders.

The Irish Brigade did not participate in the battle of Manassas; for when General Meagher rejoined it at Harrison's Landing, it was under orders to proceed to Fortress Monroe, by way of Williamsburg and Yorktown.

From Fortress Monroe the brigade was hurriedly ordered to Washington

—and thence into Maryland—where it took part in the great battle of Antietam—a fight in which it conspicuously upheld the military renown of its gallant race, at the expense of a greater sacrifice of life than it sustained in any other engagement during the war.

ANTIETAM.

The battle of Antietam was fought on September 17th, 1862; it lasted fourteen hours. The Union forces engaged numbered 87,000. The Confederates were estimated by McClellan in his official report of the battle, at 97.000. McClellan refers to the part taken by the Irish Brigade in the engagement—as follows:—

From General McClellan's Official Report.

"On the left of General French, General Richardson's Division was hotly engaged. Having crossed the Antietam about 9.30 A. M., at the ford crossed by the other divisions of Sumner's corps, it moved on a line nearly parallel to the Antietam, and formed in a ravine behind the high grounds overlooking Boulette's house; the Second (Irish) Brigade, commanded by General Meagher, on the right, the Third Brigade, commanded by General Caldwell, on his left and the brigade commanded by Colonel Brooke, Fifty-third Pennsylvania Volunteers, in support. As the division moved forward to take its position on the field, the enemy directed a fire of artillery against it, but, owing to the irregularities of the ground, did but little damage.

"Meagher's Brigade, advancing steadily, soon became engaged with the enemy, posted to the left and in front of Roulette's house. It continued to advance under a heavy fire, nearly to the crest of the hill overlooking Piper's house, the enemy being posted in a continuation of the sunken road and corn-field before referred to. Here the brave Irish Brigade opened upon the enemy a terrific musketry fire.

"All of General Sumner's corps was now engaged—General Sedgwick on the right, General French in the centre, and General Richardson on the left. The Irish Brigade sustained its well-earned reputation. After suffering terribly in officers and men, and strewing the ground with their enemies as they drove them back, their ammunition nearly expended, and their commander, General Meagher, disabled by the fall of his horse, shot under him, this brigade was ordered to give place to General Caldwell's brigade, which advanced to a short distance in its rear. The lines were passed by the Irish Brigade, breaking by company to the rear, and General Caldwell's,

by company to the front, as steadily as on drill. Colonel Brooke's brigade now became the second line.

"The ground over which Generals Richardson's and French's divisions were fighting was very irregular, intersected by numerous ravines, hills covered with growing corn, inclosed by stone walls, behind which the enemy could advance unobserved upon any exposed point of our lines."

AN AMERICAN OFFICER ON THE BRIGADE AT ANTIETAM.

Captain Edward Field of the U. S. Artillery, — from whose graphic and friendly sketches of the brigade I have made several interesting extracts in the course of this work — thus bears testimony to their valor at Antietam: —

"At Antietam came

THE CROWNING GLORY OF THE IRISH BRIGADE.

"When French's division, containing many new troops, was so roughly handled, the brigade was sent in on the left of Dunker's Church, and slowly forced the enemy back beyond the famous sunken road, which had been filled with corpses by an enfilading fire from one of our batteries, and presented the most ghastly spectacle of the war. Using this lane as a breastwork, they held it to the close of the fight, losing not a prisoner, having not one straggler, but at a loss of life that was appalling. One regiment lost nearly fifty per cent., another over thirty. The rebels seemed to have a special spite against the green flag, and five color-bearers were shot down successively in a short time. As the last man fell even these Irishmen hesitated a moment to assume a task synonymous with death. "Big Gleason," Captain of the Sixty-third, six feet seven, sprang forward and snatched it up. In a few minutes a bullet struck the staff, shattering it to pieces; Gleason tore the flag from the broken staff, wrapped it around his body, putting his sword-belt over it, and went through the rest of that fight untouched."

Colonel William F. Fox, 107th N. Y. V., in an interesting article entitled "The Chances of Being Hit in Battle," which appeared in *The Century* for May, 1888, makes the percentge loss of the 69th and 63d Regiments at Antietam much greater than the above estimate. Here are his figures: —

REGIMENTS.	Present.	Killed and Wounded.	Per Cent.
69th New York. Antietam, Md., . . .	317	196	61
63d New York. Antietam, Md., . . .	341	202	59

CLOSE QUARTERS AT CHANCELLORSVILLE.

The *Times* correspondent — who was never suspected of partiality to the Irish — thus writes of the brigade at Antietam: —

"In less than half an hour after taking this position, Gen. Meagher was ordered to enter the field with the Irish Brigate. They marched up to the brow of the hill, cheering as they went, led by Gen. Meagher in person, and were welcomed with cheers by French's Brigade. The musketry fighting at this point was the severest and most deadly ever witnessed before — so acknowledged by veterans in the service. Men on both sides fell in large numbers every minute, and those who were eye-witnesses of the struggle did not think it possible for a single man to escape. The enemy here, at first, were concealed behind a knoll, so that only their heads were exposed. The brigade advanced up the slope with a cheer, when a most deadly fire was poured in by a second line of the enemy concealed in the Sharpsburg road, which at this place is several feet lower than the surrounding surface, forming a complete rifle-pit, and also from a force partially concealed still further to the rear.

"The line of the brigade, in its advance up the hill, was broken in the centre temporarily by an obstruction — the right wing having advanced to keep up with the colors — and fell back a short distance, when General Meagher directed that a rail fence — which the enemy a few minutes before had been fighting behind — should be torn down. His men, in face of a galling fire, obeyed the order, when the whole brigade advanced to the brow of the hill, cheering as they went, and causing the enemy to fall back to their second line — the Sharpsburg road — which is some three feet lower than the surrounding surface.

"In this road were massed a large force of infantry, and here was the most hotly contested point of the day. Each brigade of this division was brought into action at this point, and the struggle was truly terrific for more than four hours — the enemy finally, however, were forced from their position.

"In this work the New York German battery, stationed on the hill across the crick, rendered efficient service by pouring in upon their massed forces a constant stream of 20-pound shells. General Caldwell's brigade was next ordered into action by General Richardson in person. They, too, advanced in good order, cheering, and were received with cheers by the Irish Brigade.

"The brigade suffered terribly. General Meagher's horse was shot under him, and a bullet passed through his clothes. The Sixty-third Regiment of this brigade, always conspicuous for deeds of daring in battle, was partic-

ularly so in the battle of Antietam. The colors were shot down sixteen times, and on each occasion a man was ready to spring forward and place the colors in front. John Hartigan, a member of Company H, and only sixteen years old, went some distance in advance of the regiment with the colors, and waved them defiantly in the face of the enemy. The whole brigade gave a cheer that was heard along the lines for a mile, when it advanced up the rising ground and drove the enemy from a strong position.

"Company H was commanded by Lieutenant John H. Gleason, formerly of the Irish Papal Brigade, Italy."

The following official report of the casualties of the Irish Brigade at Antietam is taken from "The War of the Rebellion," Volume XIX.

Command.	Killed.		Wounded.		Captured or missing.		Aggregate.
	Officers.	Enlisted men.	Officers.	Enlisted men.	Officers.	Enlisted men.	
Second Brigade.							
Brig.-Gen. THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER.							
Staff,			1				1
29th Massachusetts,		7		29		3	39
63d New York,	4	31	5	160		2	202
69th New York,	4	40	6	146			196
88th New York,	2	25	2	73			102
Total Second Brigade,	10	103	14	408		5	540

The ten officers killed were:—

Captain JOHN CAVANAGH, ... Sixty-third.
Lieut. PATRICK W. LYDON, ... Sixty-third.
Lieut. CADWALADER SMITH, ... Sixty-third.
Lieut. HENRY MCCONNELL, ... Sixty-third.
Captain FELIX DUFFY, ... Sixty-ninth.
Lieut. JOHN CONWAY, ... Sixty-ninth.
Lieut. PATRICK J. KELLY, ... Sixty-ninth.
Lieut. CHARLES WILLIAMS, ... Sixty-ninth.
Captain JOHN O'CONNELL JOYCE, . . . Eighty-eighth.
Captain PATRICK F. CLOONEY. . . . Eighty-eighth.

NOTE. — I regret that it is not at present in my power to give a more extended notice of those dead heroes — some of whom were, moreover, my

warm personal friends. On some future occasion I hope to be enabled to do more adequate justice to their memories, and to those of others of their gallant brothers.

"Who fell in the cause they had vowed to maintain."

GOD REST THEM!

FREDERICKSBURG.

"And if at eve, boys,
Comrades shall grieve, boys,
O'er our corses — let it be with pride, —
When thinking that each, boys,
On that red beach, boys,
Lies the flood-mark of the battle's tide."

M. J. BARRY.

In less than two months after the battle of Antietam, General McClellan was, for the second time, relieved from command of the Army of the Potomac, and General Burnside appointed in his place. In the mean time the Irish Brigade had been reinforced by the 116th Penn. Volunteers — a new Irish regiment which, in its first fight, a month subsequently, proved itself worthy of a place beside its veteran comrades in arms.

On the 23d of November following, the brigade was further strengthened by the accession of the 28th Massachusetts Volunteers, which had been originally destined and specially raised for it. Under that impression hundreds of fine young Irishmen had joined its ranks; yet, through some unexplained cause, this splendid regiment was at first assigned to the Ninth Army Corps at Port Royal, but through the influence of General Sumner it was transferred from the Ninth to the Second Corps, and, to the gratification of all concerned, it was assigned to the Irish Brigade, of General Hancock's Division.

The 28th Massachusetts was commanded by Colonel Richard Byrne, a brave and accomplished soldier, who, though only in his thirtieth year, had already served for thirteen years in the United States Cavalry under Colonel, (afterwards) General, Sumner, on whose recommendation he had been commissioned as First Lieutenant in the Fifth United States Cavalry, — from which, on the recommendation of General Averill, he was transferred to the colonelcy of the 28th Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry.

The 29th Massachusetts Volunteers had, by this time been detached from the Irish Brigade. The brigade was now distinctively and thoroughly Irish in all its component parts — the aggregate strength of its five regiments

amounting to a little over 1.300 effective men; — about the number with which the old Sixty-ninth entered on its first campaign.

THE CONFEDERATE POSITION AT FREDERICKSBURG. — THE BATTLE-FIELD.

The town of Fredericksburg is situated at the southern side of the Rappahannock River, sixty miles from Richmond and fifty-five from Washington. During the war it had a population of about five thousand.

The Rappahannock, at this point is skirted by low crests of hills, which on the northern bank run parallel and close to the river, and on the opposite side stretch backward from the river, and leave a semi-circular plain six miles in length and from two to three miles in breadth enclosed within their line before they again approach the river. Immediately above the town the bluffs are bold and bare of trees, but as the hills in their course eastward recede from the river they become lower and are densely wooded, while low spurs, covered with copse-wood, run down at right-angles to the range into the plain.

On this range of hills, and behind and between these spurs — in the second week of December, 1862, General Lee's army, seventy thousand strong, was posted, extending for a distance of six miles from the extreme left, and ending in the immediate neighborhood of Massaponax Creek — which joins the Rappahannock five miles below Fredericksburg. The command of General Longstreet occupied that portion of the range in the immediate vicinity of Fredericksburg, his right resting on Marye's Hill, on the crest of which was posted Colonel Walton's far-famed Washington Artillery, supported by a Georgia rifle regiment commanded by Colonel McMillan, an Irish officer.

At the base of the hill ran a road skirted by a stone wall — of sufficient height to conceal the road behind it from an enemy approaching across the plain between it and the town. Behind this wall a brigade of Confederate infantry, commanded by General Thomas R. Cobb, had thrown up an entrenchment, thus converting it into a formidable breastwork. That portion of the plain between the wall and the town, was not only exposed to the close-range fire of these concealed riflemen, and the flanking fire from a row of rifle-pits constructed behind a rail-fence running diagonally from the wall towards the town — on the right of the attacking party — but it was so completely commanded by the battery on the crest of the hill that Col. Alexander, Chief of Artillery to General Longstreet, observed to him on

the day before the battle — "*We will comb it as with a fine-tooth comb. A chicken could not live on that field when we open fire.*"

About midway between the stonewall and the town, the plain is traversed by a canal or mill-race. Two roads cut the plain nearly at right angles with the canal, the one, a plank road, the other the Telegraph Road leading to Richmond. These roads led into the town by streets running at right angles to the river. They crossed the canal by plank bridges. Between the canal and the stone wall the ground was obstructed here and there by houses and garden fences. That portion of the plain over which the Union forces charged to the assault, after passing the canal, comprised about ten or twelve acres. The night of the 13th of December, 1862, the killed and wounded of the Federal army on this contracted space *averaged a thousand to the acre, — one out of every twenty being a soldier of the Irish Brigade.*

Burnside's Position Before the Battle. — Fatal Result of his Incapacity and Rashness.

Burnside's forces, comprising 116.000 effective men, occupied the range of hills on the northern side of the Rappahannock. On the evening of December 9th the Commanding-General called a Council of War of his corps and division commanders, at which he informed them of his intention to make a direct assault on Marye's Hill, which he regarded as the key of the enemy's position. It has been stated that not one of those gallant veterans sanctioned the project. But Burnside was determined that, cost what it would; the attempt should be made, — and his subordinates, as in duty bound, prepared to obey his orders.

Under the protection of one hundred and seventy-nine guns commanding the river and the town beyond, five pontoon bridges were thrown across the Rappahannock on the night of the 11th of December, and early the next morning the Union army commenced to cross and occupy Fredericksburg, preparatory to an assault on the heights in rear of the town. But, excepting an artillery duel between a Federal battery and the "Richmond Howitzers," commanded by Captain "Ned. MacCarthy," there was no fighting of any consequence on that day. In the evening all was quiet, and it was thought by many on both sides that Burnside would order his army to recross the river, without attacking the strongly entrenched Confederate position.

But the seeming calm was only the prelude to the most disastrous storm encountered by the Union army during the war. Volumes have been writ

ten on the history of that unprecedented carnage, and it is unnecessary to record its sickening details here, — not even those in which General Meagher and his brigade were more particularly interested. For what I have to record of their conduct in the battle I shall quote from other than Irish authorities — though having plenty of the latter at my disposal.

I must, however, premise that on this occason the three old regiments of the Irish Brigade, for the first time, went into action without their Green Flags. (the 28th Massachusetts alone carrying the national colors). A month previously, the remnants of the tattered colors which they had borne triumphantly on every battlefield from Fair Oaks to Antietam, had been sent to New York to be treasured as souvenirs of Irish loyalty and bravery, and were to be replaced by a new set of colors presented to the brigade by a number of native-born American gentlemen in testimony of their admiration and esteem for the Gaelic defenders of the Constitution. The new colors had been expected in camp for days previous to the issue of the order for crossing the river, and grand preparations to receive them with suitable honors had been made, including a banquet to which many of the most distinguished officers of the Army of the Potomac had been invited, and had signified their intention of being present. Captain Martin, Brigade Quartermaster, was selected by his brother officers to proceed to Washington and procure materials for the banquet. He fulfilled his commission; but before his return with the viands the brigade were in Fredericksburg, and the banquet had to be postponed — for two days.

THE SPRIGS OF GREEN. — MEAGHER'S ADDRESS TO THE 88TH.

In the meantime, Meagher resolved that his men should carry the "colors of their Fatherland" into what promised to be the bloodiest fight that ever took place on the American continent; and, accordingly, on that Saturday morning, while the brigade was drawn up in line of battle and at a "*parade rest*," on a street in Fredericksburg, the General ordered that a sprig of evergreen (boxwood) be placed in each soldier and officer's cap, himself setting the example. He then, accompanied by General Hancock and his staff, passed along in front of his "little brigade," and addressed each regiment separately in a few brief and soul-thrilling sentences. When he reached the colors of the Eighty-eighth Regiment, he uncovered his headand said: —

"Officers and soldiers of the Eighty-eighth Regiment — In a few moments you will engage the enemy in a most terrible battle, which will probably

decide the fate of this glorious, great and good country — the home of your adoption." The General hesitated a moment, and then with eyes full to overflowing, and in accents trembling with emotion, said: "Soldiers — This is my wife's own regiment, 'her own dear Eighty-eighth' she calls it, and I know, and have confidence, that with dear woman's smile upon you, and for woman's sake, this day you will strike a deadly blow to those wicked traitors who are now but a few hundred yards from you, and bring back to this distracted country its former prestige and glory. This may be my last speech to you, but I will be with you when the battle is the fiercest; and, if I fall, I can say I did my duty, and fell fighting in the most glorious of causes."*

A few moments after the brigade rushed to the onset.

In testimony of how gallantly the Irish Brigade maintained the soldierly renown of their ancient race on that disastrous day, I will quote the evidence of a few distinguished witnesses — giving precedence to that of the typical American soldier —

GENERAL HANCOCK.

EXTRACTS FROM GENERAL HANCOCK'S OFFICIAL REPORT OF THE BATTLE OF FREDERICKSBURG.— THE IRISH BRIGADE AND ITS OFFICERS.— ITS CASUALTIES COMMENSURATE WITH ITS VALOR.

"No ground was held in advance of our line, nor did any soldiers fall nearer the enemy than those of the regiments of my division and those of Kimball's brigade of French's division. It seemed that the defenses of the enemy were too powerful to be taken by an assault of infantry. One serious difficulty in the advance was in the nature of the obstacles already referred to, and the fact that a number of substantial fences intervened, which were required to be pulled down before the troops could continue their advance. Each of these fences destroyed the unity of at least one brigade. These obstacles naturally caused brigades and regiments to

*Among the documents kindly placed at my disposal by Mrs. General Meagher, I find the following telegram:

"HEAD QRS. IRISH BRIGADE, Dec. 17, 1862.

"TO MRS. BR. GEN. MEAGHER, 129 5th Ave., N. Y.

"I am quite safe with the exception of a bruised knee. I am remaining for the present with what is left of my noble Brigade, but should I get the necessary permission will return to you as soon as my wounded are cared f r.

"THOS. FRANCIS MEAGHER, Br. Gen"

lose somewhat their solidity of organization for an assault, for all these operations were conducted under a terrific fire.

"The bravery and devotion of the troops could not have been surpassed, as an evidence of which it is but necessary to mention the losses incurred. Out of 5,006 men, the maximum taken into action by me, the loss was 2,013 men, of whom 156 were commissioned officers. It will be observed that the losses in some of the regiments were of unusual severity, such as is seldom seen in any battle, no matter how prolonged. These were veteran regiments, led by able and tried commanders, and I regret to say that their places cannot soon be filled.

"Although the division failed to carry the enemy's heights, it lost no honor, but held the ground it took, and, under the most discouraging obstacles, retained it until relieved after the action was over. It will be impossible to mention in this report the names of all those who were distinguished. For those I refer to the reports of the brigade and regimental commanders; still, it is due to their valor that I should mention those brigade and regimental commanders who performed the most important parts, and whose commands, in their heroic efforts, most severely suffered.

"Brig. Gen. T. F. Meagher, commanding Second Brigade, led his brigade to the field under a heavy fire; but, owing to a serious lameness,* making it difficult for him to either ride or walk, he was unable to bear that prominently active part which is usual with him. Some time after the Irish Brigade had gone into action, its regiments having suffered very severely, and after having been replaced by General Caldwell's brigade, General Meagher was instructed to collect the remnants of his regiments and march them to the point of formation, in order that their cartridge-boxes might be refilled.

"The strength of this brigade when the action commenced was 92 officers and 1,323 enlisted men. Its loss was 53 commissioned officers and 488 men.

"Col. Robert Nugent, severely wounded, commanding the Sixty-Ninth New York Volunteers, conducted his troops with his usual spirit, and was making a final effort to advance when he was shot. His regiment had 19 commissioned officers and 219 enlisted men when the attack was made. Its loss was 16 officers wounded and 112 enlisted men killed, wounded, and

* Caused by a boil on his knee-joint, which had been prematurely lanced.

missing. This gallant regiment was marched off the field by its fourth commander that day, the three senior commanders having been wounded.

"Col. Patrick Kelly, commanding the Eighty-eighth New York Volunteers, was active and resolute, as he always is, and, with his regiment, performed their usual good service. The Eighty-eighth numbered 23 commissioned officers and 229 enlisted men when the assault commenced, of which it lost 12 officers and 115 enlisted men killed and wounded.

"Col. Dennis Heenan, commanding the One hundred and sixteenth Pennsylvania Volunteers, was wounded severely. His regiment suffered heavily, and, although comparatively young in the service, behaved handsomely. This regiment marched on the field with 17 commissioned officers and 230 enlisted men. Its loss was 12 officers wounded and 77 men killed, wounded, ad missing. The fourth officer in command during the battle brought the egiment off the field, the others being disabled.

"Col. Richard Byrnes, a veteran soldier, commanding the Twenty-eighth Massachusetts Volunteers, displayed his excellent qualities in this action. His regiment entered the action with 16 officers and 400 men, of whom 7 officers and 149 enlisted men were killed and wounded.

Maj. Joseph O'Neill, a brave officer, commanding the Sixty-third New York Volunteers, was wounded. His regiment numbered 17 officers and 145 enlisted men when the assault began. Its loss was 7 officers and 37 enlisted men killed and wounded. This regiment had two commanders during the day, the first having been wounded."

The Confederate General, Longstreet, bears this chivalrous testimony to the indomitable courage of his antagonists in that murderous fight:—

The Most Fearful Carnage.

"From the moment of their appearance began the most fearful carnage; with our artillery from the front, right and rear, tearing through their ranks, the Federals pressing forward with almost invincible determination, maintaining their steady step and closing up their broken ranks. Thus resolutely they marched upon the stone fence, behind which quietly waited the Confederate brigade of Gen. Cobb. As they came within reach of this brigade a storm of lead was poured into their advancing columns and they were swept from the field like chaff before the wind. A cloud of smoke shut out the scene for a moment, and rising revealed the scattered fragments recoiling from their gallant but hopeless charge. The artillery still plowed

through their retreating ranks and searched out the places of concealment into which the retreating troops had plunged.

"So the struggle went on. A fifth time the Federals formed, charged, and were repulsed. A sixth time they charged and were driven back, when night came to end the dreadful carnage and the Federals withdrew, leaving the battle-field literally heaped with the bodies of their dead. Before the well-directed fire of Cobb's brigade the Federals had fallen like the steady dripping of the rain from the eaves of a house. Our musketry alone killed and wounded at least 5,000, and these with the slaughter by artillery left over 7,000 killed and wounded before the foot of Marye's Hill. The dead were piled sometimes three deep, and when morning broke the spectacle we saw upon the battle-field was one of the most distressing I ever witnessed. I thought as I saw the Federals come again and again to their death that they deserved success, if courage and daring could entitle soldiers to victory."

General Robert A. Lee's Testimony.

If any further proof of the valor of the Irish soldiers at Fredericksburg were necessary, it will be found in the freely-tendered eulogy bestowed on them by the Commanding-General of the Confederate army.

In an interview with an ex-chaplain of an Ohio regiment, at the close of the war, General Lee spoke with enthusiasm of the character of the Irish as soldiers—saying that "they played a prominent part in all the wars of the world for the last three centuries, now on the one side, now on the other. The Irish soldier," he said, "fights not so much for lucre as through the reckless love of adventure, and, moreover, with a chivalrous devotion to the cause he espouses for the time being. Clebourne, on our side, inherited the intrepidity of his race. On a field of battle he shone like a meteor in a clouded sky! As a dashing military man he was all virtue; a single vice did not stain him as a warrior. His generosity and benevolence had no limits. The care which he took of the fortunes of his officers and soldiers, from the greatest to the least, was incessant. His integrity was proverbial, and his modesty was an equally conspicuous trait in his character.

"Meagher, on your side, though not Clebourne's equal in military genius, rivalled him in bravery and in the affections of his soldiers. The gallant stand which his bold brigade made on the heights of Fredericksburg is well known. *Never were men so brave.* They ennobled their race by their

splendid gallantry on that desperate occasion. Though totally routed, they reaped harvests of glory. Their brilliant, though hopeless assaults on our lines, excited the hearty applause of our officers and soldiers."

THE DEATH FEAST.

And the room seemed filled with whispers
As we looked at the vacant seats,
And, with choking throats, we pushed aside
The rich but untasted meats;
Then in silence we brimmed our glasses,
As we rose up — JUST ELEVEN,
And bowed as we drank to the loved and the dead
Who had made us THIRTY-SEVEN.

GEN. CHARLES G. HALPINE.

While on that "bloody Saturday," the Irish Brigade were being mowed down by hundreds under the fiery hail of shot and shell, on the slope behind Fredericksburg, the new colors, for the reception of which they had made such elaborate preparations, arrived from New York.

When the fact was communicated to General Meagher and the few uninjured officers of his command, it was determined to carry out the original programme without further delay. Under the changed condition of affairs — resulting from the unlooked-for events of the past week, — the spacious hall which had been constructed for the ceremonial festivities in the camp on the northern side of the river was no longer available, and the little Theatre of Fredericksburg was selected in its stead. Here, accordingly, on Monday, December 15th, there assembled on the stage twenty-two Federal Generals around their honored host, the presiding officer of the occasion, — General Thomas Francis Meagher. Around the walls, in the body of the edifice, were seated the officers of the brigade and their guests, while, in the centre, were ranged two rows of tables covered with the requisite material for an elaborate banquet — the viands being cooked in the neighboring houses, and served by a corps of military waiters — who coolly performed their prescribed duty, heedless of the thunderous boom of the rebel batteries, the screaming shells above their heads — and the occasional bursting of one of those unwelcome visitors in dangerous proximity to the Theatre — against which, it soon became evident, they were specially directed. This, as it subsequently transpired, was owing to a sharp-sighted Confederate artillery officer having noticed an unusual number of staff-officers congregat-

ing in the vicinity of the edifice, and suspecting that some event of more than ordinary importance was transpiring inside, took this spiteful method of creating a disturbance.

Verily it *was* a most extraordinary occurrence that was then taking place inside those walls:—for rarely, if ever, was a public banquet held under such discouraging circumstances. No wonder that even some of the most illustrious participants in the festivities at *first* regarded the whole proceeding as inexplicable—save on the theory that the Celtic nature was so constituted, and its temperament so elastic, that, from the lowest depths of depression it could rebound almost instantaneously into the airiest and most exhilirating joyousness of spirit.

But those guests who loked below the surface, soon discovered a deeper and nobler cause for their host's action, and that of his comrades of the brigade. For what time could be more opportune for giving public expression to the feelings of bitter indignation against the political partizanship which drenched the neighboring fields with the blood of the nation's best and bravest defenders—than when his words found an echo in the hearts of those battle-scarred veterans surrounding him—whose flashing eyes testified to their sympathy with the orator's denunciation of the criminal incapables, even while their compressed lips refrained from giving audible endorsement to his scathing indictment?

After the presentation of the new Colors to the commanding officers of the several Regiments of the Brigade then present. and of which the particulars are given in General Meagher's letter to the donors—had taken place—the chairman commenced, in the usual form, to give the toasts of the evening.

In connection with the performance of this portion of General Meagher's duties, a gallant officer of the brigade, then present, related the following thrilling incident:—

"Among the Generals present on the stage, and occupying a seat next to General Meagher, on the left, was Brigadier-General Alfred Sully, who then commanded the First Brigade, Second Division, Second Army Corps. General Sully was born in Pennsylvania, of Irish parents, and was a graduate of West Point Military Academy. He was a brave and accomplished soldier, a popular commander, and an esteemed friend of General Meagher's. Before his promotion he was Colonel of the First Minnesota—which regiment constituted one of the five in his brigade. The 82d New York Volunteers, (Irish,) under command of Meagher's old '48 associate, Lieutenant-

Colonel James Huston, was another, and two braver regiments were not in the Army of the Potomac. On rising to propose the health of this distinguished soldier, General Meagher said:—

"'Generals, brother officers, and comrades of the Army of the Potomac; fill your glasses to the brim. I have the honor, the pride, and pleasure, to ask you to drink to the health of my esteemed friend on my left,—GENERAL ALFRED SULLY: and I want you to understand, gentlemen, that *he* is not one of your 'Political Generals,' but a brave and accomplished soldier—*who attracted his 'star' from the firmament of glory—by the electricity of his sword!*'"

The effect was startling. A momentary silence was followed by an enthusiastic cheer of delight and admiration. So absorbed were the officers in the beauty and originality of the picture depicted in lightning colors by the inspired soldier-orator, that, for a moment they failed to notice the bold allusion to the "Political Generals." It was but a moment, however, when the full significance of the phrase burst upon their mental vision, and a spontaneous shout showed how fully the allusion was comprehended and appreciated. After that there remained no doubt of Meagher's chief reason for holding the "DEATH FEAST."

Not the least startling incident of this extraordinary banquet was its singularly dramatic ending. While Meagher, in tones of almost unearthly eloquence was paying his soul-felt tribute to the still-unburied dead, the continuous pealing of the Confederate guns, and the hurtling of their shells through the air showed that they had, at length, got the range of the Theatre, and would soon make it untenable. This conviction was forcibly impressed on the most stoical of the veterans by a peculiar "object lesson," exhibited for their benefit by one of the waiters engaged in bringing in the dessert. This worthy nonchalantly marched in bearing on a dish a *cannon-ball*, which had just spent its force in tumbling down a stone-house within a few yards of the Theatre. Old soldiers as they were, they took the hint, and, without any formal ceremonial, the assemblage abruptly broke up—each officer making the best of his way to his post.

On that night the Federal army evacuated Fredericksburg, and recrossed the Rappahannock without opposition.

Among the killed of the Irish Brigade at Fredericksburg there was not one whose loss was more deplored by General Meagher than Major William Horgan, of the 88th Regiment. He had known him as private, as Sergeant, as Captain, as Major, and in all those positions found him worthy, willing,

Irish Harp, raised from the surface of the medal and resting upon the American and Irish flags, surrounded with a wreath of laurel and shamrocks. Overhead are the words "IRISH BRIGADE," beautifully done in emeralds. On a tablet underneath is the word "MEAGHER," and underneath that again "SEMPER FIDELES." On the obverse, surrounded by another wreath of shamrock and laurel, is the following inscription:—

"PRESENTED TO
BRIG.-GENERAL THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER,
BY THE OFFICERS OF THE
IRISH BRIGADE,
IN TESTIMONY OF HIS
GALLANT AND PATRIOTIC SERVICES
IN THE CAUSE OF THE
AMERICAN UNION,
AND HIS DEVOTION TO THE
BRIGADE."

Inside the wreath are names of the battles in which the Brigade had—up to that time—participated.

After the presentation, the company adjourned to the lunch-room, and enjoyed themselves after the usual manner of festive Irish gatherings.

General Meagher called the attention of the company to the new colors for the Irish Brigade which had been taken to Fredericksburg for presentation, but which were refused by the officers of the brigade on the ground that they were not strong enough numerically to protect them, and to carry them with honor through the scenes of carnage. The colors, he said, were the gift of American citizens of New York, and he concluded by proposing the health of the donors, calling upon Mr. Spaulding to respond in their behalf.

Mr. Spaulding, in reply, said that,—

"If the words inscribed on the banners had been prepared in letters of gold, and if the staff had been studded with diamonds and rubies, the gift would not meet the merits of the noble Irish Brigade, which had fought so gallantly for the land of their adoption. Nothing that American citizens could offer would be too much for the adopted citizens who perilled life and everything for the preservation of the republic."

[General Meagher's "Letter of Acknowledgment to the Donors of the New Colors" will be found in the Appendix.]

That the military authorities at Washington did not concur with the American patriots of New York in their appreciation of the services rendered the country by the Irish Brigade; or in the claim of the survivors of that gallant band to common justice (not to speak of gratitude) at their hands, was plainly evidenced by the manner in which they discriminated against the "adopted citizens" in the matter of granting permission to go home to recruit during the four months that the Army of the Potomac was lying inactive in winter quarters; while favored New England troops — some regiments of which numbered more men than the whole Irish Brigade — were relieved from duty and sent to their respective homes "to recruit," without demur.

When it is taken into consideration that, during all this period, the five hundred and twenty men — which the three New York regiments of the Brigade mustered — were assigned the same amount of harrassing duty in front of the army as would have fallen to their lot, had they their full compliment of a thousand men each — the glaring injustice of their treatment will be made manifest to every impartial mind.

Even before the slaughter at Fredericksburg — and when it was generally thought throughout the army that active operations were suspended for the winter — the justice of General Meagher's claim to have his depleted regiments relieved from camp duty for a time, and sent into quarters where they might recruit their shattered ranks, was admitted by President Lincoln, Secretary Stanton, and General Halleck. Yet now, after their fearful losses, no consideration was given to their just claims.

Under these circumstances, General Meagher again addressed the Secretary of War on behalf of his Brigade, in a memorial which clearly set forth the reasons for his request, and the justice of his claim.* For months this memorial did not even receive the courtesy of an acknowledgment. Whether Meagher's allusion to "Political Generals" at the Fredericksburg banquet — was made a pretext for this splenetic exhibition of official spite, may be a matter for conjecture. His full speech on that occasion has never been published, but if it gave expression to the out-spoken sentiments, not only of his own command, but of the army and the people of the loyal States, it might well have given mortal offence to the parties who felt the applicability of its bitter truths to themselves.†

*For full text of this "memorial" see Appendix.

†An officer of the Irish Brigade, who was invalided in New York when the battle of

At all events, he was the first to voice the public indignation which speedily compelled the military authorities at Washington to replace the General of their selection by "Fighting Joe Hooker," and therefore, he and his Brigade were treated with contumely when they sought for justice and fairplay.

CELEBRATION OF ST. PATRICK'S DAY BY THE IRISH BRIGADE.

To vary the long-continued monotony of camp-life in winter-quarters, to stimulate the national spirit of his brigade, and that of their Celtic brothers in the Army of the Potomac, as well as to show his compatriots of all nationalities, in that army that, under no circumstances, however depressing, can the Irishman's natural elasticity and light-heartedness be seriously affected, General Meagher, about a week before St. Patrick's Day, resolved that, although in an enemy's land, the National Festival should be befittingly celebrated.

All through the evening of the 16th of March, the drum corps throughout the entire line of the Army of the Potomac kept rattling away at one spirit-stirring tune, and kept it continuously up until 12 o'clock ushered in "St. Patrick's Day!" And when day broke forth, and the rising sun gave promise of a beautiful morning, crowds of soldiers of every rank and condition might be seen thronging from every part of the army and converging to one common centre — "GENERAL THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER'S Irish Brigade."

The preparations for the proper celebration of the day were characteristic of the men who honored the festival, endeared to their hearts by so many tender reminiscences of their boyhood's home beyond the sea.

A spacious chapel had been erected of canvas, and appropriately ornamented with evergreen wreaths, festoons and bouquets. A new and elegant vestment had been purchased by the men for their beloved Chaplain, Rev. Father Corby; and here, at 8 o'clock A. M., the exercises of the day com-

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Fredericksburg took place — thus wrote of those who were responsible for the results of that calamitous day:—

"May God visit as He will, with a just judgment, the man or men who caused so much good, true, loyal blood to be shed in vain; so many brave children of the people to be led up to slaughter, to destruction, to the coldest blooded murder. For of a surety it was all this — it was destruction, slaughter, murder. Did not all that is scientific, skilled, trained in the army, denounce this horrible plan, and demonstrate its failure?"

menced with the celebration of High Mass. accompanied by martial music. General Meagher and his Brigade, with hundreds of invited guests, were present.

At the close of the Mass the Rev. Father O'Hagan, Chaplain of the "Excelsior Brigade," preached an eloquent and patriotic sermon.

The out-door programme included races — horse, foot, mule. &c. The sports were held in a large open field near General Hancock's head-quarters, on which three spacious stands had been erected, for the accommodation, respectively, of the Judges of the course — the Generals, and other distinguished officers, and the ladies. Among the latter was the Princess Salm-Salm and two or three others in riding habits, who won the admiration of the immense concourse by their personal beauty and feats of skill and daring in the side-saddle.

The scene on the grounds just before the commencement of the sports is graphically described by an appreciative eye-witness, as follows: —

"Coming upon the ground we beheld a vast swaying sea of uniforms of every style and grade, mounted and a-foot, mixed pell-mell in one huge mass. Here were Zouaves in the showy dress of their different regiments, with their red breeches, fancy jackets, and long-tasseled, skull caps; Voltigeurs, Enfants Pardus, German riflemen, cavalry, infantry and artillery; the French, German, American and Irish languages flying about indiscriminately, with here and there a General officer and his showy yellow-mounted staff, trying to force their way through the throng to the stand. Immense amounts of gold-lace, and thousands of shoulder-straps of every grade — generals, colonels, majors, captains and lieutenants, glistened in the sun.

"First of all, Major-General Hooker rode up, amid vociferous cheers, on the well-known white horse, and maintained his place on the stand during the day. Around him were Major-Generals Couch, Hancock, Howard, French, Sickles, Berry, &c., with a large number of Brigadier-Generals. Brigadier-General Caldwell, commanding a brigade in Hancock's Division, assisted General Meagher, as Master of Ceremonies.

"Most prominent of all was General Meagher, who, without doubt, was *master* of ceremonies. A tall white hat, green cravat, and a rosette of blue ribbon on a brown coat, white gloves, white silk-velvet half-breeches completed his uniform; he rode a sprightly bay horse, and carried in his hand a long-lashed whip. His form was seen everywhere in incredible short periods of time, and above all noise and confusion, rang the voice of the gallant Irish commander.

"A glass of wine was passed to General Hooker, and he was called upon to drink to a toast. Raising his glass he exclaimed—'THE IRISH BRIGADE—*God bless them!*' He then proposed and led—'Three cheers for the Irish Brigade,' and again unbounded cheers resounded over the field for the Commander-in-Chief."

After the forenoon races were over, General Meagher invited his guests to accompany him to Brigade-Headquarters, where sandwiches and "punch" had been provided in plenty—the "punch bowl" being half a whiskey-barrel festooned with sprigs of box. Here, "Dr. Larry Reynolds"—the jovial Poet-Laureate of the brigade—delivered a spirited "Poetical Address of Welcome," composed for the occasion, in which he handled the authors of the Fredericksburg disaster without gloves—and eulogized "Little Mack" and "Fighting Joe" most fervently.

In the afternoon the sports of the field were resumed, and just as the last foot-race was over, heavy firing was heard to the right, and rumors began circulating of a rebel attack. General Meagher remarked that "this would be only in keeping with precedents, as a fight seemed to be the inevitable winding up of a 'big day' in the Irish Brigade."

The firing continuing, officers and men were immediately ordered to quarters, and in ten minutes the race-course was deserted. But every one, from GENERAL HOOKER down, heartily enjoyed the festivities, and as they wended their way to their respective quarters their chief regret was—that "St. Patrick's Day" should come but once a year.

GENERAL MEAGHER ON THE IRISH FAMINE OF 1863.

In the winter of 1862, and the spring of 1863, one of the periodical landlord-engendered, government-fostered famines occurred in Ireland. With their usual alacrity, the noble American people came to the rescue of the hapless victims. On the 11th of April a meeting was convened in the Academy of Music, New York, to raise funds for the famine-threatened Irish people. It was presided over by the Mayor of the city and among the prominent citizens present, who addressed the assemblage, were the venerable Archbishop Hughes, General George B. McClellan, Richard O'Gorman, James T. Brady, Horace Greely and General T. F. Meagher.

I quote from General Meagher's address that portion thereof in which he enunciated the relationship of the Irish-born soldiers of the Republic to the land of their birth; and also bore testimony to the sympathy entertained for that land by the most popular chief of the American army:—

"Fellow-countrymen of Ireland, citizens of New York, Mr. Mayor, and gentlemen:—Although visiting this city in no public capacity whatever, and still suffering from a sprain I lately received, and which compelled me to leave camp for a few days, I could not resist the appeal addressed to this heart by the poor and famishing of my native land,—an appeal which, high above the tumult of the intervening ocean, and the thunders that now shake this great commonwealth, has come to us from that old land of invincible faith, prolonged martyrdom and inextinguishable hope. I answer to this appeal. I am here tonight, and happy, and proud I am to be with you on such an occasion and in such a cause. Happy do I feel since another opportunity, it may be the last, has been offered me to renew the assurances of my devotion to the beautiful and illustrious, though it be the bereft and downcast island of my birth—the disarmed Poland of the seas. Happy do I feel, that, saved from many dangers of late through the bountiful goodness of Heaven, it is my good fortune to raise my voice once more for the forlorn children of that island in unison with the eloquent, the pious and the powerful utterances which this night awake the echoes of this superb edifice to swell the divine invocations of charity.

"Proud I am that, bowed down though she be, steeped in gall to the lips, gnawed with misery to the bone, with her character villified everywhere by the flippant puppies and arrogant blockheads of an empire whose rule she has persistently spurned, and whose persecution she has unconquerably defied—proud do I feel that, despite of all her sorrows and humiliations, despite of all the calamities, all the slanders, all the opprobrium with which she has been visited, the sympathies of the good and great of this Republic are with her, and that in the chivalrous manifestation of these sympathies, with the same heart that in the darkest hour was the life and illumination of a vast army, the best beloved and foremost of its generals leads the way. Prompt as he has been in coming to-day to the rescue of Ireland with his sword in the sheath, I well know that no one would be readier than the young and gifted organizer of the Army of the Potomac, should events legitimately give him the chance, to render Ireland, after another fashion, a more lasting and nobler relief.

"Mr. Mayor, and gentlemen, in speaking as I have done, I feel fully justified in saying that I have spoken the sentiments of all that remains of the Irish Brigade, and it is with perfect truthfulness I beg you to believe, that, had the paymaster been around lately, I should have been made the bearer of a substantial proof of the compassionate and generous love with which the Irish soldier, fighting the

battles of the United States, never ceases to think of the land that bore him, and the claims which her misfortunes, as well as her grandest aspirations, have sacredly and sternly imposed upon him. Let the poor, the ragged, the famishing of Ireland, take the assurance to their wearied hearts, that never for a day, never at any moment, never in any scene, whether stormy or becalmed, has the Irish soldier — righteously and magnanimously asserting the authority of the United Srates, and the honor, the inviolability, the magnificent symbolism of the national flag — never once has the Irish soldier lost sight of the mountains on which his eyes first opened. never once failed to hear the musical rushing of the waters that lulled him in his cradle, never once was so overclouded that his heart did not reflect in its depths that lone star which shines with inextinguishable fire in the darkest segment of the European sky."

General Meagher returned to the camp at Falmouth, Va., on the 26th of April, and was notified by General Hancock, on the following morning to report to him personally for orders, preparatory to joining his command at one of the fords of the Rappahannock — where the headquarters of the Irish Brigade was established.

On the afternoon of the 29th, a pencilled notification, written on a small scrap of paper, was received by General Meagher. The following is a copy thereof — taken directly from the original: —

"Apr. 29, '63, 3.30 P. M.

"General —

"I have taken the 116th Pa. and 28th with me. Mr. Whiteford knows the road. As soon as it is well dark you will join me at U. S. Ford with your whole command — save the company at Banks' Ford and the picket at England's.

"You need not wait for any further orders after dark. Be careful of this paper. By order of Maj.-Gen. Hancock.

"JOHN HANCOCK,

"Maj. and A. A. G."

By the time General Meagher proceeded to carry out these instructions, the whole immense Army of the Potomac was in motion to pass the Rappahannock. General Hooker's passage of that river in the face of Lee's vigilent army, was a most masterly military movement. Making a powerful demonstration on the right of the enemy — (below Fredericksburg) — he called their attention in that direction, and then made a sudden cavalry dash at the fords above the town, gaining possession of Kelly's Ford above the con-

fluence of the Rapidan, and throwing the Eleventh and Twelfth Corps across at that point. These troops moved rapidly to Ely's and the Germania Fords across the Rapidan, and by noon on Friday, May 1st, there were in position at and about Chancellorsville, the whole of the Second, Third, Fifth, Eleventh and Twelfth Corps, prepared to confront the Confederates, who, about two o'clock that afternoon were seen advancing in strong force from the east.

To the series of desperate engagements which occurred on that and the four succeeding days — and which are known in history as the "Battle of Chancellorsville," I do not purport to refer — save to the part which General Meagher and his command had therein.

On the march to the United States Ford the Irish Brigade constituted the extreme left of the Second Army Corps. They crossed the river by moonlight on the night of April 30th, and picketed for the night at its southern side; commanding a ford near the main road from Fredericksburg to Richmond. On the next day the Brigade were ordered to proceed to a place called Scott's Mills — a ford within a few miles of Chancellorsville, where they arrived at 10 o'clock that night. As this was an important position, and exposed by by-road to the left wing of the enemy's lines. General Meagher threw out pickets, loop-holed the mill and out-buildings and garrisoned them effectively. In front of his position he had a battery of six guns.

The brigade remained all that night and the next day, (Saturday, May 2d,) defending the ford. At about 8 o'clock on Saturday morning, the terrific firing in their front, towards Chancellorsville, indicated the commencement of a desperate engagement, which continued without intermission until at 3 P. M. the Confederate fire, both of cannon and musketry, became so destructive, that the Eleventh Army Corps (mostly composed of German troops,) broke before it, and in spite of the efforts of their commander, — the gallant General Howard, — to rally them — fled panic-stricken in the direction of Gordonsville, abandoning their cannon, ammunition and wagons. To intercept the fugitives, as they came rushing along towards his position, General Meagher threw a line across the road and into the wood at Scott's Mills, and the "Brigade boys" — bringing their bayonets to a charge — the runaways, finding their retreat cut off by men more dreaded as antagonists than even Stonewall Jackson's pursuing columns, had, perforce, to come to a halt — face about — and rejoin the army — whose safety their shameful cowardice had seriously imperilled.

Thus did the men of the Irish Brigade enact the scene of Gaine's Hill over again; and by their opportune presence at this critical moment, and their indomitable resolution — prevent a temporary panic from degenerating into an utter and irremediable rout.

About 8 o'clock on Sunday morning, May 3d, General Meagher received orders to advance the brigade to the front, to support the Fifth Maine Battery. This battery was placed at the opening of the wood commanding the plain towards Chancellorsville. It was well worked, and did good execution; for not until all the men and horses were killed or wounded did it cease firing

As the Brigade, with its General at its head, marched through the woods under a shower of shot, shell, and broken branches, they were greeted with loud and repeated cheers from the columns that lined their way.

The General had several narrow escapes from being killed while on this march through the woods; on one occasion a shell burst behind him, on ground he had just passed over, killing one of his men and wounding three. As the Brigade were for nearly two hours in the woods, it was surprising that its casualties were not much greater than they actually were. When they arrived in sight of the battery they were sent to relieve, they found it in charge of but Corporal H. Lebroke and one private, who, finding themselves unable to work the guns, had just blown up the caissons. At this moment the brigade came up, formed line, and dashed into the open plain — pouring one destructive volley on the enemy, — (who were advancing to seize the guns) — and driving them back in confusion. Some of the men fell, but under the orders of General Meagher, a detachment of the 116th Pennsylvania Regiment, commanded by Major Mulholland, seized the ropes and dragged off the guns into the woods — thus rendering effective service to the Union cause, for, had the Confederates seized the battery and turned it upon the Federal army, — several regiments of which, on the right and left, were giving way — a regular panic might have ensued.

As the Brigade reached the plain with the rescued guns, General Hancock rode up to General Meagher, and, very emphatically, called out — "General Meagher! you command the retreat."

The Brigade was next stationed in a wood to the left of what was known as the "White-House," where they were engaged all that Sunday-night and Monday-morning in throwing up a strong line of breast-works on the right and left, which, being strongly lined with troops, the position was deemed almost impregnable.

The enemy's batteries continued to shell the woods all through Monday, killing and wounding many of the Union soldiers. One of those shells killed Captain John C. Lynch of the 63d Regiment — the only officer of the Irish Brigade slain at Chancellorsville. Another of those destructive missiles struck a tree in close proximity to General Meagher.

The total casualties of the brigade in killed and wounded at the battle of Chancellorsville amounted to fifty, of whom one officer was killed and five wounded.

On Wednesday, May 6th, the Union Army re-crossed the Rappahannock, and the several commands returned to their old camps.

The battle of Chancellorsville was the last engagement in which General Meagher participated with his glorious Irish Brigade. For, no reply having up to that time been vouchsafed to his memorial to the Secretary of War, he could not in self-respct — or in justice to his command submit any longer to the treatment to which both were subjected by the official dictators of the War Department — Stanton and Halleck.

Accordingly, on his return to camp, he promptly wrote his letter of resignation, as Commander of the Irish Brigade — which was as promptly accepted. On the evening of the day on which he received the curt official missive announcing the acceptance of his resignation, General Meagher assembled his little command for the purpose of taking leave of them, and bidding them, each and all, an affectionate good-bye. The occasion was one never to be forgotten by the participants in or witnesses of the proceedings. The Brigade was formed into a hollow square — the General and his staff in the centre — with his esteemed friend, the gallant Brigadier-General Caldwell, and other visitors.

The band of the Fourteenth Connecticut was also present, and furnished most appropriate music for the occasion.

After the troops had been formed, and the band had performed an appropriate piece of music, the General addressed his command as follows: —

GENERAL MEAGHER'S PARTING ADDRESS.

"TO MY OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS, MY COUNTRYMEN AND COMRADES IN ARMS

"A positive conviction of what I owe to your reputation, to the honor of our race, and to my own conscience, compelled me a few days ago to tender the President of the United States my resignation of this command.

I shall not recapitulate the reasons which induced me and justified me to do so. It would be superfluous. There is not a man in this command who is not fully aware of the reasons which compelled me to resign, and there is not a man who does not thoroughly appreciate and aprove it.

"Suffice it to say that, the Irish Brigade no longer existing, I felt that it would be perpetuating a great deception were I to retain the authority and rank of brigadier-general nominally commanding the same. I therefore conscientiously, though most reluctantly, resigned my command. That resignation has been accepted, and as your general I now bid you an affectionate farewell.

"I cannot do so, however, without leaving on record the assurance of the happiness, the gratitude, the pride with which I revert to the first days of the Irish Brigade, when it struggled in its infancy, and was sustained alone by its native strength and instincts, and retrace from the field, where it first displayed its brilliant gallantry, all the efforts, all the hardships, all the privations, all the sacrifices which have made its history — brief though it be — sacred and inestimable. Sharing with the humblest soldier freely and heartily all the hardships and dangers of the battle-field — never having ordered an advance that I did not take the lead myself — I thank God that I have been spared to do justice to those whose heroism deserves from me a grateful commemoration, and that I have been preserved to bring comfort to those who have lost fathers, husbands and brothers, in the soldiers who have fallen for a noble government under the green flag.

"My life has been a varied one, and I have passed through many distracting scenes. But never has the river that flowed beside my cradle, never have the mountains that overlooked the paths of my childhood, never have the old walls that claimed the curiosity and research of maturer days, been effaced from my memory. As at first — as in nature — the beautiful and glorious picture is indellible. Not less vivid, not less ineffaceable, will be the recollection of my companionship with the Irish Brigade in the service of the United States. The graves of many hundreds of brave and devoted soldiers, who went to death with all the radiance and enthusiasm of the noblest chivalry, are so many guarantees and pledges that, so long as there remains one officer or one soldier of the Irish Brigade, so long shall there be found for him, for his family and little ones, if any there be, a devoted friend in

"THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER."

At the conclusion of the address nine enthusiastic cheers were given for

General Meagher, after which the commissioned officers came forward and shook hands with him, bidding him an affectionate and tearful farewell. The General then passed along the lines, and shook hands with every soldier, saying a "good-bye" and a "God bless you" to each one separately. Both officers and men were affected to tears, and the separation was a truly painful one to all concerned.

Colonel Patrick Kelly, of the Eighty-eighth Regiment, then assumed command of the Brigade, as the senior officer, and dismissed the column. At the conclusion of the public leave-taking, the officers met at the General's old head-quarters, where refreshments were served, and a couple of hours spent in rehearsing the incidents that had transpired in the history of the Irish Brigade.

General Meagher returned to New York on the 29th of May. Previous to his departure from the camp he was presented with "farewell addresses" from the officers and soldiers of the Brigade. These addresses are given at length in the "Appendix."

CHAPTER LXVII.

HONORS TO GENERAL MEAGHER IN NEW YORK.

PRESENTED WITH THE "KEARNY CROSS." — FORMALLY ENROLLED IN THE FENIAN BROTHERHOOD. — PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S DISPATCH. — GENERAL FRENCH'S LETTER. — GENERAL MEAGHER IN TENNESSEE.

BEFORE General Meagher's return to New York, the Municipal Government of that city passed resolutions "directing the Committee on National Affairs of the Common Council to proffer him the hospitalities of the city, as a token of the esteem in which he was held by the people of the metropolis — speaking through their representatives, and as an evidence of their recognition of the invaluable services rendered by him and the heroic men of the Irish Brigade in defence of the integrity of the Union."

In accordance with those resolutions, the Committee on National Affairs, headed by Mayor Opdyke and Alderman Farley, waited on General Meagher, by appointment, at the Astor House, on June 16th, when the Mayor presented the General with an official copy of the resolutions, and, in a brief but effective speech, formally tendered him the hospitalities of the city.

General Meagher, in response, read an address in which he recited the reasons which compelled him to resign his command of the Irish Brigade, stated that in taking leave of the army under such urgent circumstances, he did not absolve himself from his obligations to the Republic, nor did his sworn devotion to its fortunes undergo the slightest change. He said that when the war was over, and the Constitution restored throughout the Union, it would delight him to participate, with the survivors of the Irish Brigade, in the honors and hospitalities which, in their absence, he then gratefully declined.

Presentation of the Kearny Cross.

Alderman Farley then, addressing General Meagher, said that in his capacity of Chairman of the Committee on National Affairs, he had been requested by General D. B. Birney to present him with the "Kearny Cross," in token of his appreciation by that noble commander.

General Meagher accepted the Cross in a feeling speech — in which he said that he had the privilege of being on terms of honored intimacy with that gallant soldier, General Kearny, who took a friendly and cordial interest in the welfare and reputation of the Irish Brigade; that it had been decided by Major-General Birney, now commanding Kearny's old division, and the other officers holding commissions in it, that, as the friend and comrade of General Kearny, he should be invited to wear this military decoration, known throughout the Army of the Potomac as the "Kearny Cross," and that he should wear it proudly and most gratefully.

The Cross thus presented was of solid silver with the buckles and clasp of pure gold, with a heavy scarlet ribbon. It was inscribed on the obverse: —

"To General Meagher of the Irish Brigade.
Kearny's Friend and Comrade of the Old Division."

And on the reverse: —

"Birney's Division."

General Meagher Enrolled in the Fenian Brotherhood.

Though, immediately before the outbreak of the civil war, Meagher had

determined to become actively affiliated with the Fenian Brotherhood organization, yet, not until his resignation from the military service of the United States did he formally enrol himself in the ranks of the Irish revolutionary society. Soon after his return to New York from Virginia, he wrote to John O'Mahony from his country residence in Orange, New Jersey, invitting him to spend a day with him there, as he desired to become an initiated member of the Brotherhood without further delay, and also that he wishad to have a long and uninterrupted consultation with him on a subject that was likely to exercise an important influence on the Irish national cause,— namely — the strained relations which then existed between the Government of the United States and that of England — resulting from the seizure and condemnation of the steamship *Circassian* — an English blockade-runner.

Meagher believed that, from the tenor of the dispatches between the two governments, and his *positive knowledge* of President Lincoln's determination to maintain the dignity of the nation at all hazards, war between the two countries was certain to result — unless England receded from her arrogant attitude. In view of this hopeful prospect, he proposed that an offer be made the Government (in case of a rupture,) "to raise a body of Irish troops *for service in Ireland*, and which, of course, would be commanded by experienced Irish officers."

In compliance with General Meagher's invitation, Mr. O'Mahony went to Orange on the day after its receipt, and then and there, administered the "Pledge of Initiation" into the Brotherhood. Upon the other matters that transpired at that meeting it is unnecessary to dwell at present, as the war-cloud, upon the bursting of which so much of their hopes were based, turned out to be an ordinary wind-gust, which, after much bluster, passed away harmlessly, though leaving unpleasant feelings behind it.

Notwithstanding the ungenerous treatment General Meagher and his Brigade received at the hands of the War Department officials, President Lincoln always entertained the highest esteem and most kindly feelings for the gallant Irish soldier. That their confidential relations were close after Meagher's retirement from the army, may be inferred from the following dispatch — the original of which is carefully preserved among the General's private papers: —

DISPATCH FROM PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

"WASHINGTON, June 16, 1863.

"TO GEN. THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER,

"129 5th Avenue, N. Y.

"Your dispatch received. Shall be very glad for you to raise three

thousand (3,000) Irish troops, if done by the consent of and in concert with Governor Seymour.

"A. LINCOLN."

As the date of the foregoing communication closely corresponds with the time of John O'Mahony's consultation with General Meagher at Orange, there can be little doubt, — on my mind at all events — as to its meaning.

General Meagher resided in New York for the remainder of the year 1863, during which time he made frequent visits to the head-quarters of the Fenian Brotherhood. When the first convention of the Fenian Brotherhood was announced to be held in Chicago, in November of that year, General Meagher was elected one of the delegates to represent the Brotherhood in the Army of the Potomac. He had made arrangements with John O'Mahony to be in Chicago in time for the opening of the convention, but was called to Washington before the date appointed for his departure on his western journey. On his return to New York he sent the following dispatch from the Fenian Brotherhood office: —

"NEW YORK, Nov. 4, 1863.

"JOHN O'MAHONY, Fenian Hall, Chicago.

"Had to go to Washington on call of War Department. The call imperative. Have to go again on Saturday. Will proceed to the Army from Washington next week. I heartily concur in plan and regulations of reorganization as proposed by you, with such modifications as the Convention adopts.

"Fraternity and happiness and honor to all.

"THOS. FRANCIS MEAGHER."

John O'Mahony acted as General Meagher's proxy at the Convention.

GENERAL FRENCH'S LETTER TO MEAGHER.

Before General Meagher's visit to the army he received the following letter from his old comrade-in-arms, the veteran General French. I have found it among his private papers, and copy it to show the cordial fraternal feelings that existed between those gallant soldiers of the Union: —

"HEAD-QUARTERS THIRD ARMY CORPS,
September 2d, 1863.

"My dear General. —

"I would have said "my dear Meagher," but feared you would for one moment think you were not expected back to some of those who still survive (few,) wishing to stand again side by side in this holy war.

"Our mutual friend, Doctor Reynolds, gave to me the only satisfactory account of yourself. You know how glad I am always to hear of you, and as it gave me great pleasure to meet again one to whom you were so much attached, and who was a reminder of historic events (a short way in the past,) and as I am encamped not far distant from your "Druid Oaks and Bower," and my (as you complimentarily designated it) — "Hen Roost." Our campaign to Rappahannock Station under the noble and high-toned Sumner, I am writing upon those reminiscences. There are others which can take care of themselves.

"With the friendliest wish that you may be happy at home until your call for the field will bring your brilliant talents again to the front,

"I remain, very sincerely your friend,

"WM. H. FRENCH, Maj.-Gen. V.

"GEN. THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER, New York."

THE GENERAL VISITS HIS OLD COMRADES.

Towards the close of November, General Meagher paid his long-expected visit to his old Brigade, and was received by both officers and men with every demonstration of esteem and affection. The Brigade were under orders to march at seven o'clock the following morning, as the army was about crossing the Rapidan. The General marched with them all day, and was loudly cheered by the several brigades who recognized him in passing. His reception, by his old comrades throughout the army was most cordial and enthusiastic. He recrossed the Rapidan with them, and then went on to Fairfax Court House on a visit to General Corcoran. He remained there as the General's guest until the 22d of December, when he proceeded to Fairfax Station — on his way to Washington, where he was to meet General Corcoran's mother-in-law, Mrs. Meagher and other ladies, whom General Corcoran had invited to spend the Christmas holidays with him. General Corcoran accompanied General Meagher to Fairfax with a cavalry escort and several officers of the Irish Legion. The friends shook hands at the station and parted — their last parting in life. Alas! for the cause and the land they loved and served so faithfully and so well!

On the 22d of January, 1864, just one month after General Corcoran's sad death, General Meagher delivered that noble tribute to his loving compatriot's memory which I have embodied in a previous chapter of this Memoir, and which will forever connect the names of both in the grateful hearts of the twin-nations of the Gael.

General Meagher in Tennessee.

In the Autumn of 1864, President Lincoln appointed Brigadier-General Meagher to an important position in the Provisional Division of the Army of the Tennessee, with instructions to report to Major-General James B. Steadman, at the head-quarters of the District of the Etowah — Chattanooga.

In the month succeeding that of his arrival at his new post, General Steadman was called by General Thomas to Nashville, Tenn; and, previous to his departure he issued an Order, assigning General Meagher to the command of the Military District of Etowah during his absence, with his head-quarters at Chattanooga. Acting-Major-General Meagher's force consisted of twelve thousand infantry, two regiments of cavalry, several batteries of field artillery, and a large number of heavy guns in position on the strong works defending Chattanooga. In addition to this formidable force, he organized a Civic Guard of two thousand men in Chattanooga city, and so admirable was his administration of the affairs of the District, and so effectually did he protect the public property from the depredations of the guerillas with which the country swarmed, that he received the highest encomiums from General Steadman, on that officer's rëassuming command of the Department.

It was contemplated that General Meagher should join General Sherman on his "march to the sea," with a strong force of veterans, composed of detachments from the 15th and 17th Army Corps. But Meagher had no liking for the method of warfare which the exigencies of the situation led Sherman to adopt. In eulogizing the soldiers of the Irish Brigade at his reception by the Municipal authorities of New York, he proudly said:—

"In moments of excitement *they* never gave way to the excesses which for the most part disfigure and shamefully blot the records of the grandest victories. The houses, cattle, gardens, corn-fields and other property of insurgent families, who had abandoned them to the mercy of the nation, as well as all the goods and chattels belonging to families who stood their ground, were respected by the men of the Irish Brigade, who went out from here to fight and put down the armed enemies of the Republic, and not to cast naked and breadless on the world, the women and children and aged fathers of the delinquent States."

Actuated by these principles, General Meagher did not join Sherman on his famous "march," but resigned, and returned to his home in New York.

Closing Scenes.

General Meagher's military career ended with his return from Tennessee. Within two moths thereafter, the country was horrified by the news of President Lincoln's assassination. Among the many manifestations of public feeling in relation to that awful calamity that transpired in the Metropolis, was a meeting of the Irish Brigade at the Astor House, at which General Meagher presided, and resolutions of sympathy with the general feeling of the nation in relation to the murder, were adopted.

General Meagher's last public appearance in New York was at a banquet given in Irving Hall on the Fourth of July, 1865, to the returned soldiers of the Irish Brigade. A few days subsequently, the President, Andrew Johnson, tendered him the Secretaryship of the Territory of Montana, which he accepted.

On the day before he left New York for his new sphere of duty, he called at the Fenian Brotherhood office to bid "good-bye" to John O'Mahony and some other friends there. Among those present on that occasion was his old aid-de-camp, Captain John D. Hearn, whom the General urged to accompany him to Montana, — but as the Captain was then about proceeding to Ireland on *special duty*, he felt compelled to decline the friendly offer. [He, however, rejoined the General on his return from Ireland, in the following year.]

It was on that day that I last saw Thomas Francis Meagher. It was more than seventeen years since our first interview in Dublin. We parted in good spirits — hopeful for the future as ever.

The General arrived at his destination in the beginning of October, 1865, and, owing to the absence from the Territory of the Governor, the duties of Acting-Governor devolved upon the Secretary. It was an onerous office, with all the responsibilities and annoyances of the governorship, but without its compensating rewards. Meagher was never fitted to deal with tricksy politicans, — they were a class he always despised and detested. But during his whole career in Montana he had to contend with such selfish intriguers; but he faced them with his characteristic resoluteness of purpose, and did his duty to the people he ruled over with firmness and discretion. His chief compensation for the annoyances to which he was subjected, was derived from the contemplation of the magnificent scenery through which he traveled in connection with his official duties. Here his wonderful powers of descrip-

tion found full scope for their development; and in a series of papers entitled "*Rides Through Montana*," written for Harper's publications, he did justice to the natural beauties of that wonderful country.

Nor was he forgetful meanwhile of a fairer and dearer land, as will be seen by the following letter written three weeks before his death, in reply to an invitation from the Fenian Brotherhood of San Francisco, to attend a rëunion of the Irish Nationalists of that city and vicinity: —

"VIRGINIA CITY, MONTANA, June 7th, 1867.

"TO JOHN HAMILL, State Centre.

"Sir, — I did not receive yours of May 30th until my return yesterday from camp, three days' ride from here. I am most grateful for your invitation, and proud of it. I fear greatly that I cannot be with you. Governor Smith won't be here till the middle of July, and it is uncertain when Secretary Tuffts will arrive. I can't leave till either comes, the organic act not providing for any one taking my place in their absence; hence I am detained here, much to my vexation.

"God speed the Irish nation to liberty and power!"

"THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER,

"Secretary and Acting-Governor."

I would fain end my labor of love with this, his latest recorded testimony of his devotion to Ireland. On the particulars of his death — which occurred on the 1st of July, 1867, at Fort Benton — I have no heart to enter. All that is known of them will be found in the Appendix — mainly in the Funeral Oration of his life-long friend, Richard O'Gorman.

GOD REST HIS SOUL!

"And be thou his ceaseless "caoiner" — mournful wind —
For ne'er a nobler heart —
World-seeing though thou art
In all thy boundless kingdom shalt thou find."

IN MEMORIAM, T. F. M.

AMONG the many encouraging manifestations of the indestructible spirit of Irish Nationality, which, apart from the various phases of political agitation, tend to show how deeply the vital principle has permeated the heart of the old race at home, the earnest determination of the present generation to rescue from oblivion the memory of their patriot dead is one of the most beautifully touching in sentiment, as well as one of the most practical and effective methods of perpetuating the principles embodied in the national creed, of which the commemorated were the Confessors or the Martyrs.

Heretofore too many of Ireland's best and bravest, her most earnest and self-sacrificing, have been consigned to unknown or forgotten graves,— their names and deeds buried with them, or only preserved in the traditions or songs of the people for whom they labored in life — or died that their CAUSE might live.

Wiser than their forefathers — in their methods of testifying their devotion to the patriots of their own day, the hereditary descendants of generations of "Rebels"(?) have, — despite the frowns of the tyrant or the sneers of his obsequious slaves, nobly dared to perform their duty to the dead by the erection of some lasting testimonial to their memory, — be it a statue in the city thoroughfare or a "Celtic Cross" in the rural church-yard.

And not alone are Ireland's illustrious sons — those whose deeds are fresh in the recollections of their living associates — or whose glory is reflected in the pages of her chequered history — being thus honored by the true men of to-day. While the statues of GRATTAN, O'CONNELL and O'BRIEN occupy the most conspicuous sites in the Metropolis, within the shadow of the lofty tower that marks the grave of the "GREAT TTIBUNE," there stands the "Celtic Cross," recalling to future generations the memory of those "NOBLE-HEARTED THREE," whose calcined bones moulder in the accursed soil of their murderer. While in Limerick, PATRICK SARSFIELD'S heroic statue commemorates the brave who fought and fell by the lordly Shannon, — the symbol of Irish Faith and self-sacrifice erected by pious hands on OULART HILL evokes a prayer for the souls of the nameless heroes, who, by the gentle Slaney, fell in a holier cause than that of a coward king.

"THE PEASANT SOLDIER OF KILCLOONY WOOD," resting beside his humble kith and kin, has his name and his worth enshrined in the hearts of the people, who, in thousands, kneel and pray around the "Cross" that records the story of his life and death. And so, in every quarter of the land they loved, the patriots of our day are honored by their appreciative cotemporaries, and their deeds recorded as an incentive and an example to future generations to follow in their path with an assurance of their memories being, likewise, kept "green."

Yet, with all these encouraging evidences of the national appreciation of the people's representative men, is it not unaccountable, that the claims of THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER to some public testimonial to his memory have, thus far, been suffered to remain in abeyance.

Though the obligation to so honor the illustrious patriot is national in its extent, it more especially devolves upon the true men of his native city. They, undoubtedly, take a commendable pride in his having been a "Waterford man." They, rightfully, assume that the glory of his renown constitutes a portion of their civic heritage, and sheds its refulgence over city, hill and river — so familiar and dear to his joyous childhood and glowing youth, and so treasured in his loving heart and retentive memory to the latest moment of his existence.

But, notwithstanding all that, it must be a humiliating fact for the patriotic men of Waterford to ponder on — that, — a quarter of a century after Thomas Francis Meagher's death — (save his portrait and the other mementoes of his fame which adorn their Municipal hall — and which are the gifts of his noble American-born widow to the city of his birth.) — no visible testimonial of their love, admiration or gratitude — no statue in the city, no obelisk on the hill, not even a "Celtic Cross" in fane or churchyard, commemorates his genius, his patriotism, his bravery, his boundless love and self-sacrificing devotion — not alone in Waterford city or county, but within the "Five seas of Ireland!"

Surely this strange apathy has lasted over long.

If the "Popular Leaders" and local magnates of Waterford are too much absorbed in what they deem "practical politics" to afford a thought to "mere sentiment," surely, there must be some one among the working men of that historic old city — ardent, able and resolute, who will appeal to his fellow-toilers to assume the initiation in this bounden duty — of raising on Irish soil, a fitting testimonial to the memory of the People's Champion —

THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER.

APPENDIX.

GENERAL MEAGHER.

MEETING OF THE IRISH BRIGADE OFFICERS.—RESOLUTIONS OF THE FENIAN BROTHERHOOD.

THE officers of the Irish Brigade met at the Astor House, on Tuesday evening, August 13, for the purpose of making final arrangements for taking part in the obsequies of the late Gen. T. F. Meagher, which was celebrated on Wednesday morning, 14th instant, by a solemn requiem high mass, at St. Francis Xavier's Church, and by a memorial oration, delivered in the evening, in the Cooper Institute, by Richard O'Gorman, Esq. Delegates were also in attendance from the Knights of St. Patrick and from the Fenian Brotherhood, the latter being conference committees from their respective organizations, present by invitation, to ascertain what the arrangements would be for tomorrow's ceremonial. Colonel James Kelly acted as chairman, and Capt. Charles J. Clark as secretary.

The Fenian resolutions were then read and ordered to be spread on the minutes, as follows:

At a meeting of the delegates of the Fenian Brotherhood, held on the 10th inst., the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS—We have learned with profound regret of the death of General Meagher while engaged in the service of his adopted country; and

WHEREAS—It is proper that we, who are combined for the purpose of liberating Ireland from the yoke of England, and maintaining a free independent government of the Irish soil, should give expression to the grief we feel at the loss of one whose name is associated with the cause.

Resolved—That we deeply deplore the death of General Thomas Francis Meagher, who brought at an early age to the service of his native land a brilliant genius, a gifted mind and an uncompromising fidelity, and who, either as an orator, inspiring, in immortal language, enthusiasm into the national ranks and denouncing British oppression, or as a deputy to the French nation, or in the dock, acted with ability, credit and fortitude the part of the Irish patriot.

Resolved—That we sympathize with Ireland on this sad event, and with the American people, who generously welcomed him to their shores.

Resolved—That we tender the expressions of our condolence to the Irish Brigade, in whose campaigns he shared, and whose chivalry and bravery he has so eloquently recorded.

Resolved—That we extend our profound sympathy to the family of General Meagher in this their hour of affliction.

Resolved—That a copy of the above resolutions be sent to Mrs. Meagher, and also published in the newspapers of the cities of New York, Boston and Waterford, Ireland.

WALTER J. M. O'DWYER,
HENRY T. CARROLL,
MANUS MCNULTY,
DENIS O'SULLIVAN,
WILLIAM O'CONNELL,
Committee on Resolutions.

OBSEQUIES OF GENERAL MEAGHER.

REQUIEM MASS AT THE CHURCH OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER.—ELOQUENT ORATION BY RICHARD O'GORMAN.

On the morning of Wednesday, August the 14th, a large congregation assembled in the Church of St. Francis Xavier, Sixteenth street, to witness the requiem mass for the late Thomas Francis Meagher. The officers of the Irish Brigade, who had charge of the obsequies, were present in large numbers, and each was distinguished by a sprig of box, as a memento of their engagement at Fredricksburg, in which they participated. The admission to the edifice was by tickets, and shortly before the ceremonies commenced every pew was occupied, and the porch was thronged with visitors, who arrived too late to obtain seats. Among those present were Colonel James Kelly, Colonel Kavanagh, General Berger, Colonel Gleeson, Captain Condon, Major Haverty, Captain Dempsey, Captain Keeffe, Captain Stacom, and others. A detachment of the Sixty-ninth regiment was also present in uniform.

The drapery of the church was in harmony with the sad occasion, the altar, galleries, pulpit and organ chamber being hung with "solemn black," in the center of which were emblems of mortality and redemption. A memorial catafalque was placed near the sanctuary.

At half-past nine o'clock the services commenced with the usual procession from the sacristy, after which the Rev. Mr. Lory sung the requiem mass, Rev. Fathers Hudson and Therry acting respectively as deacon and sub-deacon, and Mr. Betencour as master of ceremonies. The music con-

sisted of Cherubini's requiem mass, which was excellently sung. At the offertory the O Salutaris, of Wehli, was finely rendered.

The services closed with the *Libera* in which the Rev. Mr. Loyzan officiated, after which the audience dispersed.

Cooper Institute Meeting.—Grand Eulogy by Richard O'Gorman.

In the evening a large audience assembled in the Cooper Institute to hear an eulogy on the late General Meagher by Richard O'Gorman. The platform was occupied by officers of all the Irish regiments in the city, and the representatives of the various civic societies, including the Fenian Brotherhood. A variety of Celtic and American flags were conspicuously displayed on either side of the rostrum—a portrait of the late General Meagher being in the centre.

At 8 o'clock Mr. O'Gorman, who was loudly cheered when he appeared, spoke as follows:

Mr. O'Gorman's Oration.

The funeral rites have all been duly performed. The bell has tolled. The solemn mass for the dead has been sung. The melancholy strains of the "Dies Iræ," saddest of all utterances of human woe, still linger in the hearts of all that sorrowing throng who, this morning, knelt before the altar, where, with all the pomp of its time-honored ceremonies, with sacrifice and prayer, the Church of Christ consigned the soul of its departed child to the forgiveness and mercy of Him who promised that He would be the resurrection and the life, and that every one that lived and believed in Him should not die forever. No higher honors, no heartier sorrow, no more earnest prayer could attend on its last journey the soul of the proudest lord on the earth than have followed what is eternal and immortal of him who, but a few weeks ago, was a living man, beloved and honored by us all, Thomas Francis Meagher. To me it seemed that in the ceremonies of the church this breathing world had bade him its most touching, most solemn farewell; but there were some who wished that, before this day of mourning had gone by, before we had turned back to the every-day work of life, to its distractions, to its thousand cares and details that drown memory and thought, some one of those who had known him longest and best, should say a word or two about him, and teach those who had met him but for a moment in the rough highway of life, how much of what was good and noble, and generous and heroic, was in this man whose name has for twenty years been frequent on men's lips, and whose memory will still be kept green in the souls of those who loved him, when those who may be disposed to judge him harshly now, shall be themselves, and all their doings shall be on trial before the hard tribunal of men's thoughts. He is gone. The pitiless Missouri, hurrying fast to the sea, has enwrapped him in a watery shroud, and dug him a lonely grave beneath its turbid waves. That matters little to him. He had faced death often on the battlefield, where, in the press of continued conflict, the bodies of heroes lay

unrecognized and unburied, or were placed in one common grave, friend and foe side by side, unknown and undistinguished in the bloody equality of war. He is gone. His journey of forty-three years, from the cradle to the grave, is done. His battle of life has been fought; its strife and struggle are ended. It was not his, indeed, to succeed in the great objects for which he strove. He saw the wreck of many a cherished hope and many a dazzling vision turned out but a waking dream. Yet his hopes were high hopes; his dreams were dreams such as good men dream, of increased freedom and happiness to man. For these he dared in perilous times to raise voice and sword, and through all the vicissitudes of his life he bore himself like a man loyal to the good cause he first loved—the salvation of his native island and her people, faithful to the flag he followed—the flag of the Republic which gave him a welcome and a home; loyal and faithful not in seeming or in words alone, but in the deeds of earnest devotion and sacrifice of self, wherein men put to hazzard what men most prize on earth, ease and pleasure, and liberty and life. How the old times come back to me when I think of him and of the scenes when first I met him. Old friends seem to throng around me again, and voices to whisper to me that have been silent for years. How well I remember that splendid hour—more than twenty golden years ago—when the intellect of Ireland awoke from its long torpor, and by voice and pen, in lesson and song, and legend of the past, spoke to the souls of the Irish people, and for awhile they dared to think and hope and strive for the redemption of their crushed and insulted island. For years the voice of the great Tribune, O'Connell, had thundered in the ears of the multitude his denunciation of that fatal act which had robbed Ireland of its independent existence, of its national Parliament, of all the bright hopes of prosperity and progress, which had grown up in the short, but brilliant, era of her legislative independence. He told us of the days when Flood and Grattan, with eloquence that shall live as long as the language in which they spoke, proclaimed the rights of the Irish Parliament, and how one hundred thousand armed volunteers stood ready with their swords to make the declaration good. He told how, with miraculous rapidity, the slumbering power of the Irish nation awoke, and the fair form, so long bowed and soiled in sorrow, arose and smiled again in all her ancient beauty—an Island Queen. Then how the short and happy era passed like a sunny hour in a winter's day, and by fraud and force, by treachery as bad men resort to for bad ends, Ireland was robbed of her legal rights as an independent kingdom, and crushed and strangled and suffocated in that fatal grasp, which knaves and fools did then call the Act of Union These things day after day O'Connell told to listening thousands, with all the fire of eloquence that was in him, till at last, as his voice grew bolder and more defiant, it found its way to the quiet halls where students poured over the dreams of sages. It entered there and stirred their souls, and they closed their books—the fatal books, that tell of Grecian valor and Roman constancy, of great deeds done in the ancient days; the fatal books, that tell of heroic conflicts where weakness, armed for the right, had done successful battle with the guilty strong, how men had risked land and limb and life for the commonwealth in the brave days of

old. They closed them and laid them down, not as the prudent men do in order to forget them and save their souls from the contagion of such examples; not for this, but that they might imitate them and put them to use, that they might themselves tread the same perilous path, and teach their people to save the island they loved. Of these young enthusiasts was in great part formed the party sometimes called "Young Ireland." They were honest, pure, unselfish, gallant men. They did wonders. They made a native literature which has survived them and will never die. They did create and foster a public opinion in Ireland and make it racy of the soil. Song, native and homefelt, gushed up at their bidding, as did of old in the the desert the life-giving waters when the rock was touched by the prophet's wand. While the English language is spoken, these simple ballads will not be forgotten, but will be read and sung in cottage and palace all over the earth wherever beats in men's hearts the strong current of Irish blood. How can I think of them—how can I speak of them without emotion—these simple, noble, true-hearted gentlemen among whom it is my pride to have had the least place. How many of them I have seen depart, one by one. How few of them remain, and now he that was the youngest and most brilliant of them all, he whom, when scarce out of boyhood, they welcomed into their ranks with so glad a welcome, he in whom they hoped so much, he whom they all loved, not more for his genius, than for his simple, fresh and genial nature, he, Thomas Francis Meagher, has followed them to that better land, where friends long parted fondly hope to meet again. Meagher was little more than twenty-two when his voice was first heard in a popular assemblage. From the first there was the ring of true eloquence in all he said. He was bold, direct and fearless. Others had caught up the harp of Ireland and taught it to awaken memories and hopes that long had slept. But Meagher's voice was as the trumpet blast to rouse the whole island and startle it into enterprise and action. His popularity was unbounded. He won all hearts and impressed all with the consciousness of his power, till we thought we heard in the voice of that inspired boy a magic as mighty as Grattan's, to fire the breast, convince the reason, and elevate the soul to that noble daring to which nothing is impossible. His career was as short as it was dazzling. O'Connell, worn out by years and labor, laid him down and died. The political machinery he had constructed fell into feeble hands and broke to pieces. All over the continent of Europe the minds of men began to be stirred by an angry consciousness of wrong, and the people's wrath lay smouldering like a fire waiting for the breath that was to fan it into flame. It came. France, dishonored by a monarch who had dared to trifle with the instincts and pride of the French people, flew to arms and trampled throne and sceptre under its feet. Poland, Hungary, Italy, sprung up at the signal. All over Europe, among the people long oppressed, went forth the cry "We will have no foreign masters. Our land is ours, and we will have it for our own." And Ireland—the Poland of the sea—Ireland, the most wretched of all—failing in every attempt to obtain from the British Parliament compliance with her prayers, is it wonderful that she, too, dreamt that her hour of deliverance was at hand, and that she could wring

from Britain, with the armed hand, that national self-government under which she had been once so happy? The hour seemed propitious. An European war was imminent, and it was not likely that England could keep aloof. The storm seemed gathering fast. In Ireland bold words had been spoken—it was time to put them to the test. Men began to ask "What will Meagher do? He who grandly aphostrophized 'the sword,' will he dare to try its metal now?" He did not shrink from the ordeal. He deemed himself in honor bound—himself to take for weal or for woe the risks he had invited others to assume. He threw himself among the people, ready to lead or to follow, as they pleased, going forth to face fearful odds with a heart as light as if he thought there was merry-making before him, and not the harvest of death. Remember he had nothing to gain and everything to lose—an honorable, social position, the prospect of wealth, the reputation of distinguished ability—all the advantages that give to youth sure promise of a brilliant and prosperous future. All these things that men most love he cast into the balance, and chose to share the fate of the crushed and forlorn people. But the struggle was not to be. France stood still and looked on in apathy; while the nations whom her example had fired into revolt—the nations on whose independence her own safety depended—were, one by one, crushed and re-enslaved. England, freed from the danger of European war, stood armed and prepared. To the Irish people the odds against them seemed too heavy, and the means at their disposal too poor and weak. They did not revolt; no blow was struck. Colder, perhaps wiser, counsels prevailed, and the opportunity, if it was one, went by forever. The Government, watchful and active, at once put forth the arm of the law. O'Brien, Meagher, and others, were arrested, tried for high treason, found guilty and condemned to death. Then once more spoke the young orator, and this is what he said:

[Mr. O'Gorman here read Meagher's speech in the dock at Clonmel, which will be found in its proper place in the body of this book.]

Remember, he then thought that speech was to be his last. These words he uttered, looking death in the eye. Tell me, have you ever known of any man, that in such a trying hour, uttered a more gallant, noble, dignified protest? Think of this, you, if there be any who deem that we who knew this man loved him above his deserts; you who knew him only by his faults, and who may now be disposed to magnify them and to belittle his virtues, fancy yourselves, if you can dare to fancy it, in such a strait, and tell me if you could have raised your souls to so grand an eminence as his who that day set the prisoner above the judge who tried him, and dignified the felon's dock till it became, in the eyes of the world, a temple of freedom.

You know how the sentence of death was commuted, not mitigated, to that of banishment for life in a penal settlement, and Meagher was sent to spend the rest of his days a convict among convicts, in Van Dieman's Land. Death seemed better; death in the island he loved, with his last look resting on Irish soil, on Irish hill and sky. But to live and see his career closed at twenty-five; to hear from afar the great sea of life surging around, and never to have a venture on the tide; to see the great game of life played by other hands,

and he to stand by inactive, and only to watch and mark the game, to rot out a stagnant existence, to die a living death. This was hard to bear, and it seemed to be all his future. But what man can cast his own horoscope or predict to-day what shall befall him to-morrow? Meagher left Irish hearts and Irish love behind him in Ireland, but to find them watching and waiting for him at the antipodes. For, let me tell you, all over the earth, North and South, East and West; wherever you may wander, you shall scarcely find a spot so remote, so desolate that an Irishman who loves Ireland, and whom Ireland loves, will not find there a welcome and a friend. In Van Dieman's Land Meagher found true and faithful friends. He placed himself in their hands. They planned his escape. It was successful, and in 1852 he set foot on American soil, once more a free man. You all remember with what an outburst of enthusiasm all sorts of men welcomed him to this republic. It was among the halcyon days of America. There was nothing to disturb, distract or embitter men's thoughts. In an unchecked career of peace, prosperity and honor, the great Republic, secure and incredulous of danger, moved proudly along. Her large heart over-flowed with benevolence and hospitality, and to have striven and suffered for a people's liberty was a sure passport to men's homes and hearts. The desire to hear the young orator was universal. Meagher, for a time, preferred silence and privacy, but in the end the popular wish prevailed, and he began a series of lectures which, with other literary labors, became his chief occupation for some years.

He was everywhere successful, and sustained his great reputation. But those that knew him best saw that he was altered, that the disasters which he had undergone had hurt him, that some of his early fire had been quenched, and that his eloquence had lost the vigor which had been its chief charm in Ireland. His was a mind that needed the inspiration of a great purpose. That to which he had devoted his early efforts was gone, and none other came to supply its place. But events in America were shifting fast. The strife of factions, in whose healthy action free societies must always find their surest guarantees of safety, was becoming bitter and sectional. Wild, reckless, angry and wicked threats and challenges were made and answered, and a fatal madness swept over the land. There were some who spoke words of warning, of reconciliation and peace. It was too late. The cloud spread and darkened all the horizon, and the storm broke in thunder. You remember well how, on the first breaking out of the civil war, when the first shot was fired on the national flag, the great mass of the people of the Irish race on this continent took sides with the legally organized Government of the United States. The Sixty-ninth Regiment of the New York State Militia was among the first to hurry to the defence of Washington. With it went Thomas Francis Meagher, in command of a company which he had organized.

His was no factious motive. He knew little of parties or their purposes. He had no unkind feeling towards the South. He believed that the integrity of the Union was endangered, and that by a speedy display of force the fatal project might be checked in time, and he went forth to imperil his life for the sake of the home of his adoption with as pure a purpose,

as cheerful a heart, as that with which he faced the rebel's doom for the salvation of the land of his birth. One other thought, too, lay near his heart—a thought that quickened the pulse of every Irishman that marched then under the starry flag, that sang to him at the camp-fires, and whispered to him as he paced the sentinel's lonely rounds. It was this: that in the course of the civil war America might learn, what Irish instinct well knew, the jealousy with which the governing classes in Britain ever look on her revolted colonies, and that our war might be ended by the armies of a reunited North and South marching side by side under the old flag against the seeming friend but real foe of the Republic; the subtle, wily, persistent conspirator against all national repose or freedom or progress all over the earth, save her own—Great Britain.

You know of the Battle of Bull Run, and how all through that disastrous day Meagher bore himself with conspicuous gallantry. He returned to New York, and by his efforts was organized the Irish Brigade, of which he became the commanding officer. The rest of the story should not be told by me. I see many a man around me who followed all the fortunes of that gallant corps, and who will carry the consciousness of his share in its achievements as his proudest memory, to his grave. It was the old story. Never did Clare, or Dillon, or Sarsfield more gallantly lead on gallant men on Landen, on Cremona, on Fontenoy, than did Meagher, when he cheered on the boys of his Irish Brigade at Fair Oaks, Malvern Hill, Antietem, or, when at Fredericksburg, he obeyed the fatal order that doomed the Irish Brigade to hopeless slaughter in the attack on Marye's Heights. Aye! Be proud of the Irish Brigade. Be proud of him who led it. Preserve his memory, ye who served with him in these days of fire and death. Three thousand men were in that Brigade when it went into the war; five hundred were all that left it. Yet it never disobeyed an order, never lost a flag, never lost hope, or heart, or cheerfulness. "It fought as it revelled, fast, fiery, and true," facing danger with a smile, laughing at fatigue and hardship, and breasting the red surges of war with a cheer as gay and ringing as other men utter when they have won a victory in some athletic game. "A somewhat irregular nature—this Irish nature,"—I think I hear some amateur philanthropist observe. Aye! as irregular as the granite boulder on which the foundations of continents rests—irregular and as massive. As irregular as the young river that comes rushing, laughing, bounding from the mountain side, leaping from cataract to cataract, from fall to fall, now deep, now rapid, always wayward and free, never learning to be staid and regular and respectible until it passes by the cities and marts of commerce, and becomes tainted and stained with its impurities. Oh, if this world had none but regular natures and regular men in it, where would the world be? Where would be its valor, its self-sacrifice, its heroism, its Faith? When the hours of life pass peacefully in easy routine along, then the regular natures and the regular men sow the seed and gather the harvest, and grow rich, and dream that all society should be made only of such as they. But in the strange economy of life all natures have their uses. When the crisis comes; when the fabric of society is shaken; when the blast of foreign or civil war sounds in our ears; when the sky is overcast and all the earth rocks

and shudders with hidden throes; when the times are themselves irregular, portentous, full of fear—then irregular natures and irregular men are needed to these deeds of devotion, self-sacrifice, reckless valor, by which alone, in evil hours, nations can be saved. Were this city threatened tomorrow with invasion, I think all Wall street would agree with me that its defence would be more wisely entrusted to one thousand of the least regular men amongst us, than to the same number culled from among the wealthiest financiers or the largest merchants that have ever frowned at the errors and weaknesses of those whose strong temptations they have never known, and whose characters they could never comprehend. Ah, God help us! If heaven did not judge more kindly than we judge one another, how few of us would see salvation. But I must hurry to a close. The Irish Brigade, in fact, ceased to exist. It was reduced to a batallion of a few hundred men. In February, 1863, General Meagher wrote to the then Secretary of War, asking that it might be sent home to recruit its ranks, as had been done by other commands. The request was denied, and after the battle of Chancellorsville, General Meagher resigned his command. His farewell address to his comrades, the remnant of the brigade, contains this passage, which I cannot forbear to read:

"Sharing with the humblest soldier freely and heartily all the hardships and dangers of the battlefield—never having ordered an advance that I did not take the lead myself—I thank God that I have been spared to do justice to those whose heroism deserves from me a grateful commemoration; and that I have been preserved to bring comfort to those who have lost fathers, husbands and brothers in the soldiers who have fallen for a noble government under the green flag. My life has been a varied one, and I have passed through many distracting scenes. But never has the river that flowed beside my cradle, never have the mountains that overlooked the paths of my childhood, never have the old walls that claimed the curiosity and research of maturer days, been effaced from my memory. As at first—as in nature—the beautiful and glorious picture is indelible. Not less vivid, not less uneffaceable, will be the recollection of my companionship with the Irish Brigade in the service of the United States. The graves of many hundreds of brave and devoted soldiers, who went to death with all the radiance and enthusiasm of the noblest chivalry, are so many guarantees and pledges that, as long as there remains one officer or soldier of the Irish Brigade, so long shall there be found for him, for his family and little ones, if any there be, a devoted friend in

"THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER."

He was answered by resolutions expressive of confidence and affection from all the officers and men of the Brigade. So closed his career as a soldier, and his connection with that corps whose reputation with that of the Irish Legion, its twin brother in heroism, will live in every authentic memorial of the civil war, past and gone, I trust, for ever. The last years of his life was spent in the territory of Montana, of which he was Secretary and Acting-Governor at the time of his death. He died in the service of the United States and in the performance of his duty. On his

last hours there rests no stain or reproach. After a day of hard labor he sought a night of repose. An old steamboat, moored to the shore, afforded him a place wherein to sleep. This account of his death which now I read to you is authentic and from a source in all respects reliable:

"He was at Fort Benton, waiting for the arms the Government sent up. He arrived there on the first day of July, having ridden thirty miles on horseback in the hot sun that day. He spent the afternoon in conversation and letter-writing, and retired early to his berth on board the steamboat G. A. Thompson. There was no railing on the guards opposite his stateroom door, it having been broken off in some way. About 10 o'clock at night he went on the guards. Here, it is supposed, he stumbled on a coil of rope, lost his balance, and was precipitated over the side of the boat. The river is greatly swollen, and the current is so strong that the best swimmer has no chance in it. It is stated that he called for help, when the dock hands ran with their lights and saw him floating away. There was no boat ready. Everything appears to have been confusion and excitement. I have received a charming letter that he wrote to me, late that afternoon (his last on earth), telling me that he hoped to start for home by the last of the week. * * A gentleman who was in his company for over an hour late in the afterooon, just before the accident occurred, has informed me of most of the circumstances of his last hours in this life, as I state them to you."

So he died. "Would that he had died on the battlefield." I think I hear some friend say—Would that he had fallen there, with the flag he loved waving over him and the shout of triumph ringing in his ears; would that his grave were on some Irish hill-side, with the green turf above him." No; God knows best how and where, and when we are to die. His will be done! But Meagher has bequeathed his memory to us to guard it and save it from evil tongues that respect the majesty of death. What matter to him now whether men praise or blame? The whole world's censure could not hurt him now. But for us, the friends who are left behind; for you, his companions in arms, for me, who was the friend of his youth, and who have loved him ever; for the sake of those who are nearer and dearer to him, of whose grief I cannot bring myself to speak; of his father, his brother, of his son, on whose face he never looked.

For the sake, more than all, of that noble lady whose enduring love was the pride and blessing of his life; for all this we do honor to his memory, and strive to weave, as it were, this poor chaplet of flowers over his grave. His faults lie gently on him. For he had faults, as all of us have. But he had virtues, too, in whose light his errors were unseen and forgotten. In his youth he loved the land of his birth, and freely gave all he had to give, even his life, to save her and do her honor. He never forgot her. He never said a word that was not meant to help her and raise her. Some things he did say from time to time that I did not agree with, that seemed to me hasty, passionate, unjust. When men speak much and often they cannot help sometimes speaking wrong. But he said

always what he thought; he never uttered a word that was unmanly or untrue to the cause that was the darling of his youth. In Ireland, in America, he invited no man to any danger that he was not ready to share. Never forget this; he gave all, lost all, for the land of his birth. He risked all for the land of his adoption, was her true and loyal soldier, and in the end died in her service. For these things, either in Ireland or in America he will not soon be forgotten, and the grateful instincts of two peoples will do him justice and cherish his money in their heart of hearts. And so old friend farewell. If it be, as we of the ancient faith are taught to believe, that the highest heavens are joined to this earth by a mystic chain of sympathy of which the links are prayers and blessings that ascend and descend, keeping ever the sacred communion unbroken and eternal. If this fervent prayer on earth can reach the throne of God, the friend of my youth shall never be forgotten there. His battle of life is fought. His work is done; his hour of repose is come, and love can utter no fonder aspiration than that which was chanted in the sad ceremonies this morning. May he rest in peace. Amen."

CAPTAIN PATRICK JOSEPH CONDON OF THE IRISH BRIGADE.—ON THE CIRCUMSTANCES OF GENERAL MEAGHER'S DEATH.

From Captain P. J. Condon, of the Irish Brigade, one of General Meagher's most esteemed and trusted friends, I have received the following authentic particulars of his beloved commander's death:

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 16, 1892.

Michael Cavanagh, Esqr., Washington. D. C.

MY DEAR FRIEND: Your request asking for what I know of the death of Gen. Thomas Francis Meagher to embody in his biography now being prepared by you, is herewith given partly from data preserved and in part memorized: Having been escorted from Cork jail by a large force (32 all told) of armed detectives on the Fourth day of July, 1867, and placed on board the S. S. City of Paris, at Queenstown harbor, for New York, and arriving in the latter harbor on the following 13th, the first intelligence of our beloved general's death was imparted to me on board the steamer, in the harbor, by my old friend, Gen. Murray, the custom-house boarding officer. That morning's NEW YORK HERALD, which he gave me, contained the first public announcement of the sad event.

The subsequent assembling, in mid-August, of the surviving officers of the Irish Brigade, under whose auspices the requiem mass at St. Francis Xavier Church, Sixteenth Street, and the brilliant memorial oration by his early friend and compatriot, Richard O'Gorman, Esqr., at the Cooper Union, are historical features of the time and occasion needing, now, no comment from me.

On the assembling of the officers, after the solemn and touching ceremonies were over, I had the unexpected honor of being chosen by my

brother officers as *First President of the Irish Brigade Officers' Association*, an organization, I am proud to say, which has kept up to the present day the noble expectations of its founders and members, in fostering fraternal bonds formed and cemented through the gloom and the glory of the bivouac and the battlefield: Benevolence to the needy widows and orphans of departed comrades; and that undying love of patriotism which is ever preserved in the most select chamber of the Celtic heart.

In the fall of 1868, I was engaged by Dr. Durant, vice-president of the Union Pacific railroad, to go to Omaha, Nebraska, and take charge of the stone work of the celebrated bridge at that point across the Missouri. While there I accidentally formed the acquaintance of the identical soldier who was on sentry duty on board the vessel, from the deck of which General Meagher fell into the muddy, turbulent, mid-night waters of the Missouri at Benton.

His discription of the calamity was so graphic and truthful that I brought him before a magistrate the next morning, where he made affidavit to the facts. That affidavit, together with other testimony of the proprietor of the Indian trading post at Benton, where I visited soon after, the captain of the vessel and the pilot who accompanied Gen. Meagher to his stateroom on the boat, I forwarded to Captain Lyons, editor *New York Herald* at the time, and who, I understood, was then writing the life of the general.

The plain facts of the case are these: General Meagher had been ailing for some three days with a severe attack of diarrhœa, commonly known as summer complaint.

He went ashore on the levee and struggled to the log house, or trading post, where he was accommodated with a seat in a back room by the proprietor. He remained here for several hours resting his head on his hands, placed on a small table in front of him. Frequently he had to hasten from this position to the woods or "brush" in the rear, where the violence of the disorder assailed him. The proprietor learning his distress urged him to take the only remedy in his power to offer, a glass of blackberry wine. This was repeated three times during his long and weakning agony at the trading post, after which, towards nightfall, he was conducted to the boat and retired to his stateroom, or rather the pilot's stateroom, which was kindly given up to him.

The sentry's account (sworn to) was substantially as follows: While on duty during the night, pacing the deck, I heard a noise stern-ward; on looking in that direction I saw somebody moving in white clothing (underclothes) toward the left rear of the stern, where I knew the temporary accommodation place of the vessel was. Of course I about faced and marched the other way, thinking some one of the officers had a "short call," and re-pacing my round about mid-way, I heard a shout and then a splash—that was all. I shouted "man overboard." In a moment the deck was alive; floating life buoys were flung out—boats and lights on the water. The recent Indian depredations caused us to be fully on the alert and prepared for anything sudden; but all to no purpose.

The Missouri at this point, Benton, has a current of nine miles per hour in ordinary times—faster, but seldom slower at other times.

The accommodation, or want of accommodation, on Missouri boats at that time, a quarter of a century ago, is well known to all who have enjoyed or suffered a trip up its toilsome, treacherous sand-bar waters, or down its whirling, snag-bumping rapids; it is easy to conceive how practiced in acrobatic feats the individual must be in keeping his "sea legs" on a geometrical principle "the wider the base the firmer the structure" under such circumstances; and little doubt that this rude style of accommodation at the particular call of strained nature was the direct cause of the untoward circumstance of the sad ending of General Meagher—a man on whose brow the stamp of remarkable genius was indellibly impressed; whose young life gave promise of grand achievements in the years to come; and whose after life, up to his untimely and mournful death, furnishes the student of history, the soldier and true patriot, an example worthy to be imitated by future generations and all nations who admire brilliant expression of thought, personal bravery, and that love of country which springs spontaneously from the very core of a noble and fearless heart.

Peace to thy ashes! O! grand and sublime Meagher!

Very truly yours, P. J. CONDON.

THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER.

BY TIRIA.—(JAMES J. BOURKE.)

As rolls Montana's tideless wave,
Far westward out where sinks the sun,
It sweeps above a nameless grave
Where sleeps a Tribune bright and brave;
A soldier whose campaigning's done—
A soldier on whose conquering sword
Both gods and men might look with pride;
An orator whose lightning word
Could flash like meteor of the Lord—
Who loving lived and loving died.

The regal sun, the watching stars,
The moon when in its rounded crest,
Fling forth in rays of slanting bars
Deep through the rush of watery wars
A cross of silver o'er his breast,
Down where his whitening bones are strewn
Beneath the river's ceaseless roll;
And sobbing winds that night or noon,
His wailing mourners hymn their tune,
And sigh soft dirges for his soul.

Full many a stately galley speeds
In gleam of glory o'er the place,
Where, far below the throbbing reeds
And shrouded by the water weeds,
Lies stark his pale, uncoffined face;
And travellers list with bated breath
While pilots tell the tale of doom—

How he who wore the victor's wreath
Sank battling here with night and death,
And found an unannointed tomb.

But, ah, no trophy crowns the spot
Where cold and pulseless wastes the heart
That dared of yore, when youth was hot,
The hangman's rope, the felon's lot,
To act for Eire a true man's part;
The waters seethe with hurrying dread
Above the dull and lampless brain,
The tongue of fire is mute and dead,
And sands are round the God-like head,
And all but prayer for him is vain.

Yet had he, when his sands were run,
Been laid to sleep in hallowed clay,
The land for whom his work was done,
Beneath whose flag he'd fought and won
Would strew his grave with flowers to-day,
The marble pile they'd upward rear
Till flame-like it would flaunt the skies,
And many a broken lance and spear
They'd place around the warrior's bier
And shattered drum and banner-prize.

They mourn him in the land he loved,
His priceless worth, his conquering arm,
They miss him where in grace he moved—
For camp and council both have proved
His master mind to guide or charm.
And many a tale will yet be told,
By camping fires in future wars,
Of him who with his clansmen bold
Shook out the old green banners fold
To fight beneath the Stripes and Stars.

And hosts will whisper listening guests
The Southern foeman's wild refrain,
When glared he o'er the green-plumed crests,
And sprigs of green on Irish breasts—
"*Here comes that damned Green Flag again!*"
And hearts will fire and pulses bound
At thoughts of Antietam's day;
When hemm'd by fire and foeman round,
The Irish stormed the vantage ground—
And claimed the glory of the fray.

And Fredericksburg's hard foughten field,
Where men were mown like autumn grain,
Shall prove, though oft it broke and reeled—
That Irish valor could not yield,
Though wheel-deep lay the mangled slain.
What time that Meagher with glance of pride,
Points out the range of belching guns—
"Go take them now," he laughing cried;
And while the storm of death rung wide,
They straight obeyed like duteous sons.

Oh, these are memories that evoke
The noblest traits that stamp our race,

For through the rift of fire and smoke,
Where wild the Irish slogan broke,
When foe met foeman face to face,
We know that each day's battle close
Though fierce and bloody'd been the fight,
Saw wounded soldiers tend the foes,
Heard pitying words that heavenward rose,
And prayers above the dead at night.

But we, with whom the chieftan grew
Who proudly led this bold brigade,
Whose voice, whose form, whose face we knew,
Whose fiery soul, whose courage true,
Are with us dreams that will not fade;
Who've heard his glorious burning words,
Like Him the Roman chief of old,
Who bade the slaves gird on their swords,
And smite to doom their tyrant lords,
And Heaven would aye them guiltless hold.

And we within the circling bound
Of this proud city of the Gael,
The rebel Emmet's camping ground,
The scene of Edward's martyr wound,
The throbbing heart of Innisfail—
Shall we erect no storied urn,
Or marble statue carven fair,
To him whose God-like words could burn,
Who never more may now return,
Like wearied child her breast to share.

Oh, pile the stone and heap the cairn,
And carve the likeness of his face,
And twine at foot the oak and fern,
That coming nations yet may learn
He lived the Isaiah of our race.
But if you'd fill your glorious part,
And glance upon your work with pride,
And image true of Meagher impart,
Oh, place a shamrock o'er his heart—
For it he lived, for it he died!

GENERAL MEAGHER'S STAFF.

With the exception of Captain McCoy, A. A. G., concerning whom I have already given all the information available, the officers composing General Meagher's staff deserve a more extended notice than they have received in the foregoing portion of this work; this I propose giving here—in so far as it relates to those gentlemen with whom I was personally and intimately acquainted.

CAPTAIN JOHN GOSSON.

From the general-commanding down no officer in the Army of the Potomac was better known personally and by reputation than Captain "Jack Gosson," first aide camp to General Meagher. A Galway man himself, he was the son of John Gosson, Esq., formerly of Swords County, Dublin. A "born soldier," but with no predilections for the British Army,

he entered the Austrian service as lieutenant, and served under that distinguished scion of the old Catholic Irish stock—General Count Nugent, in Syria. Subsequently, through the count's recommendation, he received a commission in the Seventh Hussars of Austria—a Hungarian regiment, commanded by Prince Frederick Lichenstein. After some year's service, he returned to Ireland the very *beau ideal* of a handsome, dashing soldier, and, as a matter of course, he became a general favorite with the discriminating young ladies of his acquaintance. Amongst the most impressionable of these romantic damsels was a splendid-looking, black-eyed brunette—the daughter of an English baronet, who was also an extensive Irish land holder. This gentleman did not look with favor on the young soldier's attentions to his handsome daughter—but "Jack" asked no favors from *him*. Neither did he run away with the girl; (running away from friend or foe was never in his line), but he won her for all that—in true Irish style, too.

One morning, at breakfast, the pompous old gentleman said to his daughter: "My dear, I wish you would discourage any attentions from this Lieutenant Gosson. He is a man whom I know only as a soldier of fortune and a Papist."

With charming frankness the young lady replied: "I am so sorry, papa, that you didn't speak of it sooner—for I was married to Lieutenant Gosson this morning."

It may well be supposed that, thenceforth, neither of the young people stood very high in the scandalized aristocrat's good graces.

The advent of the war found Lieutenant Gosson in America, and he, naturally, was attracted to Meagher's side—and kept his place there through the war. There was much in common between their genuine Irish natures; both were brave, high-minded, dashing soldiers, thorough gentlemen in word and deed; courteous and kindly to stranger and friend, and both inimitable as story tellers when in congenial society. Gosson was devoted to Meagher; and Meagher appreciated his fidelity and his sterling worth, his chivalry, and scorn of all that was base or mean. An officer of the United States Regular Army said truly and well of him, that, "gallant and dashing soldier as he was, and there was no finer in the army, it was, after all, his manners, his dress, his speech, his history—in a word—Gosson, the man that justified in his single person, all the O'Malleys and Hintons and Lorrequers that Lever has drawn. The crowning glory was Jack's appearance on grand occasions in full military figure—gold-laced cap and jacket, a broad gold-embroidered cross-belt clasped with a lion's head, supporting an enameled leather cartridge box, a saber-tasche of the same material hanging by long slings, so as to just clear the top of a neat fitting and polished Hessian boot. He certainly looked and was the ideal aide-de-camp."

[It was in the above described brilliant uniform that Captain Gosson appeared one night in a box at the theatre in Washington and created a sensation which, of its kind, was never equalled in that temple of Terpsichore.

It was the week following the battle of Antietam and the National Capital was jubilant over the great Union victory. The hotels were

crowded with officers, who, in their brief and well-earned furloughs, enjoyed life with a zest unknown to those who never risked it at the game of war. All places of public amusement were in full blast, crowded from pit to galleries.

On the night in question Mrs. Wood, then a most popular actress, was fascinating the immense audience by her superb rendering of a patriotic song—into which she—with a bewitching glance at the splendid looking soldier gazing admiringly from the box above her,—interpolated a graceful compliment to the country's defenders—the "Bold Soldier Boys!" The house applauded most enthusiastically and broke out into ringing cheers when the conspicuously handsome cavalier so favored by the beautiful minstrel, rose to his full height, and with his hand on his heart, bowed his thanks to the charmer. While on his feet our hero noticed in the box beneath him a portly bald-headed old gentleman dangling tremulously in his fat hand a beautiful bouquet of the rarest flowers. Stimulated by innate gallantry, combined with the irrepressible spirit of deviltry so characteristic of his daring impulsive nature, Jack drew his sword, and with its point gently lifted the bouquet and tipped it to the lady's feet, amid uproarous cheers and laughter.

The astonished old gentleman turned up his purple-hued face to his despoiler, and, in a voice half-choked with rage, gasped out:—

"Who are you, sir! How dare you?"—— "Shut up! you cantankerous old codger," shouted Jack, "or I'll jump down your throat—boots, spurs and all, by ——! The interlocutor suddenly collapsed. A storm of commingled cheers and laughter reverberated through the house with, here and there, a cry of "shame!" from some stickler for the "proprieties." Our hero stood gazing placidly on the sea of excited faces until the uproar had ceased, and then, in cool and measured tones, said:—

"Gentlemen, I am a soldier of the 'Irish Brigade!' I am Captain Jack Gosson, of General Meagher's staff. If, in my response to a lady's appeal, I have given offence to any gentleman here, I will be found at Williard's Hotel to-morrow ready to give him adequate satisfaction."

There was no dissenting interruption to the cheering this time; neither was there any seekers for "satisfaction" calling at Williard's next day.]

Captain John D. Hearn.

Captain John D. Hearn was in many characteristics a different man from his brother aide-de-camp, Captain Gosson. Alike in personal devotion to their chief, and in fealty to the National Flag, Hearn's natural temperament was as cool and imperturbable as Gosson's was exuberant and mercurial. There was but little appearance of that impulsive dash in the one which was so conspicuous among the soldierly attributes of the other, but in the resolute determination to do his duty to the end, no matter what impediments barred the way, Captain Hearn had few, if any, superiors in the army. He was a man of splendid physical proportions—over six feet in height, and straight as a pike-staff. He was one of the most athletic men in his native country (Waterford), and was credited with jumping over

twenty-one feet—backwards and forwards—on a dead level. He came of a well to do and highly esteemed family, who resided at a place called Shanikill, near Dungarvan. He was an intelligent, thoughtful and high-principled man, a trusty comrade and earnest, practical Irish revolutionist—one of the leaders of the organization of "'49" in his district. He was arrested, on suspicion, at the time, but after some months' imprisonment in Waterford jail, was discharged without trial. He came to America in 1850, and was one of the founders of the "Mitchell Light Guards," of which Joseph Brenan was captain. He subsequently joined the Fenian Brotherhood, and when John O'Mahony returned on his perilous mission to Ireland in the winter of 1860, he selected John D. Hearn as his companion—for his rare qualifications of courage, prudence, integrity, and self-sacrificing patriotism. John D. Hearn remained in Liverpool after O'Mahony's return to America; but on his learning that Meagher was organizing the Irish Brigade, he resigned a lucrative position in a mercantile establishment, and came out to take his stand beside his gifted countryman. He served in the Brigade, on General Meagher's staff, till the retreat to Harrison's Landing. Subsequently he became attached to the "Irish Legion," as captain in the 14th ("Corcoran Zouaves"); was taken prisoner at Ream's Station in August, 1864, and in 1865 was invited by General Meagher to accompany him in an official position to Montana, but declined, as he was then after volunteering to proceed to Ireland with his brother Fenians. On his return in 1866, he rejoined Meagher in Montana, where, I believe, he is at the present time, (1892.)

CAPTAIN JAMES B. TURNER.—("GALLOWGLASS.")

In addition to his official duties as aide-de-camp, this gallant young officer rendered most efficient service to the Irish Brigade by voluntarily constituting himself its chief chronicler. His correspondence in the *Irish-American*, from the seat of war, constituted the most graphic and interesting account of the progress of events at the time, and to the historian, who would not limit his sources of information to the dry, official reports of the War Department, these letters, recording as they do the inner life of the camp, its privations and its festivities—the incidents transpiring on the march, in the field, or in the hospital—are invaluable. He was well aware of the worth of such details of the private soldier's heroism—as the following extract from his correspondence after the disastrous battle of Fredericksburgh will show. In referring to a letter from a private soldier giving the history of its company's experience in the fight—which he embodied in his report—he says:—

"Such is the simple chronicle of a brave company's brave day's work, told by as gallant a young soldier as there is in the Brigade. Reading it and knowing how true it is, having observed all the men mentioned in it in battle often before, on the march, in the bivouac and the camp, one's only regret is, that the deeds of the brave rank and file of the other companies and regiments of the Brigade cannot be fully and particularly set forth. The lives of the men of the Brigade would form one of the brightest

biographies of heroism. So much individual pluck, courage, dash, enthusiasm and valor, has rarely in any age been marshalled together for the fight. After all it is some consolation to know, even although the Brigade is melting by degrees away, that there was in our times so much that was proud, noble and invincible among our people on this continent. It will be a glorious heritage to leave to your posteri y the record of your valor, and one of the proudest assertions that can be made by any Irishman of our day, will be that he, too, was a member of the Irish Brigade that fought for the American Republic."

"GALLOWGLASS."

Would the time ever arrive when adequate justice can be rendered to the memory of those heroic representatives of a heroic race, the concluding paragraph of the above extract might fittingly be engraved on the "Memorial Stone" of the writer—the gentle-hearted, gallant and gifted "Historian of the Irish Brigade."—Captain James B. Turner.

"A Saxon Churl Ursurps the Lion's Hide."

MAJOR (?) WARRINGTON.

While the Irish Brigade was being recruited in the Autumn of 1861, an imposing-looking gentleman of middle age and insinuating address, presented himself at headquarters. He introduced himself to Meagher as Major Warrington—formerly of the British Army, but now desirous of offering his sword and military experience to the service of the Republic, and, by perference, in connection with the Irish Brigade.

Meagher received him courteously, accepted his proffered services in good faith, and, ere long, the aristocratic-looking Englishman became a conspicuous appendage to the headquarters on Broadway—where he made himself "generally useful" in the routine work of the office, and in varying its more prosaic occupations by recounting some interesting episodes of his previous history—which his attentive auditors perfectly understood were to be taken with a liberal allowance of "salt."

When, eventually, the Brigade left New York for the front, Major Warrington was left behind at headquarters with instructions to superintend the forwarding of additional recruits, etc. However, after Meagher took charge of the Brigade at Camp California, he reported there for duty, and was assigned a place on the "volunteer staff." Here he managed to maintain his assumed character unquestioned while the army was in process of organization, under General McClellan.

When the campaign opened, however, and the order to advance towards Richmond was issued, he felt the crisis of his life approaching. How he went through the ordeal I'll leave to be told by Captain Field of the 4th U. S. Artillery—in his graphic "Reminiscenses of the Irish Brigade."

"EXIT A SOLDIER OF FORTUNE."

"While lying in the entrenchments at Fair Oaks, an ornamental appendage to the brigade staff faded from view. Major Warrington was an eminently

aristocratic gentleman, with a fine haughty profile, a fresh complexion, slightly reddened by good cheer, distinctly suggesting old port, hair and moustache beautifully silvered, manners courtly, with just a shade of arrogance, in keeping with the report which was current and not disbelieved, that he was the son of George the Fourth. (General Meagher told me he was inclined to believe it.) He was a sort of volunteer aide, belonged to nothing that we knew of, and justified his status by doing nothing. Major Cavanagh (now the gallant veteran commanding the historical Sixty-ninth), was commanding the picket-line, and firing between the opposing pickets suddenly began. General Meagher sent Warrington with an order to Cavanagh, which was not complied with. When asked why he had not obeyed the instructions, Cavanagh replied that he had received none. The General asked Major Warrington if he had delivered them, and the latter seemed inclined to evade the question, and to shuffle off on Cavanagh the responsibility. The two men were confronted, the scion of royalty and the bull-headed Irishman, as rough as a chestnut-burr, and as brave as a game-cock. When Cavanagh plainly intimated that Warrington had found the bullets too numerous to fulfil his orders, the latter said, drawing up proudly.

'I don't believe you know who I am, sir.'

'Indeed,' said Cavanagh; 'I'm not sure you know yourself. But I'm told you claim to be a bastard of George the Fourth. By all accounts your father was as dirty a blackguard as ever disgraced a throne, and, if he ever had a son, I'm thinking he'd be just such a shirk and poltroon as you've proved yourself this day, Major Warrington.'

"A few days after it was politely intimated to the elderly swell that his services could be dispensed with."

Doctor Lawrence Reynolds. — Poet-Laureate to the Irish Brigade.

As Captain Turner was the chief chronicler, so was Dr. Reynolds chief bard of the Irish Brigade. But few officers in the Army of the Potomac were more familiarly known to, or more universally esteemed by their comrades in arms than the genial-hearted surgeon of the 63d Regt., N. Y. V. Skillful and experienced in his profession, a highly-educated Irish gentleman, a versatile writer, orator and poet, and an earnest, active worker in the cause of Irish nationality for over half a century, he well merited the respect of his fellow officers, and the enthusiastic affection which was accorded him by his compatriots of the rank and file. It was impossible for any genuine Irishman to know "Old Larry!" (as he was endearingly designated by his fellow countrymen) and not love him. He was the very personification of cheerfulness and good nature — his beaming countenance — like the sun — diffused warmth wherever it shone. Though he lived to the age of eighty-four, yet his heart remained always fresh and young. Gifted by nature with an abundant fount of ready wit and genuine Irish humor, though quick at repartee, he was seldom sarcastic, and never bitter in his retorts. The victims of his playful humor enjoyed his jokes most keenly, for, in general, they were among his most intimate friends.

Dr. Lawrence Reynolds was born in the city of Waterford, in the year 1804. He came of an old and highly respectable Catholic family, and was the youngest of four brothers. Having received a classical education, and being gifted from early boyhood with a literary taste—he commenced his public career by engaging with his brothers in the publication of a newspaper, but he tired of the confinement of office life, and his adventurous spirit led him to England to "seek his fortune." He applied his talents to the study of medicine, and having in due time secured his diploma, he settled down to the practice of his profession in the city of Liverpool. He was highly popular with the Irish element of that great commercial city, and was in a fair way of realizing an independent fortune when the revolutionary movement of '48 enlisted his active sympathies, and as the acknowledged leader of his countrymen in Liverpool, his practical patriotism soon made him amenable to the law, and he, like many other kindred spirits of that period, had to seek a new career in the "Land of the Free."

On his arrival in New York, he settled down to the practice of his profession, and soon built up a lucrative business. But he abandoned it on the breaking out of the war, and when the Irish Brigade was being raised, he joined the 63d Regt. He served with the Brigade throughout the war, being on duty in every battle in which it was engaged—and the list is a long and glorious one. When not actively employed on the field, he volunteered on the Headquarters Medical Staff. He was so highly esteemed by General Hancock, that, on the recommendation of that distinguished officer, Sergeant Reynolds, "for service in the field," was advanced to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel.

But, notwithstanding his onerous professional duties, the ardent old patriot still found time to serve the cause of his native land. His tongue, pen and purse were ever ready at her service. In the "Officers' Circle" of the Fenian Brotherhood, no man was more enthusiastic or zealous than its gray-bearded old "treasurer." His speeches infused his own hopeful, healthy energy into the hearts of his hearers, while his spirit-stirring songs scattered broadcast through the camp, kept up the sentiment of patriotism in the souls of the susceptible Celts of all ranks and conditons.

Of all his compatriots in the army, General Thomas A. Smythe—that *beau ideal* of an Irish soldier—stood highest in his regard and affection. His most popular song was written in indignation at the neglect of this splendid soldier's services—by the authorities; and it was confidently beli ved in the Army of the Potomac that it was owing to old "Larry's" scathing effusion that the political magnates were at length shamed into doing justice to the gallant colonel of the First Delaware Volunteers; the hero of thirty-five battles; and for some time in the fall of 1863 and the spring of 1864, commander, successively, of the Irish Brigade and the Second Diviston, Second Army Corps.

[General Smythe fell while leading his command at Five Forks, being the last general-officer killed in the war for the Union.

He was born near Fermoy, Co. Cork, on Christmas Day, 1832, and was twenty-two years of age when he emigrated to America.]

"THERE'S NOT A STAR FOR YOU, TOM SMYTHE."

(A song addressed to brave Col. Thomas A. Smythe of Wilmington, First Regiment of Delaware Volunteers, by Lawrence Reynolds, Surgeon Sixty-third Regiment New York Volunteers, Irish Brigade.)

Though stars are falling very thick,
On many a curious spot;
And warriors rising very quick,
Who never heard a shot.
Still, though you periled limb and life,
And many a fight went through,
And laurels won in every strife,
There's not a star for you, Tom Smythe,
There' not a star for you!

'Tis true, when close the hostile lines,
The headlong charge you lead,
And your sword, glory's beacon, shines,
In front of your brigade;
But you can't like a courtier grin,
No little work can do,
So you perchance a ball may win;
But there's not a star for you, Tom Smythe,
There's not a star for you!

Whene'er you tread the crimson sod,
Your form and soul expand;
In olden times you'd seem a God,
Not Hancock self's more grand.
But then your sword, a wily tongue,
Far greater deeds can do;
For while stars grace the gabby throng,
There's not a star for you, Tom Smythe,
There's not a star for you.

No coward in the ranks is seen,
When gallant Smythe appears,
Men kindle at his voice and mien,
And move on with gay cheers.
Smythe's spirit moves the glowing mass,
Deeds past their power to do;
Yet while such things you bring to pass,
There's not a star for you, Tom Smythe,
There's not a star for you!

But by you for no selfish cause,
Is battle's flag unfurled,
You fight to save your glorious laws,
To bless the future world.
Brave Hancock owns you're skilled and brave,
The army own it, too,
Then this proud feeling you must have
Is rank and a star for you, Tom Smythe,
Is rank and a star for you!

Doctor Reynolds died at Oswego, N. Y., on the 28th of April, 1887.

GENERAL MEAGHER'S APPEAL FOR JUSTICE TO THE IRISH BRIGADE.

"HEADQUARTERS, IRISH BRIGADE, Second Brigade, Hancock's Division, Couch's Corps, Army of the Potomac, Before Fredericksburg, Va., Feb. 19th, 1863.

"To the Honorable, the Secretary of War at Washington:—

"SIR—I have the honor to request that three regiments of the Brigade I command may be temporarily relieved from duty in the field.

"I make this application for the following reasons:—

"The Brigade nominally consists of five regts.

69th New York Volunteers,
88th New York Volunteers,
63d New York Volunteers,
116th Pennsylvania Volunteers,
28th Massachusetts Volunteers.

"The aggregate strength of these five regiments is made up of 139 officers and 1,058 enlisted men. To this strength the 116th Pa., Vols., (now consolidated into a battalion), and the 28th Mass., Vols., contribute 48 officers and 527 enlisted men. The other three regiments, therefore, make up the balance, giving as their aggregate 91 officers and 531 enlisted men.

For duty, including pioneers, drummers, etc.,	349
On extra and daily duty,	132
Sick and wounded,	59

"The 69th, 88th and 63d are the three original old regiments of the Brigade. They left the city of New York in the months of November and December, 1861, fully two thousand two hundred and fifty strong, including two batteries of three officers and one hundred and fifty men each. Assigned to the divisions commanded by Major-General Sumner, these regiments entered immediately on active duty, being encamped near Edsall's Hill, beyond Alexandria, Va., until the 10th of March, when they proceeded to Union Mills, Manassas and Warrenton Junction.

"Returning to Alexandria early in April, they embarked for Ship-point, on the York River, when, after several days of laborious activity in the commissary and quartermaster's departments of the army, they proceeded to the front, and were engaged at once in the operations for the reduction of Yorktown.

"The battle of Fair Oaks was the first battle in which these regiments fought, and these were the only regiments then constituting the Brigade.

"A fortnight subsequently the Brigade was reinforced by the 29th Mass. Vols., and thus reinforced, the three old regiments did severe duty before Richmond, this duty requiring of them to defend the front of the army at Fair Oaks, throw up extensive earthworks, perform picket duty every third day, support the command of Major-General Hooker on three occasions, when he was forcibly pressed by the enemy; and, ultimately, hastening to the relief, and covering, in conjunction with the Brigade, commanded by

Brigadier-General French, the retreat of the army corps, under Major-General Fitz-John Porter, at Gaines's Hill.

"On the retreat of the Army of the Potomac from before Richmond, the Brigade, consisting of the above-mentioned regiments, participated in the battles of Peach Orchard, Savage's Station, White Oak Swamp, Glendale, Malvern Hill, and suffered severely, the loss of commissioned officers being more, proportionally, than the loss of privates.

"Whilst suffering in this way, and reduced to an average of three hundred men to each regiment, the Brigade arrived at Harrison's Landing, James River, and, although the undersigned was ordered by Major-General McClellan to proceed to New York shortly after the Army of the Potomac had reached the Landing, for the purpose of procuring recruits; and, although the Brigadier-General exercised all the influence within his scope to procure such recruits, the Brigade almost imperceptibly benefitted by its temporary relief from duty in the field and the exertions of the undersigned.

"Nevertheless, the Brigade most cheerfully and heartily participated in the rapid and sultry march to Newport News, by way of Williamsburg and Yorktown, and with equal alacrity and good will proceeded to Acquia Creek, and thence to Falmouth, Va., where they were ordered by Major-General McClellan to report to Major-General Burnside, in command of the Federal forces in front of Fredericksburg.

"Relieved by Major-General Burnside, the Brigade, still consisting of the 69th, 88th and 63d N. Y. Vols., and the 29th Mass. Vols., returned from Falmouth in forty-eight hours after they had reported to General Burnside, and repaired to Alexandria, whence, after a halt of less than eight hours outside the city, they hurried to the support of Major-General Pope, then engaged with the enemy on the plains of Manassas, resting not more than six hours in the rear of Fort Corcoran, preparatory to their advance.

"On the retreat from the plains of Manassas, the Brigade formed a portion of the rear-guard, and, acting as such, experienced a good deal of harassing from the light artillery and cavalry of the enemy.

"First in the advance on the march through Maryland to the battlefield of Antietam, they supported Major-General Hooker at South Mountain, and, two days after, under the immediate command of Major-General Richardson, were conspicuously engaged in that great attack which compelled the enemy, defeated and humbled, to recross the Potomac.

"Since then, the Brigade, reinforced by the 116th Pa. Vols., and having the 29th Mass. Vols., replaced by the 28th of the same state, took part of the *reconnoissance* of Charlestown, and the intervening and adjacent country beyond Boliver Heights, which *reconnoissance* was so brilliantly and successfully conducted by Brigadier-General Hancock, commanding the division, of which this Brigade is the Second Brigade.

"In the subsequent advance to the Rappahannock, the Brigade was frequently foremost; and on the evening of November 17th had the honor of being ordered by Major-General Sumner to proceed with all speed up the road, ford the river, and take the guns which (opposite Falmouth) had

been silenced and dismounted by the splendid battery commanded by Captain Petitt.

"This order, however, was countermanded half an hour after the Brigade had dashed forward with the greatest enthusiasm to execute it, it being decided by Major-General Sumner that it would be imprudent to throw any portion of the army over the Rappahannock before the entire force was prepared to establish itself on the Fredericksburg side of the river.

"The records of the Brigade, thus far, close with the day on which the assault was made on the enemy's lines and batteries; and all his redoubts and fortified works and heights in the rear of Fredericksburg, unless continued picket duty, from that day to this, may be considered a prolongation of the record.

"The official statistics of the five regiments have been inserted in this application; and, if I do not greatly err, from a partiality generated by my peculiar relationship with the Brigade — having been the founder of it — I think I am justified in affirming that no Brigade in the army of the United States has more assiduously, unremittingly, bravely, nobly done its duty.

"No history, however vividly and powerfully written, could do more than these plain and stern statistics do in attestation of the cordial loyalty and devotion unto death of this Brigade, in the good and glorious cause in which it staked its reputation, which is dearer to it than the blood of the bravest soldiers of whom it is composed.

"Grounding the application on these statistics and these facts — representing, as they unquestionably do, that the Brigade has ceased to be a Brigade, and hardly exhibits the numerical strength which qualifies it for a higher designation than that of a Colonel's command — and with an honest and generous view of the still greater efficiency of the military power of the Government, I do most respectfully and earnestly beg that the three original regiments of the Brigade, viz.: the 69th N. Y. Vols., 88th N. Y. Vols., 63d N. Y. Vols., be temporarily relieved from duty in the field; and, being so relieved, have the opportunity of restoring, in some serviceable measure, their exhausted ranks.

"As long as these regiments are retained in the field, the undersigned is convinced that no accession to their ranks will take place; and the undersigned feels that it is unnecessary for him to enter into any argument or exposition to confirm this assertion.

"He confines himself to the respectful duty of directing the attention of the Secretary of War to the fact, that decimated regiments from Maine, Massachusetts and Connecticut have been ordered home, so as to enable them to return actively to the service of the government with a strength commensurate with their reputation, and the cause in which they are engaged.

"The Brigadier-General commanding what is popularly known the Irish Brigade, asks no more for what is left of his brave officers and men than that which has been conceded to other commands, exhibiting equal labors, equal sacrifices, and equal decimation.

"In doing so, he does violence to his own heart and nerve. In making and urging an application of this character, any man of soldierly

instinct and pride must feel that he has imputations to encounter, which tend to the damage of the good name he has acquired in the midst of many difficulties and dangers, and to which the Brigade, in whose behalf he appeals, has with so liberal a gallantry contributed.

"But there is a courage sterner still than that which faces the fire of the enemy. Doing your duty to your men — either to their displeasure or in concurrence with their wishes — oftentimes demands a resolution higher far in a moral estimation than that which the orders delivered on the eve of battle exact.

"Such do I feel to be the resolution required of me at this moment, in forwarding and pressing this application. We are in front of the enemy of the Government of the United States. A narrow river alone divides us. Any moment may witness — any accident may precipitate a collision between the two armies. With this possibility before us, the reluctance with which I make this application will be easily conceived, and cannot but be readily admitted.

"But, as I have already more than estimated the reputation of the Brigade, for the remnant of which I appeal, is too vitally identified with the race which it represents, and the cause to which it has devoted its fidelity and its life, for me, as the official guardian of it, to be silent — to refrain from urging such a request as I do now — when to be silent might, and would inevitably, imperil that righteous reputation.

"I have alluded to considerations of public and national interest in forwarding this application.

"These considerations form a part of the application, which I do not conceive it proper or essential for me to submit at large, or in detail to the Secretary of War, and shall, therefore, confine myself, as I do conscientiously, and with the deepest and strongest conviction that the relief of the 1st, 2d and 3d regiments of the Brigade from duty in the field, will result in an important accession to their ranks, and so enable the Irish Brigade to render, in support of the Constitution and the legitimate Chief Magistracy of the United States, services not less faithful and chivalrous than those they have already permanently imprinted with their blood upon the national records of this war.

"I have the honor to be your very humble and obedient servant,

"With the greatest esteem,

"THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER,

"Brig.-Gen. commanding the Irish Brigade."

GENERAL MEAGHER TENDERS HIS RESIGNATION.

"HEADQUARTERS IRISH BRIGADE, Hancock's Division,
Couch's Corps, Army of the Potomac, May 8, 1863.

Major John Hancock. Assistant Adjutant-General:—

"I beg most respectfully to tender you, and through you to the proper authorities, my resignation as Brigadier-General, commanding what was once known as the Irish Brigade. That Brigade no longer exists.

The assault on the enemy's works on the 13th of December last reduced it to something less than a minimum regiment of infantry. For several weeks it remained in this exhausted condition. Brave fellows from the convalescent camp and from the sick beds at home gradually reinforced this handful of devoted men. Nevertheless it failed to reach the strength and proportions of anything like an effective regiment. These facts I represented as clearly and forcibly as it was in my power to do in a memorial to the Secretary of War; in which memorial I prayed that a Brigade which had rendered such service and incurred such distressing losses should be temporarily relieved from duty in the field, so as to give it time and opportunity in some measure to renew itself.

"The memorial was in vain. It never was even acknowledged. The depression caused by this ungenerous and inconsiderate treatment of a gallant remnant of a Brigade that had never once failed to do its duty most liberally and heroically, almost unfitted me to remain in command. True, however, to those who had been true to me—true to a position which I had considered sacred under the circumstances—I remained with what was left of my Brigade, and, though feeling that it was to a sacrifice rather than to a victory we were going, I accompanied them, and led them through all the operations required of them at Scott's Mills and Chancellorsville, beyond the Rappahannock.

"A mere handful, my command did its duty at those positions with a fidelity and resolution, which won for it the admiration of the army. It would be my greatest happiness, as it would surely be my highest honor, to remain in the companionship and charge of such men; but to do so any longer would be to perpetuate a public deception, in which the hard-won honors of good soldiers, and in them the military reputation of a brave old race would inevitably be involved and compromised. I cannot be a party to this wrong. My heart, my conscience, my pride, all that is truthful, manful, sincere and just within me, forbid it.

"In tendering my resignation, however, as the Brigadier-General in command of this poor vestige and relic of the Irish Brigade, I beg sincerely to assure you that my services, in any capacity that can prove useful, are freely at the summons and disposition of the Government of the United S ates. That the Government, and the cause, and the liberty, the noble memories, and the future it represents, are entitled unquestionably and unequivocally to the life of every citizen who has sworn allegiance to it, and partaken of its grand protection.

"But while I offer my own life to sustain this good Government, I feel it to be my first duty to do nothing that will wantonly imperil the lives of others, or, what would be still more grevious and irreparable, inflict sorrow and humiliation upon a race who, having lost almost everything else, find in their character for courage and loyalty, an invaluable gift, which I, for one, will not be so vain or selfish as to endanger.

"I have the honor to be most respectfully and faithfully yours,

"THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER,

"Brigadier-General Commanding."

FAREWELL ADDRESS OF THE OFFICERS OF THE 69TH, 63D AND 88TH REGIMENTS, N. Y. S. V., IRISH BRIGADE.

"CAMP OF THE IRISH BRIGADE, FIRST DIVISION,
2ND ARMY CORPS, ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
FALMOUTH, VA., May 20th, 1863.

"*To Brigadier-General Thomas Francis Meagher,*

Late Commanding Irish Brigade:

"The undersigned officers of the original regiments of tthe Irish Brigade, in the field, having learned with deep regret that you have been compelled bv reasons of paramount importance to tender your resignation as General of the Brigade, and that the Government having accepted your resignation, you are about to separate yourself from us, desire in this manner, as the most emphatic and courteous, to express to you the sorrow we personally feel at your departure, and the sincere and heartfelt affection we entertain, and shall ever entertain for you under all circumstances, and changes of time and place.

"We regard you, General, as the originator of the Irish Brigade in the service of the United States, we know that to your influence and energy, the success which it earned during its organization is mainly due; we have seen you since it first took the field — some eighteen months since — sharing its perils and hardships on the battle-field and in the bivouac: always at your post, always inspiring your command with that courage and devotion which has made the Brigade historical, and by word and example cheering us on, when fatigue and dangers beset our path, and we would be ungrateful, indeed, did we forget that whatever glory we have obtained in many a hard-fought field, and whatever honor we may have been privileged to shed on the sacred land of our nativity, that to you, General, is due to a great extent, our success and our triumph.

"In resigning the command of the remnant of the Brigade, and going back to private life in obedience to the truest dictates of honor and conscience, rest assured, General, that you take with you the confidence and affection of every man in our regiments, as well as the esteem and love of the officers of your late command.

"With this sincere assurance, we are, General, your Countrymen and Companions in Arms.

P. Kelly, Colonel,	88th New York, Irish Brigade.
R. C. Bently, Leiut.-Colonel,	Commanding 63rd New York.
James E. McGee, Captain,	Commanding 69th New York.
Wm. J. Nagle, Captain,	Commanding 88th New York.
James Saunders, Captain,	69th New York.
John Smith, Major,	83rd New York.
P. J. Condon, Captain,	63rd New York, Company G.
John H. Donovan, Captain,	69th New York.
Richard Moroney, Captain,	69th New York.

John H. Gleason, Captain,	63rd New York, Company B.
M. W. Wall, Capt. and A. A. A. G.,	Irish Brigade.
Thomas Twohy, Captain.	63rd New York, Company I.
John J. Blake, Captain,	Co. B., 88th New York.
Robert H. Milliken, Captain,	69th New York.
Garrett Nagle, Captain,	69th New York.
John Dwyer, Captain,	63rd New York.
Michael Gallagher, Captain,	88th New York.
Lawrence Reynolds, Surgeon,	63rd New York.
James J. Purcell, Assistant Surgeon,	63rd New York.
Chas. Smart, Assistant Surgeon,	63rd New York.
Richard P. Moore, Captain,	63rd New York, Company A.
John C. Foley, Adjutant,	88th New York.
John W. Byron, 1st Lieutenant,	88th New York, Company L.
D. F. Sullivan, 1st Lieut. and R. Q. M.,	69th New York.
Jas. J. McCormack, Lieut and Quart'r.	63rd New York.
John O'Neill, Lieutenant,	88th New York.
Wm. McClellan, 2nd Lieutenant,	88th New York, Company G.
John Madigan, Lieutenant,	88th New York.
James J. Smith, 1st Lieut. and Adjt.	69th New York.
Edmund B. Nagle, 2nd Lieutenant,	88th New York, Company. D.
Miles McDonald, 1st Lieut. and Adjt.,	63rd New York.
John J. Hurley, 1st Lieutenant,	63rd New York, Company I.
Edw. B. Carroll, 2nd Lieutenant,	63rd New York, Company B.
James Gallagher, 2nd Lieutenant,	63rd New York, Company F.
John Ryan, 1st Lieutenant,	63rd New York, Company G.
Matthew Hart, 2nd Lieutenant,	63rd New York, Company K.
Bernard S. O'Neil, 1st Lieutenant,	69th New York.
John Dillon Mulhall, 1st Lieut.,	69th New York.
Matthew Murphy, 1st Lieutenant,	69th New York.
Luke Brennan, 1st Lieutenant,	69th New York.
Robert Laffin, 2nd Lieutenant,	69th New York.
W. L. D. O'Grady, 2nd Lieutenant,	88th New York, Company H.
P. J. O'Connor, 1st Lieutenant,	63rd New York, Company E.
Edward Lee, 1st Lieutenant,	63rd New York, Company A.
Patrick Maher, 1st Lieutenant,	63rd New York, Company G.
David Burk, Lieutenant,	69th New York.
Martin Scully, 1st Lieutenant,	69th New York.
Richard A. Kelly, 1st Lieutenant,	69th New York.
Joseph M. Burns, Lieutenant,	69th New York.
James E. Byrne, Lieutenant.	88th New New.
Dominick Connolly, 2nd Lieutenant,	63rd New York, Company H.
John J. Sellors, 2nd Lieutenant,	63rd New York.
William Quirk, Captain,	63rd New York, Company E.
Patrick Chamber, 1st Lieutenant,	63rd New York, Company H.
Patrick Callaghan, 1st Lieutenant,	69th New York, Co mpany G.
Patrick Ryder, Captain.	88th New York.
Patrick M. Haverty, 1st Lieut. and R. Q. M.,	88th New York.

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS OF THE 88TH REGIMENT TO GENERAL MEAGHER.

"CAMP OF THE 88TH N. Y. S. V.,
May 21st, 1863.

"*To Brigadier-General Thomas F. Meagher:*

"Beloved General — Seldom, if ever, has a more mournful duty devolved on a soldier than now devolves on a few of that devoted band of Irishmen that rallied at your call around the Green Flag of our native land, and who are here now to evince their sincere and heartfelt sorrow at the loss of our indomitable leader, a brave companion, and a stern patriot, as well as to extend their congratulations at your returning in all your manly pride and spotless integrity, to the domestic scenes of your own fire-side.

"Appreciating as we do the motives that actuated your resignation, nevertheless, we feel that whatever the advantages may accrue to us, if any, are purchased at too great a cost, and tells deeply the feelings and relations that existed between the General and his men.

"The first to lead us to victory, we fondly hoped it would be your proudest honor, as it was your highest ambition, to lead us back again to our homes, but through the inscrutable wisdom of an all-wise War Department it will be reserved for you instead to welcome back what has been, or will be left, of what was once known, and proudly so, as Meagher's Irish Brigade."

"Present to our lady patron, Mrs. Meagher, our happiest congratulations, at your safe return; and assure her, through us, that what is left of the 88th will still endeavor to hold, by a high soldierly bearing, that claim on her affections as of old, when you, yourself, led us to battle.

"In conclusion, General, we tender you the following resolutions, and, believe us, they are not the selfish offerings of interested followers, nor the cool, well digested, and carefully worded productions of sage and matured veterans, but they are, General, the spontaneous offerings of young heads, young hearts, and young blood, that will always rally at your call around that Flag for which you have sacrificed so much and braved so many dangers; and trusting, General, that the recollections of this meeting will in after years compensate for many days of wearied toil and profitless hardships, it is, therefore

"*Resolved*—That we, the non-commissioned officers of the 88th Regiment, N. Y. S. V., duly authorized and appointed in behalf of the regiment, express in words too feeble to convey their sorrow, their regret, at the retirement of their General, Thomas Francis Meagher.

"*Resolved* — That in tendering his resignation he was prompted by the highest chivalric principles and unselfish aims, and consequently meets the approbation of his men.

"*Resolved* — That the foregoing resolutions and address be presented by a committee of the non-commissioned officers of the 88th Regiment, N. Y. S. V.

Signed on behalf of the Regiment:

Patrick McCabe, Sergeant-Major. John Desmond, Sergeant, Company C.

Thomas Smith, Quartermaster-Surgeon,
Richard E. Dowdall, Hospital-Steward.
John McDonnell, Commissary-Sergeant,
William J. O'Connor, 1st Sergeant, Company A.
Richard Finnan, 1st Sergeant, Company B.
Benedict J. O'Driscoll, 1st Sergeant, Company C.
R. McDonald, 1st Sergeant, Company D.
George Ford, 1st Sergeant, Company E.
James Carr, 1st Sergeant, Company F.
Lawrence Buckley, 1st Sergeant, Company G.
John Meighan, 1st Sergeant, Company H.
Michael McGrane, 1st Sergeant, Company I.
Henry Southwell, 1st Sergeant, Company K.
Richard S. Harrison, Sergeant, Company C.
James Fox, Sergeant, Company C.
Patrick O'Neill, Sergeant, Company B
George Geoghegan, Sergeant, Company B.
Hugh Curry, Sergeant, Company K.
Timothy J. Murray, Sergeant, Company I.
Dennis Leonard, Sergeant, Company I.
Thomas McDonald, Sergeant, Company I.
John McGowan, Sergeant, Company D.
John B. Sparks, Sergeant, Company A.
Joseph Hyland, Sergeant, Company E.
Edward Wilson, Sergeant, Company E.
John Morton, Sergeant, Company E.
Thomas Harr, Sergeant, Company E.

RESOLUTIONS OF THE OFFICERS OF THE 116TH REGIMENT PENSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS, IRISH BRIGADE.

"HEADQUARTERS 116TH PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS, IRISH BRIGADE, HANCOCK'S DIVISION, SECOND ARMY CORPS, May 13th, 1863.

"At a meeting of the commissioned officers of the 116th Pensylvania Volunteers, Major St. Clair A. Mulholland, was called to the Chair, and 1st Lieutenant Louis J. Sacristie was appointed Secretary. The following preamble and resolutions were proposed and unanimously adopted:

"*Whereas* — By the acceptance of the resignation of our beloved General, Thomas Frances Meagher, we have been deprived of one who was always solicitous for our comfort and welfare. Therefore, be it

"*Resolved* — That by the resignation of Brigadier General Meagher, this Brigade, and especially this Regiment, experiences an irreparable loss — one which is felt alike by officers and men; we have been deprived of a leader whom we all would have followed to death, if necessary; a leader whose name was sufficient to strike terror into the hearts of his foes, and admiration into the hearts of his co-patriots in arms.

"*Resolved* — That in the discharge of his official duties he exhibited alike those qualities which only a true soldier can possess — when on duty a strict disciplinarian, when off duty an affable, agreeable, and kind companion.

"*Resolved* — That as a soldier he was foremost in the battle, offering his life as a sacrifice for the cause of Liberty and the Constitution of his adopted country — which country has lost, by his resignation, one of its most patriotic Generals, one of its most daring soldiers, and the army one of its brightest ornaments.

"*Resolved* — That in his retirement to civil life he carries with him our most sincere wishes for his future welfare, and we earnestly hope that his future life may be as successful as his past career has been brilliant and honorable.

St. Clair A. Mulholland, Major, commanding 116th Pennsylvania Volunteers.
John Teed, Captain, commanding Company G, 116th Pennsylvania Volunteers.
S. G. Willinar, Captain, commanding Company A, 116th Pennsylvania Volunteers.
Garrett Nowlin, Captain, commanding Company B, 116th Pennsylvania Volunteers.
Louis J. Sacriste, 1st Lieutenant, commanding Company D, 116th Pennsylvania Volunteers.
Richard H. Wade, Lieutenant and Quartermaster, 116th Pennsylvania Volunteers.
H. O. Price, 1st Lieutenant and Acting Adjutant, 116th Pennsylvania Volunteers.
Francis Crawford, 1st Lieutenant, 116th Pennsylvania Volunteers
George Roeder, 1st Lieutenant, Company A, 116th Pennsylvania Volunteers.
Wm. B. Hartman, Assistant-Surgeon, 116th Pennsylvania Volunteers.
Wm. H. Tyrrell, 2d Lieutenant, Company C, 116th Pennsylvania Volunteers.
George Halpin, 2d Lieutenant, Company A, 116th Pennsylvania Volunteers.
Thos. McNight, 2d Lieutenant, Company B, 116th Pennsylvania Volunteers.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT BY BRIGADIER-GENERAL THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER, OF THE NEW COLORS.

Presented to the Irish Bridade in the Army of the Potomae by the following American-born Citizens of New York:

HENRY F. SPAULDING,
JAMES T. SWIFT,
SHEPERD KNAPP,
THOMAS F. YOUNGS,
NEWTON CARPENTER,
WALTER VAIL,
CHARLES N. FEARING,
MARTIN BATES,
JOHN H. MORTIMER,
JOSEPH A. SPRAGUE,
GEORGE BLISS,
SAMUEL D. BABCOCK,
AGUSTUS CLEVELAND,
BENJAMIN C. TOWNSEND,
WILLIAM H. HAYES,
N. SULLIVAN,
THOMAS CUTHBERT,
P. G. WEAVER,
HENRY E. LAWRENCE,
LEVI P. MORTON,
LUKE W. THOMAS,
HENRY E. CLARK,
CHARLES F. LIVERMORE.
HENRY A. SMYTHE,
HUGH N. CAMP,
A. VAN NEST,
A. M. YOUNG,
EDWARD FULLER,
M. FURMAN HUNT,
GEORGE E. COLLINS,
GEORGE G. KELLOG,
B. HURXTHAL.
LEWIS BALLARD,
ISAAC P. MARTIN,

NEW YORK, February 5th, 1863.

MY DEAR SIR :

"I am sure you have not ascribed to a want of courtesy, still less to a rude indifference, the delay with which I gratefully acknowledge the Stand of Colors you have, in conjuction with many of the most valued and influential Citizens of New York, presented to the Irish Brigade.

"Many duties of an official character, many private engagements of a character hardly less urgent, have up to this late moment compelled me to defer the duty it is now my happy privilege to discharge.

"The colors reached the Brigade the evening after the assault of the Federal forces on the fortified heights behind Fredericksburg. Many a brave officer — many a brave soldier — who had proudly looked forward to the hour of their arrival lay dead in his frozen blood that evening on the battle-field, denied for ever the satisfaction he had glowingly cherished in anticipation.

"Their comrades received the colors with pride, with gratefulness, with the loftiest enthusiasm.

"In the very heart of the city of Fredericksburg — under the fiercest play of shot and shell from the rifle-pits and batteries of the enemy — the General, commanding the Brigade, displayed them to the remnant of his command, as the splendid tributes which native-born Americans — men of the highest private worth and widely-acknowledged civic and social consequence — had awarded to the Irish Brigade for the good service it had rendered in the great cause of the Constitution and the Chief-Magistracy of the American Union.

"Federal officers of brilliant reputation and superior rank — most of them American-born citizens — witnessed by invitation the presentation of these Colors, and heartily shared the sentiments and emotions inspired by the occasion, whilst at the same time, they did the officers of the Brigade the honor to sit down at the table — which had been spread in the Theatre of the fire-swept city — to commemmorate the liberality and patriotism which suggested those tributes, and then so gracefully and grandly bestowed them.

"The Commandants of the Regiments to which these Colors had been presented, having gratefully acknowledged them, declined with a soldierly bearing — the sterness of which was softened by a delicate courteousness of tone and a noble sorrowfulness — to receive and carry them ; stating that their numbers had been so reduced, they could not in conscience undertake to defend with honor, treasures that were, and ever should be, infinit ly dearer to them than there lives.

"On my departure, shortly afterwards, to New York — in compliance with the injunction of every officer and soldier of the Brigade — I brought back the Colors which had been sent to replace those old and illustrious ones, which, flying defiantly in the face of the enemy on no less than ten momentous battle-fields, had never once been grasped, even for an instant, by any other than a friendly hand.

"These beauteous and sumptuous new Colors remain in New York, until the Irish Brigade, reinforced as it should be, shall have the power to carry and defend them, as the two Countries and the cause they symbolize, with

the most sacred influences and a supreme authority demand they should be borne and guarded.

"Such is, so far, the history of these Colors. Brief though it be, the record is full of interest, includes one of the most memorable events and scenes of the war, and discloses fully, with a singular emphasis and effect, the devotion of the Irish Brigade to the legitimate purpose for which it was called forth.

"With a singular emphasis and effect, I say, this little history discloses this great devotion. For never before, I believe, did brave and proud soldiers decline to carry new Colors, being forced to such an act of abnegation by the consciousness that death had dealt with them so mercilessly, under their old Colors, as to render that act one of conscience and religious obligation.

"Having written this much, nothing remains for me, my Dear Sir, but to assure you that, whilst a soldier of the Irish Brigade survives, your name, as one of those munificent friends from whom he received his new Colors, shall, as a golden thread, be ever interwoven with his memories of the warfare in which he has been engaged: a warfare in which nothing but his clearly-worded oath of Citizenship, and a grateful sense of what his Race on this Continent owe to the grand soul of the Founders of the Republic, and to the all-beneficent wisdom of its Constitution, could have induced or prevailed on him to engage. Be assured, moreover, that whilst this Constitution survives all violations, to demand for its stately purity a defender — whilst this Republic, as Washington inaugurated and Andrew Jackson confirmed it, demands for its salvation a strong arm and a devoted heart, even unto death — neither the one nor the other shall fail to find a Champion whilst there lives a soldier of the Irish Brigade.

"With sincere assurances, and with the most grateful regard, I remain, my Dear Sir, faithfully and cordially your friend,

THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER.

To Henry F. Spaulding, Esq.

In the work of preparing that portion of this Memoir appertaining to General Meagher's American career, I have received incalculable assistance and sympathetic encouragement from Mrs. General Meagher — who kindly placed at my disposal an invaluable collection of private and official documents, in print and MSS., which I have utilized to the best of my judgment, and for which I tender that estimable lady my most grateful acknowledgments and sincere thanks.

M. C.

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